Collier's

AUGUST 20, 1949
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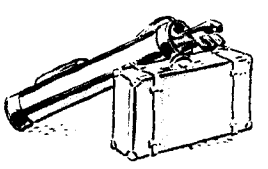

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William T. Penrod, Miami

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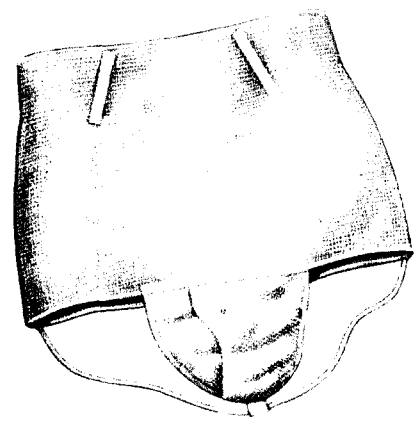

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August 20, 1949

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COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 124, No. 8. PUBLISHED WEEKLY by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, E. A. Schirmer, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, Canada and Philippine Islands, 1 year $5.00; 2 years $8.00; 2½ years (130 issues) $9.00; 3 years $10.00. FOR PAN-AMERICAN countries in the Postal Union, add $1.00 per year. For all other foreign countries add $4.00 per year. REMIT by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

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The Cover

Carl Mansfield carried his photographic equipment half a mile and waded a creek to find this pool in Cross Creek Valley, Ohio. There, on a rock, he found Tommy Beveridge, of Smithfield; Jerry Mansfield, of Bloomingdale; and Melvin Smith, of Groveport. The kids wanted a fishing picture but Mansfield held out for swimming.

Week's Mail

Three Cheers for Dixie's Liberals

EDITOR: I would like to extend my congratulations to Collier's for the excellent article New Rebel Yell in Dixie, by Hodding Carter (July 9th).

The liberal movement in the South today is a tremendous fight for a new and better South, and men like Hodding Carter have long been at the front. I am glad that Collier's chose Mr. Carter to write this article, for the voice of a Southerner on the Southern question is worth ten from the North.

This is our problem and we must work it out ourselves. But since we are all one country, with no "iron curtain" between the sections, the problem of the South directly reflects upon the entire country, and we must all, North and South, put our shoulders to the task of bringing democracy back to the South.

Though the conservatives and the demagogues will denounce Mr. Carter and the thousands like him, the liberal movement has sunk its roots deep into the country and will fight for the South as never before.

Collier's is to be thanked by thousands of people in all walks of life for the profound article by Mr. Carter and the placing in the magazine given it by the editors of Collier's.

D. C. WHITTLE, Cismont, Va.

. . . My heartiest congratulations to Collier's and Hodding Carter for exposing some of the progressive elements of the South. The area must plead guilty to many ills but it is a pleasant surprise to see it recognized for something besides one of its lynchings.

However, as an Arkansan by choice, may I point out that Ed McCuistion is director of the Negro Division of the Arkansas Department of Education. Alabama may need him but Arkansas has him, is proud of him and, I believe, rather regrets that either Collier's or Mr. Carter inadvertently located him in Alabama.

WALT DAMTOFT, Little Rock, Ark.

. . . What a magazine Collier's is getting to be! I simply cannot take for granted such editorial riches as the three articles I've just read in the July 9th issue. I have to thank you for them.

I refer to New Rebel Yell in Dixie, U.N. *Is Doing a Job*, and *Democracy Can't Live* in These Houses. Superb, affirmative statements they are and a thousand times more effective in our contest with Russia than all the screams of the headline hunters and snarls of the Hickensnoopers. I am bringing the Paul Douglas article to the attention of certain persons in my own city who choose not to admit slum conditions existing here that are a disgrace to us all.

In regard to people who piously wring their hands over the sins of the South, I suggest they do two things: contribute what money they can to agencies working there for the betterment of Negro and white; let them also send words of encouragement and appreciation to the men and women Hodding Carter tells of, who are daily engaged in the effort to translate ideals into reality.

MARIE WHITBECK CLARK, Rochester, N. Y.

Where Else?

EDITOR: In The Literal Translator by Richard Gehman (July 9th) he writes that "He

(Continued on page 49)

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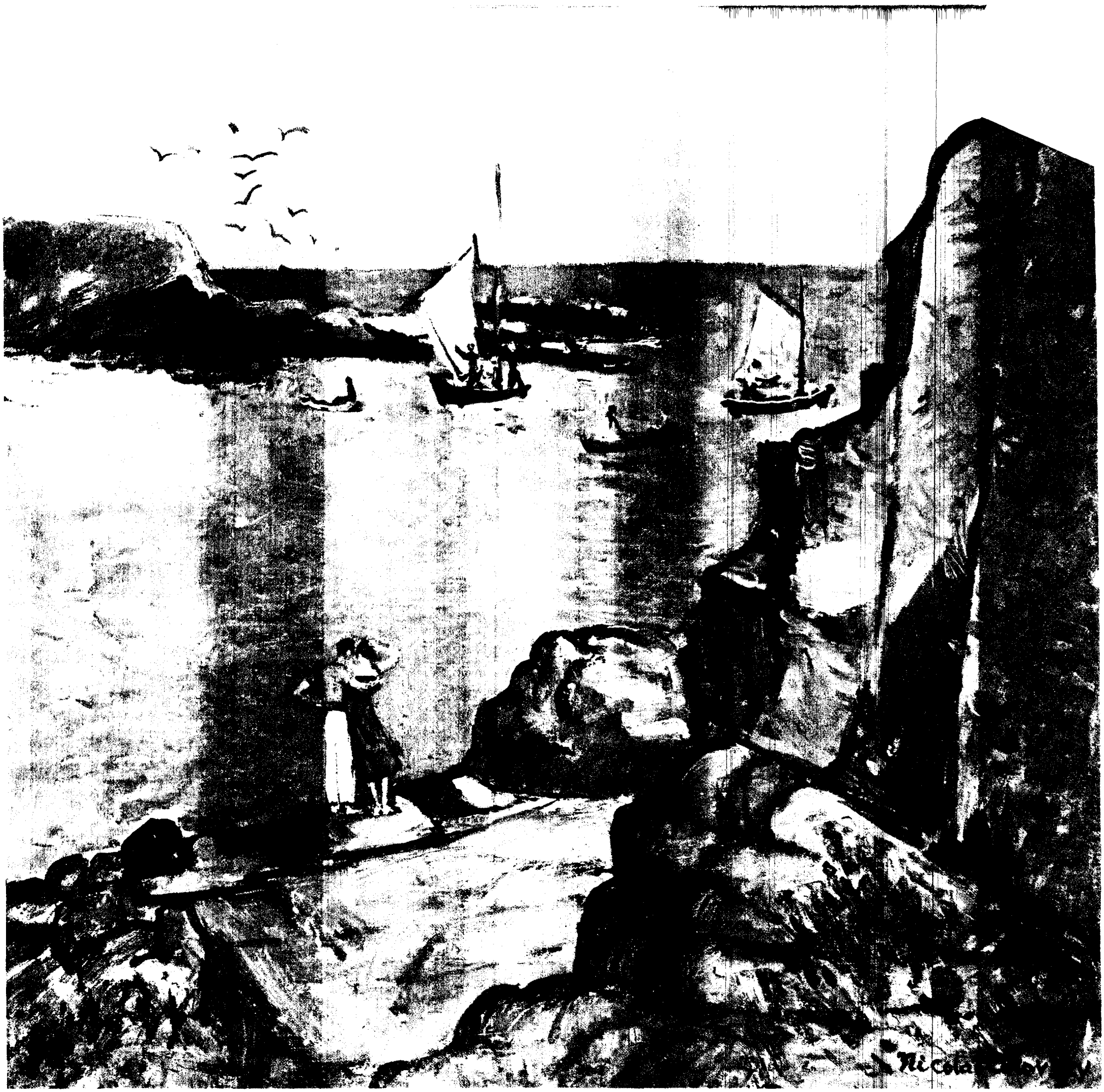

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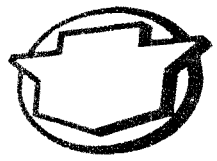

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Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

NED HILTON

Widespread prejudice against the two-dollar bill is one of America's most absurd and costly superstitions. It is absurd because no one has any logical reason for believing the bill is unlucky. The superstition is costly because it not only requires the public to handle millions of extra single bills weekly, but also costs the Bureau of Engraving and Printing some $3,000,000 a year to manufacture the 300,000,000 one-dollar bills that would not be needed if two-dollar bills were popular.

★★★★★★★★★

A strange and inexplicable fact was disclosed a few years ago as the result of an analysis of 267,400 life insurance policies issued over a period of 17 years by an American company. It was the existence of a direct relation between the average amount of insurance per policy and the height of the insured, each additional inch showing a proportionate increase in the face value of the policies. For example, the average policy of men of 60 inches was $2,979, of 64 inches $3,608, of 68 inches $4,336, of 72 inches $5,070, of 76 inches $6,180.

★★★★★★★★★

The disappearance of 6,000 adult seals from their breeding ground on Seal Island off South Africa was a peculiar mystery that occurred about April 15, 1949. Investigators have not yet discovered where the animals went or what caused them to depart suddenly, leaving behind their 1,000 helpless babies, most of which died of starvation within five weeks.

★★★★★★★★★

For ignorance, arrogance and lust to kill, few tyrants ever approached Francisco Solano López, who was President of Paraguay for eight years starting in 1862. He would have his sisters and brothers flogged and any number of citizens and soldiers tortured and executed on the slightest provocation. López' most incredible act was to wage a war, between 1865 and 1870, on Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay, whose combined man power was five times larger than that of Paraguay. As a result, his country lost 93 per cent of its men, 74 per cent of its women and 83 per cent of its children. The bullet that killed López and ended the war struck him as he was fleeing his capital before enemy troops. The man might have escaped had he not delayed his departure for several minutes to murder his brothers and sign the death warrant of his own mother.

★★★★★★★★★

One of China's most baffling murders was that of a white resident, nineteen-year-old Pamela Werner, in Peiping on the night of January 8, 1937. The case was never solved, although a score of detectives worked on it for months and a large reward was offered for clues. Pamela was home from boarding school spending the holiday season with her widowed father who was a British civil servant, and had been long stationed in that Chinese city. On the fatal day she went ice skating and then had tea with a girl friend whom she left later to go home for dinner. As she did not show up at home, Pamela's father went searching for her and, at dawn found her body, nude and battered, in a street in the slums. Her expensive watch was still on her wrist, with the hands stopped at midnight, but her clothes, purse and skates were missing—and never were found. The most shocking aspect of the case was that Pamela's murderer, with the skill of a surgeon, had cut out—and stolen—her heart.

★★★★★★★★★

Formerly an ordinary pipe organ, the instrument in the Cadet Chapel of the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, New York, is now the largest and most valuable church organ in the Western Hemisphere. Through memorial contributions made in the names of graduates since the organ was installed in 1911, many costly parts have been added, its pipes have been increased in number from 2,418 to 13,940 and its value has risen from $12,000 to $300,000. Thus, the organ is today nearly six times as large and worth 25 times as much as it was originally.

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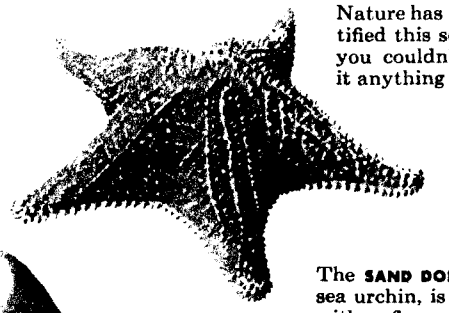
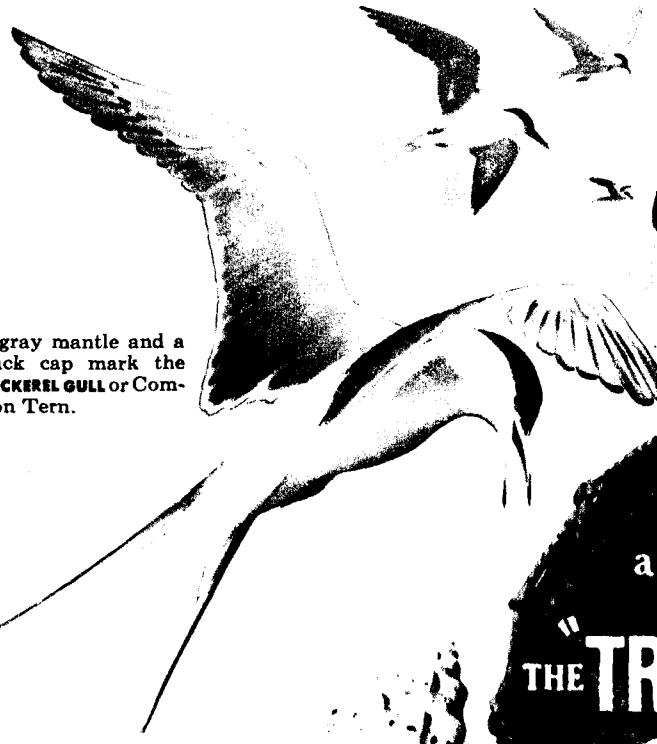
*Prepared in cooperation with specialists of The American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.

The **SEA PURSE,** the horny egg-envelope of skates and certain sharks, is identified by its rectangular purse-like shape.

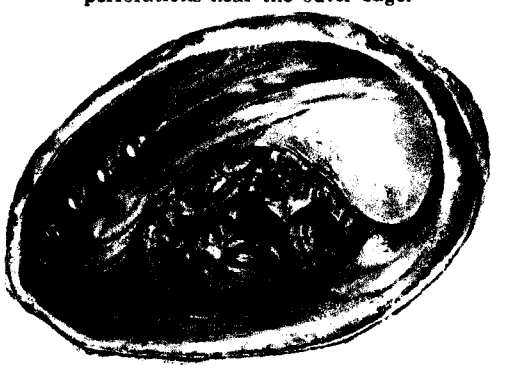


Nature has so c
tified this sea an
you couldn't possibly
it anything but a **STARFISH.**

The **SAND DOLLAR,** a type of sea urchin, is round and flat with a flower-like design on its back. Some people think it looks like a silver dollar.

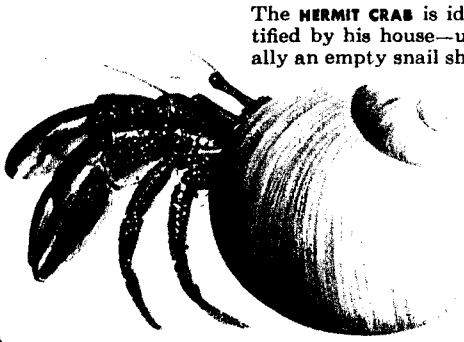


A gray mantle and a black cap mark the **MACKEREL GULL** or Common Tern.

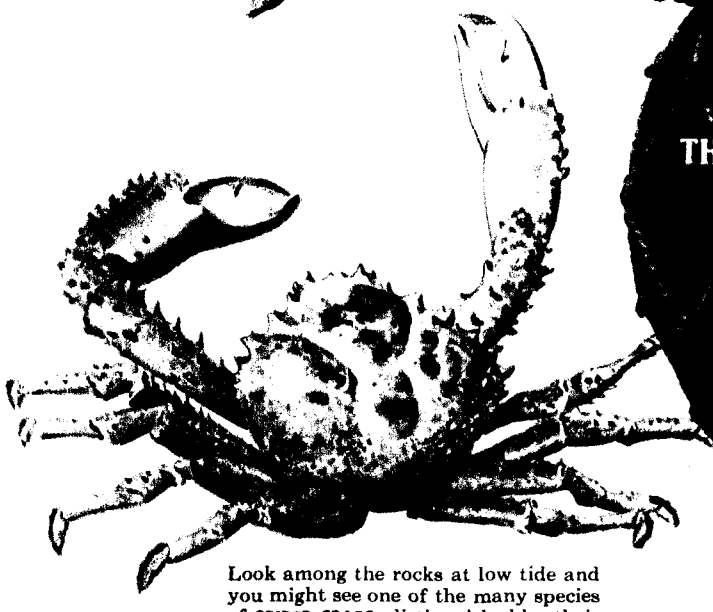


The **ABALONE,** prized as a seafood, is characterized by an oval, slightly spiral, ear-like shell with a row of perforations near the outer edge.

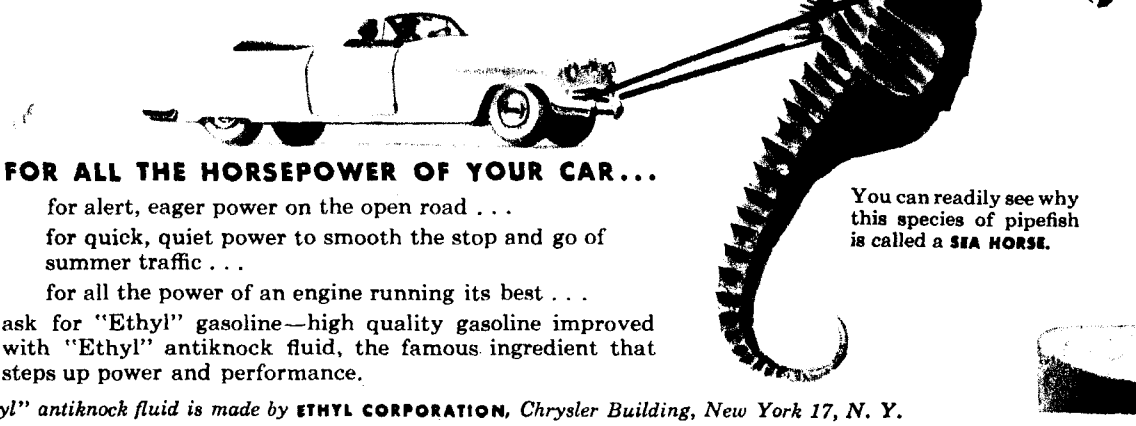
The **VOLUTA MUSICA** is distinguished by the "music" that seems to be written on its shell.



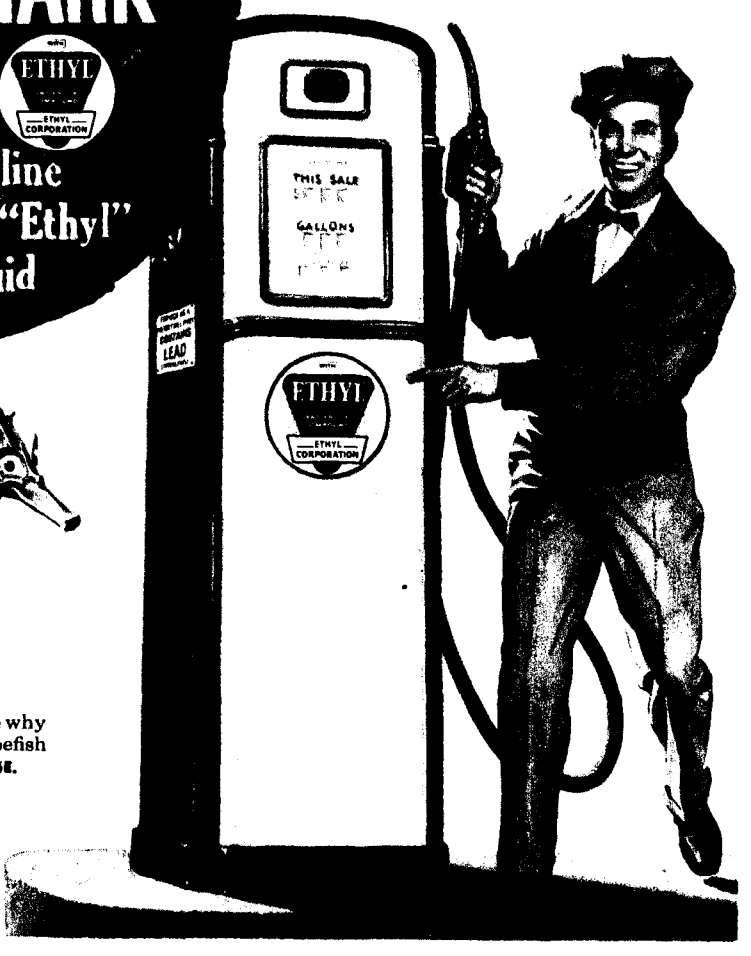
The **HERMIT CRAB** is identified by his house—usually an empty snail shell.



Look among the rocks at low tide and you might see one of the many species of **SPIDER CRABS,** distinguished by their huge claws and eight spider-like "legs."



You can readily see why this species of pipefish is called a **SEA HORSE.**



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Colli

AUGUST 20, 1949

Are We Going Broke?

NO,

ays Beardsley Ruml

ARE we going broke? Collectively, as a nation, certainly not. Individually, in the case of some of us, certainly yes.

But that was true last year and the year before, the most prosperous years this country has ever known. This year and next year more of us, perhaps many more of us, will go broke individually than in the years just past. Because, in the first place, there are more of us.

But, more important, customers are back in the saddle where they belong, and they are again making distinctions between horses, jackasses and mules.

Collectively, as a nation, we are not going broke. We are not going broke as we did in 1907, as we almost did in 1921, and as we most certainly did in the early months of 1933. Some people thought we were going broke in 1948 by way of wild inflation, but, with our present tax system, that was never in the cards. No, too many basic changes have taken place in our economic system to permit the nation to go broke again—unless there is war, or exhaustion of our natural resources. We must keep these two possibilities constantly in mind and guard against them.

Some of the basic changes have been made by law and regulation. Others are the result of changes in the economic environment and in our economic behavior.

Let's see what some of these changes are, so that we can justify our confidence that collectively, as a nation, we are not going broke. Let's look only at developments since 1929, because what we really want to know is whether a depression like that of the 1930s is possible again.

The changes since 1929 are truly remarkable. There's no use in trying to mention them all. From my point of view the more important can be grouped under three headings: 1) improvements in the money system; *(Continued on page 70)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY PHILIPPE HALSMAN

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10

My wife is a

All her life, Irene had lied her way out of trouble. This time the lie was a noose around her own neck

EVER since Irene had tormented him into buying the absurd yellow brick villa on the hilltop for a summer house, Walter Van Wagen had found the little lakeside country club the pleasantest place in Massachusetts. Dinner over, he stood on the veranda in his white linen jacket and dark trousers, looking at the water. Under the rising moon the lake blinked now silver, now rose, as if there were little electric signs beneath its ripples.

Two boys in their late teens came up the steps and perched on the rail, long-legged as storks, arguing gravely, and he smiled, for they were talking about a date.

"You ought to come, Tom. I tell you you can't miss it," said the one with the cowlick and the polka-dot bow tie.

"I've got a dollar and fourteen cents; I've got to hitchhike home tomorrow," said the other, who had a cropped dark head.

Walter sympathized. In his own college days his family, for all their money, had kept him on a minuscule allowance. It was all he could do not to hand a ten-dollar bill down the rail and say, "Here, Tom, go and have some fun."

But he knew such boys, with their bony shoulders and fine-cut features, their gangling diffidence. During the war he had had to order too many of them on missions from which he knew, and they knew, they might not return. Their aloof good manners and cynical talk actually shielded great dignity. They were the best in the land. Tom would refuse his ten spot gracefully but coldly.

Walter turned and went into the clubhouse. Irene was chatting with the Connaughtons. Connaughton, a Bridgeport manufacturer who liked cars and knew a fair amount about the standard makes, welcomed him. "Tell me, Van," he asked, "what are you using for ignition now that you can't get German coils?"

But Walter did not have time to reply. A voice came down over his shoulder: "I beg your pardon, sir. Aren't you Colonel Van Wagen?" He looked up and saw the dark-haired boy whom he had overheard on the veranda.

"That's right," Walter said. "What can I do for you?" He hoped his manner was not too paternal; he knew how sensitive a kid this age could be.

"I'm Tom Riley," said the boy. "Dad said he bet I'd run into you here. He told me to say hello for him."

No wonder his face looked so familiar, Walter said to himself. Lord, the last time I saw him he was a skinny kid on roller skates. This is my chance to help the boy keep his date without offending him.

"I wish you hadn't used the word bet," Walter said with a grin as he shook hands. "You've reminded me of something. I owe your old man twenty bucks on a bet." He took out his wallet. "Here—give it to him, will you, with my best regards?"

The boy would have his evening, would insist later on repaying his father, and Tom senior would get a chuckle out of it. Walter introduced young Riley to Mrs. Connaughton and Irene.

"Dear," he said, "you've heard me speak of Tom Riley. This is his son." He knew at once—at once, but too late—it was a blunder. Interrupted in her chat, Irene was startled. He could see the bewilderment in her eyes: large wild eyes whose boldness, he had learned, was but the thinnest cloak for instability.

"Why, of course!" cried Irene, her words carrying to the bridge players in the farthest corners of the room. In her surprise her hand went up to her throat, where her fingers happened to touch one of the diamond clips at the square neck of her black taffeta dress. By just such chance associations were Irene's imaginary flights started. Surprised, she was for the moment at a loss. And to feel she was not in command, even for a second's time, was precisely what she could not bear. She had at once to recover her assurance with a bold plunge; she had to say something brilliant, something startling. "Why, of course," she said loudly. "Tom gave me these clips!"

Mrs. Connaughton audibly caught her breath. Connaughton became a wooden statue with a cigar in its mouth. The boy was transfixed. It was disconcerting to bow to a strange woman and then have her shout that she had been your father's mistress. For the clips were patently worth a good many thousands. Color rose in his tanned face. But he was beautifully bred. Some prep school deserved a gold medal for the casual interest he managed to get into his reply. "Is that so? They're very handsome, Mrs. Van Wagen," he said.

"Oh, by the way, Riley," said Walter, "how are you fixed for a place to stay tonight? We can put you up."

The Connaughtons pitched in valiantly to help, but the damage was done. Everybody had heard. The boy excused himself. Walter broke free, as soon as he could, and, lighting a cigar, went out again to the veranda, which was empty now. He gave no thought to his own humiliation. He had suffered so many humiliations that he was numb to them. Would he never learn that Irene must not be startled? It would be impossible to get her out of this one. Could he pretend Riley had sent her the clips one year at Christmas? No—not to anybody who knew the value of diamonds.

HE FOUND Irene where he had known he would find her, in the bar. Frightened by the sensation she had caused, she would drink now as long as anyone would hand glasses to her. The job was to rescue her without playing the heavy husband. He was practiced in methods of persuasion; and soon they stepped out into the gray radiance of the parking lot. The moon was higher. Irene stumbled. Taking her arm, Walter led her to the underslung black four-seater.

Suddenly, her hand on the door of the car, she asked gently in her normal voice, "Van, dearest, why do you persecute me? We quarrel and quarrel. Why are you angry with me tonight? There's no reason for it, you know. It's just your vile temper."

"I'm not angry," he told her, his voice a murmur. "It was my fault. I haven't got brains enough to tilt a hat."

"You are. You're upset because of some silly thing you think I did."

"Only because it'll be tough to get you out of this one. I know you haven't met Riley. So does his boy, I hope. The Connaughtons heard me say, 'You've heard me speak of Tom Riley.' But you said in a very loud voice he'd given you some pretty fancy chunks of jewelry. These people aren't yokels. It can only mean one thing to them, I'm afraid."

She was incredulous. "What in the world are you talking about?"

"You said—" He faltered, thrown off balance. "You said Riley gave you your diamond clips."

"I said no such thing!"

Bland denial was the last defense he had expected. "If you don't feel guilty for having said it," he asked, "why are you drinking?"

She seated herself in the car with ominous primness. "Give me the keys, please," she said.

"I'd like to drive, if you don't mind."

"All right," she said in apparent submission. "But just run in and get my tweed coat for me like a good lamb, will you?" She took the car keys from his hand. "It's on the chair beside Mrs. Connaughton."

OF COURSE she had not worn the sports coat with her evening dress. By the time he got back, the staccato clatter of the small Bugatti cylinders was echoing from the highway. Hurrying back into the clubhouse, he found Connaughton. This was no time for him to spare his own sensibilities, if he had any left. "Frank," he said, "I'm scared. Irene and I had a scrap, and she jumped into the car and took off for home pretty fast."

"In that souped-up Bugatti?" Connaughton already had his nand in his pocket for his own ignition keys. "You drive," he said.

They made the four miles over the narrow, curving macadam road in considerably less than four minutes, keeping watch for an overturned car. But there was no four-seater anywhere along the way, although they imagined they caught the scent now and then of the castor oil in its gasoline; nor was it drawn up on the black-and-white checkered marble forecourt of the Van Wagen home.

"Shall I stay, Van?" asked Connaughton. "You may need my car."

"Thanks, no. I have the roadster. I'll go up," said Walter. "There's a phone in my room. If she's hurt, they'll call here." And he climbed the flamboyant steps, guarded by concrete lions, of the Palazzo Monte Verde. At the turn of the century, a newly rich contractor from Boston had taken his fat daughter to Italy to get some culture for her. Culture had assumed the form of a minor Italian nobleman, and the Palazzo Monte Verde had been the contractor's wedding gift to the young couple. It was a huge villa of bright yellow brick, resembling more than anything else a conventional public library building; nothing could be worse suited to the Massachusetts hills.

Walter had thought Irene's passionate desire for the house an illogical but amusing whim. Now he understood it better. The Palazzo was another expensive dress, another diamond clip, another glittering banner for her to wave in presumably envious faces, crying, "I was born to grandeur." The house was a lie. Like our marriage, he often said to himself. It had long been clear that Irene had married him for money.

Irene came home a little after midnight and went immediately to her room. Hearing her, Walter got into his pajamas, but he decided it would be better not to disturb her. She *(Continued on page 54)*

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL DORMONT

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LIAR

By GEORGE SUMNER ALBEE

Irene was defiant. The bravado in her voice had an artificial ring. "All right, I did," she shouted. "The woman was all in black when she ran out. . . . I didn't see her"

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The Secret

Artie Samish is a creative political genius. He does not corrupt office-holders; he gets them elected. No attack on his tactics has succeeded

CONCLUSION

"I'VE GOT the damnedest Gestapo you ever saw," said Arthur H. Samish.

A private citizen, holding no political office, Samish is at the throttle of a unique engine which generates political power for hire. His clients include important interests with millions of dollars of investments in California. For these Samish can and has delivered the California legislature.

A foolproof system, Samish's operation is impeccably both legal and safe from public wrath. With clients' money and billboards Samish elects legislators who then go along. He also elects attorney generals, mayors, judges. The voters can't touch him. Samish operates behind the scenes.

Few in California know of the secret boss who can make or break candidates, make and stop laws. His self-described "Gestapo"—a curious and awesome intelligence network—is part of the Samish operation.

In New York City this writer experienced how far the Samish eyes can see and how far the Samish ears can hear. As routine briefing for this assignment, I had lunch with a friend who knows about Samish's power. He spoke of him in awed tones.

"Why, I'll bet Samish already knows you're going to California to write about him," he said.

Before I left New York I learned that Samish did know I was California-bound. But how?

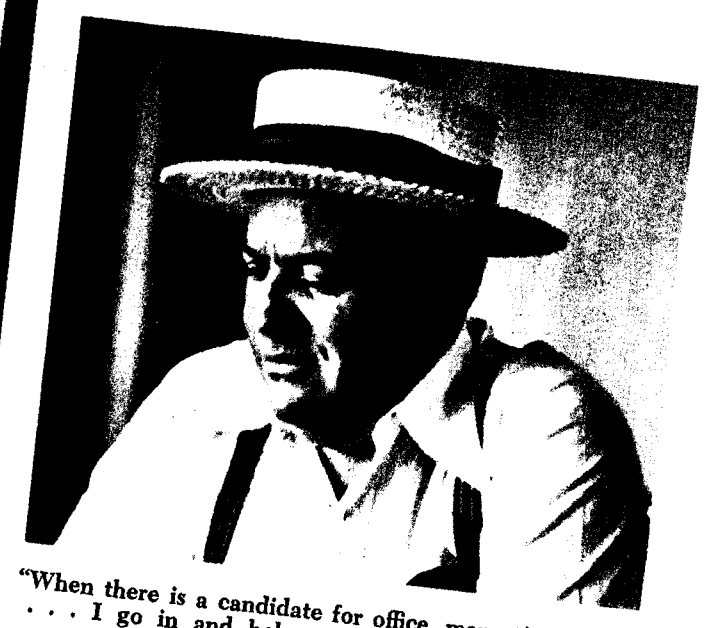
At Sacramento, Artie resolved the mystery.

"I had a telephone call from New York that you were coming," he said straight out, showing no ill feeling. "You've read the Philbrick (legislative investigation) report about my lobbying. You've read about my grand jury investigation," he continued.

Then he said, "I hear you've come out to chew me up."

There were other things the 300-pound Artie had been hearing.

Big Artie keeps a check on the California legislature, whose lawmaking powers he can use for lucky clients



"When there is a candidate for office, many times . . . I go in and help conduct his campaigns"
Collier's for August 20, 1949

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Boss of California

By LESTER VELIE

"Here's what you've done since you've been here," he said. One by one he confronted me mischievously with conversations with California assemblymen, senators and state officials—conversations which I had thought were private.

"Why do you want to ask of the Equalization Board whether I take the state liquor administrator to Florida and to the World Series?" Artie asked with good humor.

The man Artie named, one of the four elected members of the important Equalization Board, which administers the state liquor laws and has wide tax powers, had relayed my questions to Artie the moment my back was turned, I learned from Artie himself.

"This tells a lot about your hold on that board," I told Samish.

"You've got it," Artie agreed affably.

Artie's hold on legislators was just as apparent.

"What made you think you could learn anything from Senator S—— or Assemblyman D——?" Artie asked.

With a glint in his eye he repeated snatches of conversations, including interviews of mine in Los Angeles.

"As a matter of fact," he said, leaning over confidentially, "there's a man waiting to see me outside. Says you wanted to see him about me. Says he's willing to swear he hasn't seen me for two years.

"You got to love me for telling you this," said Artie. "You know, I'm not such a bad kid."

How Undercover Workers Operate

Artie introduced me to an intelligence system which has turned a state capital into a private goldfish bowl.

"I have about 25 people spotted around the capital," he said.

Most of these operate "undercover," unknown to outsiders and often unknown even to one another. Artie told of a girl and a youth who, each a private Samish informer, were reporting to Artie everything that was going on. The girl really did report everything.

"The guy tried to date the girl. She puts it down in her report," Artie related. "I tell you, they tell me everything. I surprised the hell out of the guy by confronting him with it. He didn't know she was working for me too. Ain't nothing going on we don't know about."

Members of his corps of informal reporters sit in on legislative hearings which Artie never attends. According to a Samish lieutenant, they report on casual conversations in hotel lobbies and in the Capitol's halls. Hotel bellboys and Assembly and Senate pages use their eyes and ears for Artie.

"Let me put it together," Samish says of the bits and pieces of information brought to him. "If I have enough kids (tipsters) I'll know what's going on."

No competent intelligence system could be without its dossiers on people, and Artie's is a competent system.

"You'd be amazed at the detail I have on the people in office," Artie said. "Legislators? We have the damnedest file on them in the world. We really make a business of this thing. Believe me. What lodges the man belongs to, how many votes he won by. I know all their weaknesses. Every lovin' move they make. That's a record!"

This "record" is supplemented by Artie's shrewd and sure ability to probe character quickly, a native talent sharpened by 33 years' battle of wits and personality in California's political jungles.

"You ask me about a legislator. I'll tell you quick, just what he is," says Samish.

So good is Artie at telling character that the president of a great Eastern corporation asks Artie to appraise men for him when he is in doubt about his own judgment.

California had a chance to learn in detail, more than a decade ago, about the Samish political operation of which the intelligence system is only one part.

First to challenge Samish after years of undisputed bossism was a Sacramento grand jury. After a charge of attempted bribery was made on the floor of the State Senate, the grand jury was called into special session in 1938 to sift charges of corruption in the legislature. The grand jury questioned members of the Third House, as California's lobbyists are called—including Samish, who soon became the chief target.

The district attorney and the special prosecutor underestimated Artie's talents. They sized him up first as a lobbyist, then as a political boss of the traditional type, say like the former state czar, Abe Ruef. The prosecutors didn't realize they had, in Artie, a creative political genius who had fashioned something new in American politics—an original political machine without a party, without clubhouses, without precinct organizations.

Artie didn't use Ruef's methods to whip legislators into line. All he had to do was to use money and advertising to elect them. He didn't even have to have an understanding with them. But if they failed to go along they faced a fight for their political lives. It was as simple as that.

The Grand Jury Was Disappointed

Obligingly and in some detail Artie told all this to prosecutors and grand jury. To his unique dissertation—a blueprint for making legislators and influencing the policies of a whole state—the grand jury listened in sullen boredom. That wasn't what they wanted. They were looking for bribes. The hunt was in vain, for Artie's operations are legal. No indictments materialized.

Here is what Artie revealed to the grand jury:

"When there is a candidate for office, many times . . . I go in and help conduct his campaign. We very definitely do our best in the personal conduct of campaigns.

"The industries I represent have approximately 44,000 outlets. We have allied interests. We advise (them) to uphold you or support you. . . . We really think we have quite a setup so far as an organization throughout the state is concerned. . . . (It) . . . is a pretty good network of strength around the state.

"We believe . . . (we) . . . have some real effect upon the election or defeat of various candidates."

All this Samish told the grand jury openly.

About some other things he was more reticent. Only after resisting up through the State Supreme Court did Samish produce his income-tax records. From these, investigators traced "a total of $496,000 during the years 1935-'38, provided (according to a summary report) by individuals, businesses and organizations directly interested in legislation."

Samish was equally reticent about his concern with the powerful State Board of Equalization which administers liquor laws and handles a wide range of taxes. Samish is credited with having strong influence over this board because he plays a key role in the naming of its four elected members. Before the grand jury was spread the story of how Artie's chief lieutenant, *(Continued on page 60)*

"If you're my candidate you become everybody's . . ."

"We believe (we) have some real effect upon the election . . . of various candidates"

"You got to love me for telling you this. You know, I'm not such a bad kid. . . ."

"I've got the damnedest Gestapo you ever saw"

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY FRED LYON

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FREDRIC VARADY

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Rosinback

By JAMES MARTIN YOUNG

"One belongs to one's self. Naturally." So said Pedro, who had bought the girl. And for once the circus people listened to his words

ONE too many for this swarming world—that was the boy Pedro. His mother was Marietta the trapeze artist. And when she found that a child was on its way, she railed like the silly shrew she was. She had no more time for a child than a dog has for a flea under its collar. "What will become of my art?" Marietta cried. "What will happen to my career?" She ranted at Juan, her husband and partner, as though he alone were responsible for the coming of the child. Juan didn't listen to her ranting for long. He simply disappeared one night, and was never seen at the circus again.

I tried to talk some sense into Marietta. The circus people expect a wardrobe mistress to have a blunt tongue; and not for nothing am I called Scotch Hannah. "Pregnancy is not a disease," I told her. "You are not the first circus performer in history to have a child. After it's born, rest quietly for a week or two, and you'll be as agile on the trapeze as ever."

I might as well have saved my breath. She was sure she would never find her balance again up in the high top. Her confidence was gone—as well as her partner—and Marietta was finished. So, before her child even saw the light of day, he had a debt chalked against him. From his first breath, Pedro had not one soft word from his bitter mother.

Marietta hung on with us for a couple of years, working in the ticket booth, helping me with the wardrobe; but mostly moping. Then Marco, the Boss, put his foot down.

"You're surly with the crowd," he said, "and you're as much use to Scotch Hannah as an eyeless needle. Besides, the way you knock that kid about will get the company a bad name. You can quit."

She left almost at once. But she forgot to take Pedro.

What the boy needed was someone to take a flannel to his neck and a comb to his tousled black mop and give him a bit of love and care. I may not be the only one this troubled morning trying to count up how often I tossed a scrap of kindliness his way. True, I used to slip him the odd bowl of hot soup, and sometimes I'd run him up a shirt or a pair of little pants. But whatever any of us did was done almost shamefacedly, as if it were not a case of showing pity to the child so much as helping Marietta.

We tried hard to trace her and wish him back on her. He was over three years old when Marco decided that he'd never manage it.

"We have to get rid of him," he said. And no one argued.

He was dropped at an orphanage at Lyons. Two days later, when we were heading south again, I pulled aside a bunch of clothes in the wardrobe van—and crouching in a corner was Pedro, the big brown eyes staring up at me out of the swarthy, pointed face.

"Please!" he squeaked. "Please! Please!" Again and again.

I gave him a bun, and dared him to tell how he'd traveled. I chivvied him out as soon as we pulled into our new stand, and so Pedro turned up that night in the horse tent, chattering to the ponies as he could never, to the last, talk to any of the troupe.

After that he was handed over to various keepers—in Grenoble, in Marseille, in Clermont. Always, and Heaven knows how, he found his way back to the circus and his beloved horses.

Little stupid! Still, I know the pull of the showgrounds. Did I not walk out on the countess who took me to the Riviera as her lady's maid, to travel the roads with Marco? And have I not stuck to the circus—more fool I—though it's a quarter of a century since the Boss forgot that Hannah the wardrobe mistress happens to be his wife?

A show like ours can carry no passengers, but an end came to this dumping of Pedro here, there and everywhere. Each time he came back, he would bustle around like an ant looking for jobs to justify his existence. The Boss was at my van door one day when I spotted Pedro dripping sweat as he polished the Arabs' ring harness. The brass ornaments twinkled. The red and black leather shone in the sun.

"Marco, he's useful," I said.

It was a discovery. The Boss only grunted—but that season passed and a new one came, and Pedro stayed.

He stayed, but on no sort of terms. He was still nobody's boy. He could not even call a bunk in one of the vans his own. He slept among the horses. He was a cipher. And yet he was useful, as he scratched his way through his boyhood, bullied and kicked around. We should have realized that, the first time he disappeared.

It was on the final day of our stay at Bruges. Pedro was sixteen by then, and he had been sent off to some village to pick up an aged horse for Carl Olsen's cats. He did not come back. In the morning the circus had to be dismantled and the wagons loaded without him.

"Pedro!" we shouted. "Pedro!"—at the pitch of our voices, as if the very force of our irritation must bring him scurrying to his hundred-and-one menial duties. But he was nowhere on the showground.

AT LAST we set out for Ghent a good hour late, and a few kilos beyond Bruges, there was Pedro. He was sitting feeding handfuls of dusty grass to a decrepit gray nag that lay collapsed on the roadside.

The procession halted and he got shakily to his feet—a skinny, undersized tatterdemalion, those spaniel-eyes of his wide with trouble as we tumbled out of our vans to berate him.

"Vaurien! Why weren't you there to inflate me?"

"Coquin! You know a girl's legs must be massaged every night!"

"The cesspit . . ." *"Voleur,* my best new lariat . . ."

Pedro glanced from voice to angry voice, apologetically. "The horse couldn't walk any farther," he said mildly.

"The horse!" "He calls it a horse!" "Couldn't walk . . ." We tossed his explanation from one to another, mocking it. The sorry bone bag of a gray Belgian van horse nickered uneasily.

"And you lacked the sense," the Boss said, "to leave the brute where it lay and come back for a truck and a poleax."

The boy's mouth twisted as if with physical pain. "It's young," he said. "Not more than six. See the teeth—" He opened its jaws. "It has been starved—ill-treated."

The concert of vituperation broke out again.

"It's a good animal—and young," Pedro pleaded. Horses were his life; his friends and his brothers.

"If it's young," said Carl Olsen, "all the better feed for my cats. Get it knocked on the head and let's move on."

Pedro gazed at the Boss, agony in his eyes.

"It's a fine horse," he said. "If it were fed and tended—"

Olsen made an angry lunge at the boy, and the gray must have smelled the cats about his clothes. The horse jerked itself to its feet. Its legs seemed to be hung from its scraggy barrel by the knobbly skin. The horse broke into an ungainly gallop and lumbered off along the road to Ghent.

Pedro ran after it. The two disappeared round a bend. We got under way again; but although we searched, we found no trace of either horse or boy. The flat countryside appeared to have swallowed them up. In truth, as we found out later, we passed over their heads while they hid on the towpath under a canal bridge.

WE MISSED Pedro, but only in an ill-humored, resentful way, as we crossed Belgium and swung south on our usual two-year circuit, down eastern France, along the Mediterranean coast, back north by way of Toulouse, Bordeaux, Paris, and once more Belgium.

As we passed again through the district where Pedro had vanished, we came upon a small farm which stood out curiously in that drab landscape. Doors, sheds, everything that could carry paint was done up in lemon and green—the exact colors of our outfit. In a patch near the house a circle like a circus ring was marked out with pieces of turf. A worker with a gray horse was busy in a potato field near by.

We halted. From the farmhouse came a pink, plump woman who called us rogues and vagabonds and screamed to us to move on.

"Who is the workman there?" said Marco.

"Mingle with your own affairs!" she stormed. *"Allez!"*

But the youth in the potato field had unyoked his horse and, springing on its back, came riding toward us. It was Pedro.

He had the same old underdog's look, but I could see the signs of an eagerness inside him; a hot excitement. As for the horse, it was hardly possible to believe that this sleek, rounded beast was the same animal. Pedro was bursting to show it to the Boss.

"See!" said Pedro. "I said it was a fine young horse. See!"

"It belongs to me," said Marco quickly.

"To my cats," said Carl Olsen.

"Truly it's yours, Boss," Pedro admitted. "But Sacred Lady! You wouldn't feed such a horse as Prince to the lions! He's a born rosinback. I've trained him. Every night I've worked. You'll see—"

Shaking, he ran to the ring. The gray trotted after him, nuzzling affectionately against him. Pedro fetched a bucket of powdered rosin and sprinkled handfuls on Prince's back. He kicked off his heavy boots and set the horse cantering. Then he leaped on its back. *(Continued on page 44)*

Pedro would look at her with his pleading smile, never touching her, just asking: "Little Stella, you like me?" She would give him a wooden look

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The Madge Kinsey Players open in Van Wert, Ohio, for a midsummer evening's entertainment. Tent shows are often the only "live" talent small towns ever see

HITS in the TALL CORN

By VANCE JOHNSON

Long ago Broadway and Hollywood posted the death notice for the repertory theater, but out in the great midlands tent shows are still playing to standing room only

THIS summer, out in the "tall grass country," a grand old American institution long since given up for dead by Broadway and Hollywood is still going strong. It is the repertory theater.

Generally it holds forth under a gaudy red and blue tent like the big top of the circus, appears every Monday morning in perhaps half a hundred small cities and towns in the heart of America, stays for a week, offers a new play "each and every evening," and moves on.

Repertory's custodians are a sturdy band of professionals who have been beating the hinterland trail for well over a quarter of a century regardless of depression and war. While Broadway mourns for the "days that were" and nearly every season launches a highly publicized but singularly unsuccessful attempt to "revive" repertory, and while earnest and artful—and subsidized—groups struggle mightily to "keep the drama alive" in old barns, circular theaters and the like, these hardy troupers go about their business as if no one had ever questioned their likelihood of success.

The author, a Washington correspondent for the San Francisco Chronicle, has been a newspaperman for 20 years. He has been interested in tent shows ever since the day he saw the Sadler company as a boy in Texas

With them, repertory is not a lark or an experiment; it is an established, regular and profitable way of life. They just set up their tents on vacant lots, school campuses and fair grounds in Ohio, Wisconsin, Kentucky, Nebraska, Texas and a few other near-by states and watch the quarters and half dollars roll in.

On a hot evening last summer, when I caught up with the Schaffner Players at Lewistown, Missouri, I found them playing to an audience that outnumbered the population of the town by at least 300. A week later, at Goodland, Indiana (population 1,000), I saw another company doing the same thing. Fully 1,300 people who had come for miles around the town were watching the antics of two of their favorite comedians, "Toby" and Ora Slout.

In Quincy, Illinois, a city of 40,000 which saw its last legitimate theater converted into a movie house nearly two decades ago, seats for the Schaffner show were so hard come by this summer that queues started forming in the middle of the afternoon. Hundreds had to be turned away.

In these towns, repertory is an old and respected friend. Schaffner, Slout, the Roberson-Gifford Players in Wisconsin, Bisbee's Comedians in Tennessee and many others have played the same towns year after year for a quarter of a century. This year the Madge Kinsey Players in Ohio are celebrating their 61st year of repertory; this is the 44th year for the Harry O. Brown Players in Wisconsin, the 40th year for Harry Hugo in Nebraska and the 38th year for Jack and Maud Brooks in Wisconsin.

Madge Kinsey Graf, the lighthearted, shrewd, reigning queen of the Kinsey clan, was billed as "Baby Madge, Phenomenal Child Artist" in her

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PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE MUNROE

Dorie Field of the Kinsey Players and some of her puppets. She's checking the phony hen that lays a phony egg

father's Kinsey Komedy Kompany in 1901. She hasn't missed a season since and she fully expects the Kinsey name to go trouping up and down the Ohio for at least two more generations. She expects her daughters and sons-in-law—Betty and Jack Murdock and Jean and Pep Graves—to step into the management before too many years. And just before the season opened this year Betty presented her with a grandson who unquestionably soon will become another "phenomenal child artist."

Most of the tent shows travel over a relatively small "established territory," moving 30 to 40 miles every Sunday night. With a few exceptions, none of them travels more than about 1,200 miles a season.

All of the managers and many of the married performers live in house trailers on the show lots, and in the smaller towns the others usually find lodgings in private residences. During a week's stand they get to know the "towners" well and more than a few lasting friendships are made.

A Tent Showman's Farewell Tour

Many tent show performers are as revered in their territories as John Barrymore ever was on Broadway. When Harley Sadler, a famous Texas tent showman, made his farewell tour a couple of years ago—retiring after 30—banquets and luncheons were given in his honor almost everywhere he stopped.

At Littlefield, Texas, he was greeted by a group of dignitaries who had flown there in private planes from all over the state. At Lubbock, the merchants gave him a $500 gold watch.

"I can't do business with you any more," a candy salesman complained to Sadler one day. "You're always holding court."

The sale of prize candy is a standard procedure with all tent shows. Sadler's candy spiel was typical.

"You never can tell what you will get out of this candy," he would say. "Two years ago a boy and a girl found prize coupons in their candy. The boy's called for a pair of lady's hose and the girl's called for a safety razor. I suggested that they exchange, which they did—and that was how they met. They got married and last night they came to the show. With them was a bouncing baby boy. You never can tell what you will get out of this candy."

Literally hundreds of young married couples who first entered Sadler's "tent theater beautiful" in their parents' arms have brought their own children to see his plays. In Lewistown I heard three different people tell Neil Schaffner they had not missed a single performance of his show in the 26 years he had played their town.

In most of the towns "tent show week" is something like fair week or an especially long community picnic. The shows are a combination of circus, carnival, variety hall and legitimate theater. Except for the "dramatic end," which houses the stage, the tent resembles a circus tent. The seats are only as soft as the pine out of which they are made; candy, popcorn and peanuts are as much a part of the show as the actors.

Twenty years ago nearly all of the shows carried a band which played for a street parade and a concert in front of the tent. Most of them still have orchestras (the actors double in brass) and all still offer vaudeville between the acts. An extra-price "concert" after the main show is standard.

But with all of them the play always has been, and still is, the mainspring.

In the second decade of this century, as the movies began to take over opera houses, the resident companies merely transferred their standard repertories to a canvas theater. All of them played such familiar numbers as East Lynne, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Over the Hill to the Poorhouse, and Lena Rivers. But often they aspired to finer things. Ben Howe, an old-time rep actor who now manages an apartment house in Chicago, says he once played Damon and Pythias on a tent show stage.

In 1904, when Sarah (*Continued on page* 72)

Madge Kinsey Graf, once billed as the "Phenomenal Child Artist," has trouped all her life. Otto Imig, second from left below, plays the popular "Toby" role in a Kinsey scene

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ACME

J. C. Capt, Director of the Bureau of the Census, will send 160,000 census takers into the field in April to get a full-length portrait of the United States

150,000,000

In a whirlwind fortnight 1950

DON'T look now, but the man who counts noses is here again! Yes, 10 years have gone whooshing by. Here it is, almost 1950 and time for that cozy decennial get-together—*the census.*

This one, if you haven't heard, is the biggest ever. It's going to be a census of population, housing and farming, all rolled into one. We will be asked about 60 to 70 questions: how old we are, how much money we earn, how many times married, how many children, what we do for a living, the kind of house we live in, how many bathtubs, and so on. If you're a farmer, you'll have to answer 60 more about crops and stuff.

It's the one biggest civilian job the government does, the biggest clerical job of all time. It is also the biggest doorbell survey, the biggest quiz, the biggest mass interview. Starting on April 1st, 1950, something like 41,000,000 homes and the people who live in them will have to be tagged and tallied. Time allotment for the survey job: exactly two weeks! This should set some kind of record for speed.

To make it all the more colossal, 34 other countries—19 in the Western Hemisphere, including Canada, and 15 in Europe—are going to take their census along with ours. This will be the first time so many countries have counted together and it is a step toward realizing the United Nations dream of holding a universal, all-nations census in 1960.

The over-all census in this country will cost $75,000,000, almost twice what it did in 1940, and it will have taken three full years to complete.

More than a year of preparatory work is involved. For example, a million-odd maps, covering every house or reasonable facsimile thereof, are being printed. Trial tallies have been taken in Missouri, Indiana, Kentucky and Illinois.

These preliminaries have been conducted during the past half year largely for the purpose of testing the value of the questions. New types of tabulating machines are being built, hundreds of people are being hired, a master timetable is being set up.

Eventually the statistical story of every man, woman and child in the country will be punched electrically into cards, coded, checked, verified and filed. This information will be arranged in tables and printed in about 100 fat volumes and hundreds of bulletins. The grand total will come to about 150,000 pages of fine print.

The President will get his report on the last day of 1950 for transmission to Congress. Local results, however, will be put out as quickly as they are completed. By December 31, 1952, the adding and multiplying will be over; the census will be finished.

The actual count will be taken by about 160,000 men and women—40,000 more than 1940—and, paid piecework, they will average about $50 for the job. These enumerators will be moderately to well educated, mostly widows and retired business people, and each will count 1,000 residents.

When the territory is a city block or two, the task will be simple, but where it is in the open spaces, the operation will become more difficult. One California beat—in Death Valley—will take the enumerator 8,000 feet above sea level, and then down 200 feet below sea level.

If past experience means anything, no one is going to escape the enumerators. Like death, taxes and the Canadian Mounties, they always get their man.

And the stories they tell! Recently, in one of the trial counts, a census taker yoo-hooed to a steeple jack atop a chimney to come down and get counted. He grinned and waved his arm, signaling, "You come up here!" So the enumerator, who had never climbed anything higher than a stepladder, worked her way up the dizzy 70 feet.

Another stood on the bank of a river looking across at a prospector on the opposite shore, wondering where he could get a boat.

Finally, he made up his mind. It was pretty cold but he took off all his clothes, stuck paper and pencil in his teeth, and swam across.

Embarrassed by a Lady Nudist

Then there is the case of the blushing government man. Our hero knocked at a door and was asked to step inside by a fortyish woman. She was completely naked. As a matter of principle she did not bother to put on a bathrobe. You see, she was a nudist. Perfectly poised, she smoked a cigarette and calmly answered the questions while the enumerator got redder and redder and redder.

Our roving statisticians will go into jails and hospitals, flophouses and brothels, castles, monasteries and trailer camps. They will drive dog teams in Alaska to count Eskimos in the Arctic Circle and paddle boats in Louisiana swamps to count muskrat trappers. Their cars will be bogged in the mud, turned over, and smashed by tornadoes. They will shiver in mountain storms and nearly roast in forest fires. One was obliged to lie submerged in a creek for seven hours while a fire was roaring around him.

They are sure to be butted by goats, bitten by dogs, gored by bulls, wet by babies.

Odd things will happen. One enumerator was inquiring about the condition of a house when the porch caved in, taking him down with it.

A woman census taker sat in a cell interviewing a man who had murdered a bartender in a holdup. After she left, the man took a short walk up a corridor, and died in the electric chair for his crime. He was alive at census time and had to be counted.

In one big city a census taker smelled gas and pushed her way into an apartment to find an unconscious woman. The gas jets of a cooking range were on. The woman was saved.

Death crosses the path of many an enumerator. People will die as they answer questions, or they will have died a few hours before they can be reached. One counter accompanied a family to a funeral, filling out his schedule as they rode to the cemetery.

Another went into a house painted barn red; he found a *death room,* neat and well furnished, with the coffin on a platform.

"Am I married?" a man with small savage eyes repeated after the enumerator. "Well, I was—I was until I murdered my wife!"

Just in Time to Help the Doctor

Then there is the happier tale of the woman census taker who, opening a door, was greeted by a doctor who cried, "Just in time! Fix me lots of boiling water and dig up all the clean linen you can find!" She rolled up her sleeves, and after a while there was a tiny cry. The elated father christened the baby, *Census.*

Talking about names, in the census records you will find children called *Routine, Geography, Vitreol, Ephernalia, Chevey-Lovey* and *Philanderer.* The offspring of an Indian and white marriage had a name that tickled me: *Matilda Hesseltine Boxankle Hamstring Runninggear Golson.* In one family the next to the youngest was called *Finis;* the youngest, *Postscript.*

One woman knew neither the names nor ages of her four children and described them as the *lap baby,* the *floor baby,* the *porch baby* and the *yard baby.*

In a Virginia home, the enumerator was told a little boy's name was *Rosa Belle.* "But that's a girl's name," said the census taker.

"It is not," said the mother, drawing herself up indignantly. "It's the name of the President of the United States, the one who died in the war."

This year the United States is going to show a total of at least 150,000,000. Actually, this would be 18,000,000 over 1940 and the largest advance we have ever made in a 10-year period. We weren't supposed to have that many people until 1960, maybe 1970. Those little rascals—the babies—went and upset all our calculations. So many of them were born during and after the war that the Pooh-Bahs and prophets were left standing on their ears.

The South and the East are inching along in population but the West is in full gallop. California is going to have 10,000,000, which will put it in a class with New York and Pennsylvania, the only

James L. Chinsano is sounding off as Mrs. Grace Shevlin, New York City census enumerator, tries out some experimental questions for the big poll

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Noses — Count 'Em

By GEORGE KENT

census takers will invade every shack and mansion in the nation

other two states with that many people. This means California gets seven more congressmen. Los Angeles will pass Detroit to become our fourth largest city. It may even outstrip Philadelphia.

The center of population is going to shift again, still farther westward. Back in 1800 it was in Maryland. Fifty years later it was West Virginia. For the past 50 years or so the center of population has lingered in Indiana. In 1950 it will cross the Wabash and settle for a while in Illinois.

The only exciting statistic east of the Mississippi is the fact that Baltimore has outgrown Cleveland.

We've done all right these past 10 years. In 1940 the average wage was $885. In 1947 it was $1,888. Next year it ought to be even larger.

We're going to be revealed as being the movingest people. No less than 70,000,000 persons have changed their residence since the war. Of this number, 44,000,000 were little movers; that is, they just changed houses in the same county. About 13,000,000 changed counties. Twelve million moved spang out of their native states.

The women will make the big news in 1950. They will outnumber the men by a warm million. This is the first time in our history this has happened. The Census Bureau says this trend will continue, provided there's no new flood of immigration. Forty years ago, there were 3,000,000 more men than women.

The growing ascendancy of the so-called frailer sex is ominous in several ways. Not only are they outliving the men, but they are inheriting the wealth, and, it seems, they are becoming aware of their power. Don't think that they are acquiring position merely by passive legacy. Some 2,000,000 families in the country are being entirely supported by women who put in an average of at least eight hours a day for the money they earn. And two out of every five families depend in smaller or greater part upon a woman wage earner.

The enumerators who conducted the recent trial censuses this year expressed amazement at the number of women who were functioning as "head of the family."

"My husband is the head," said one woman, "but I governs." And another, with cynical candor remarked, "I'm the head, he's the figurehead."

Typical of this attitude to some extent was the Kentucky household of three sisters and their six children. The sisters boasted that they were single. "We're glad," they said, "that we don't have any no-account man around to take care of."

These facts did not keep the women from being coy about their ages. They whispered the number to the census taker, they wrote it down, they mailed it, they said it in French. They also lied about it in plain English. One with a twenty-five-year-old married daughter on the premises blandly said she was thirty-four.

"I've lied about my age so much," said another frankly, "I've forgotten what it is."

A middle-aged, long-married man pleaded with the enumerator to reveal his wife's age, and, when entreaty failed, offered a bribe of $100. "I've been married to her 19 years and I still don't know how old she is," he complained. *(Continued on page 58)*

COLLIER'S PHOTO BY DAN WEINER

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Matthew and

By JOSEPH CARROLL

Matthew wa

A high and foolish laugh sounded from the kitchen, and through the door came Meg, with a chipped platter of steaming pigs' knuckles

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the Lace Curtain

a flamboyant man entirely, and he loved a joke as much as he hated a snob

MATTHEW stood on the steps outside the parish church after twelve-o'clock Mass and searched among the home-going worshipers for Denny. He glimpsed him in no time, Denny having a stature that precluded skulking, even if he was disposed to skulk, and he was in all ways an upright young man.

"Wait up, in the name of grace!" Matthew roared, keeping his swearing mild in deference to the day and the place and the fact that Father Dunleavy, the pastor, was standing on the step below him talking to some ladies. Matthew raised his hat as he descended past them. "Coruscatin' sermon, Father," he said; and the priest smiled with a gesture that was half a disclaimer, half a benediction. To the ladies Matthew said, holding his straw hat aloft as though it had plumes, "Beautiful Sunday, beautiful ladies! Loveliness and piety go together." They twittered.

Matthew joined Denny on the sidewalk and as they strode east on Jackson Boulevard, he murmured, "Sanctimonious old scarecrows—rattling their heads at the priest, when they should be home basting the roast."

Denny, his good rough features overcast by somberness, strode silently on, at such a pace that Matthew had to leg it a bit to keep up with him. "And old Dunleavy," Matthew panted, "clicking platitudes at them through that loose plate of his as though he hadn't used them all up already twice over in his sermon. In the name of grace, Denny, what's become of pulpit oratory these times at all?

"On the other side in the old times, any young josser new out of Maynooth would breathe you a little fire with his doctrine. But sure these old chaps like Dunleavy could be reading a shopping list for all the poetry they get out of the Holy Word. Nothing for the imagination at all—and on top of the prosiness, the fearful rattling of those teeth, like bones in a vault on All Souls' Night. Would he take it wrong, do you think, if I proposed setting aside something from the fall collection for a plate that'd be a cozier fit? But sure he's old, poor chap, and a decent holy old body at that. Faculties going, I wouldn't wonder."

It struck Matthew at once that this was perhaps a risky line of thought, for he was himself sixty past and very little younger than the pastor. Shows you the difference between men, he mused, while his breathing grew more stertorous in the effort of keeping up with Denny. "Slow down, in the name of the saints, Denny," he said, when they were a block away from the church. "I'm a vigorous man still. But sure I'm not jet-propelled."

At the intersection of the lawn-lined boulevard and the avenue where their ways parted, Denny slowed all the way to a standstill. "I'm sorry, Matt," Denny said.

Matthew fanned his face with the straw hat. "As you well know," he said, eying Denny shrewdly, "all of this parochial chatter is simply leading up to the question I'm burning to ask. Give me a blunt answer to a blunt question, Denny. What's the trouble between you and Imelda at all?"

They were fine-looking men, each in his way and with the graces becoming to his years. Matthew was tall, though not up to Denny's six feet and more. He had a splendid head of hair, with numerous flecks of the original black sprinkled in the white, like pepper on a linen cloth. His ruddy face had the pleasant creases of laughter and none of the kind that age and a querulous spirit can make. He wore a summer suit of a sportiness a far younger man might have considered extravagant, and a necktie gay as the bright band on his straw hat.

"Why would you think there's trouble between Imelda and me?" Denny asked, with a touch of the bellicose. Denny was dressed like a sport, too: in pearly slacks and radiant jacket; his straw sailor a golden newness, his two-tone shoes daubed milky white on the upper parts and twinkling black on the lower. Denny's youth intensified his every quality, making the burly body even burlier and the long legs even longer.

"How would I not notice," Matthew said, still fanning with his hat composedly, "when something is wrong between my only daughter and my personally chosen prospective son-in-law?"

Denny thrust his fists into his jacket pockets. "The prospect is now dim," he said.

"I knew it," said Matthew. "I knew when she was in before midnight last night that all wasn't well. I've never known a county society dance that broke up that early before—or a young fellow was unenterprising enough to let his girl go home even if it did."

"What brought you in before midnight?" Denny asked.

Matthew looked at him sharply, to see if any rudeness was intended.

"Ah, at my time," said Matthew piously, "what's to keep me out, though I am a widower this many a year? We had a little coolness down at Mulry's on our corner. It was all owing to Mulry's bigoted and reactionary views on part singing in close harmony. A new chap on the street name of Goldstein—as decent a man as you'd meet outside of the Ay-O-Haitch—did a tenor on The Snowy-Breasted Pearl would have done credit to Johnny McCormack. And of course my own baritone left not a dry eye in the place.

"But Mulry, the upstart publican, was flagrantly abusive. He said we'd be heard in the hospital zone four blocks away and have the precinct down on him. So with a few stinging words to Mulry for the Philistine he is, we bought a couple of fifths and went right to my house. Imelda came in at eleven o'clock and went right to bed. She walked straight through the front room, with not a nod to her father or a hello for his guests. That's how I knew you'd been quarreling."

"What time did the poker game break up?" Denny asked. And this time, Matthew thought he definitely intended to be rude.

"We did play a few rounds," said Matthew coldly. "But mostly we discussed literature and the arts. This new fellow, Goldstein, is as learned a man as myself, Denny. We discussed philology. And he agreed with me that 'schlemiel' and 'omadhaun' mean the same thing. More interesting is our discovery that 'streeshahaum'—a fine Gaelic word, hard to render in English—has the same meaning as the Yiddish word 'schnook.' The basic English, Denny, for the same idea is 'goof.' Only it's a goof who is also something of a slob."

Denny laughed. "You big fraud, Matt," he said, "did you con Goldstein into *(Continued on page 50)*

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD M. DAVIS

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Señor Oscar Flores and Major General Harry H. Johnson, co-directors of the joint commission fighting foot-and-mouth, plot their strategy. The map shows the battleground. Orange is for areas in which one inoculation has been made, green for two or three, and white for those not yet penetrated

CRUSADE In Mexico

By FRANCIS SILL WICKWARE

Nearly 4,000 Americans and Mexicans are waging a winning war against the foot-and-mouth epidemic that once threatened our own great cattle industry. The hard fight has greatly improved U.S.-Mexican relations

OFFHAND, a sick cow doesn't seem like much of a symbol for international collaboration. You'd be more likely to select a pair of clasped hands, or a dove with an olive branch in its beak, or some other familiar stereotype.

But down in Mexico a sick cow has come to represent a long step forward in relations between the United States and Mexico, and a unique international partnership without precedent in peacetime.

The warm partnership was born of a bitter struggle against a common enemy, foot-and-mouth disease. At a cost of $500,000 a week to Uncle Sam, the advance of the epidemic toward the U.S. border has not only been halted but the danger has been pushed back more than 100 miles from the high-water mark.

Why should Uncle Sam be spending so much money a week south of the border for veterinary treatment of Mexican cattle? Why shouldn't the Mexicans do the paying?

Why? Because if Mexico's three-year-old epidemic of foot-and-mouth disease ever got across the border into the United States, it would cost Uncle Sam $10,000,000 a week to defeat it.

The invasion threat caused Uncle a good many sleepless nights. Money would be well spent, he finally decided, if he could stop the enemy somewhere south of the Rio Grande. So he made a deal with Mexico, two and a half years ago, to go fifty-fifty on a life-and-death battle with this economically ruinous infection, which the Mexicans call *aftosa*.

It is believed that the disease started at a Gulf

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Coast port with the importation of two zebu bulls from Brazil, but by the time the deal was made it was advancing northward like a forest fire. It was already within 250 miles of Texas.

Quite a lot of people—experts and important cattlemen—thought the struggle to push it back was hopeless. For years the U.S. Department of Agriculture had been telling the cattlemen that killing was the only answer to foot-and-mouth. But in Mexico the disease had already spread over an area as big as Texas, infecting millions of cattle. To be successful, a continuation of the slaughtering program which had been started would have meant the extermination of all cloven-hoofed livestock in central Mexico and the subsequent collapse of the country's agriculture. Moreover, a million of the cattle owners were Indians living in wild and remote terrain. They didn't even speak Spanish, but used 50 different obscure dialects of their own. They couldn't understand the program and opposed it by every means in their power.

Couldn't Pay for the Slaughter

Uncle Sam listened to all this but still felt he had to do what he could to protect his border. The Mexican government needed help to make the slaughtering program even moderately effective. The main difficulty was financial; the government lacked money to reimburse farmers for the loss of slaughtered animals.

As a starter the United States agreed to help finance these payments; it also promised barbwire for quarantine lines, which the Mexican army would patrol. Furthermore, Washington promised to supply some trained personnel and equipment. The two nations organized a Joint Mexican-United States Commission for the Eradication of Foot-and-Mouth Disease, better known south of the border as the Aftosa Commission.

When the American veterinarians came into the picture they soon saw that the slaughtering program was getting nowhere. Although nearly 1,000,000 head had been killed, the disease continued to spread faster than the slaughter crews could wipe out the sick herds, and meanwhile the whole economy of the cattle country was threatened.

Out in the range areas Mexican officials were meeting with an opposition they could not quell. When they asked the peons to round up their sick animals the natives responded by hiding their herds in the hills.

To the small farmer in Mexico, an ox or goat is not just an economic asset but practically a member of the family. The animals are cared for at least as well as the children and frequently share the families' dwelling quarters. Cash payment struck the peons as poor compensation for the loss of well-loved companions. One of the commission's men said to me, "In village after village we tried to explain the necessity for slaughter, only to be told, 'You don't kill us when we get sick. Why then kill our animals?' Or, 'God gave us our animals; only He will take them away.' "

Meanwhile the commission's scientific experts were combing the world for some alternative to the slaughtering program. They learned that in Europe, where foot-and-mouth has been prevalent for many generations, new vaccines were proving fairly effective in Holland and Switzerland. Samples of these vaccines were imported and tested.

Some of them proved utter failures; others seemed to confer a brief immunity. Generally, however, they were not powerful enough to fight the virulent and active type of the disease which had broken out in Mexico.

To manufacture the vaccines, healthy animals were inoculated with the virus of *aftosa;* at the proper stage of the disease they were slaughtered and the vaccine was extracted from their tongues.

The Aftosa Commission decided to make its own vaccine, on the theory that its product would have greater potency than those produced from the attenuated form of the disease prevalent in Europe.

It took time to develop the techniques and to test the product. But the new vaccine worked—and immediately laboratory facilities were enlarged and speeded up for large-scale operations.

Today there are 900-odd Americans working alongside three times as *(Continued on page 68)*

PARA TU GANADO
HOMBRES QUE SABEN TRABAJAN DIA Y NOCHE
PARA PREPARAR LA
VACUNA OFICIAL
CAMPESINO
TUS PASOS NO DEBEN PERJUDICAR AL PAIS.
CUMPLE SIEMPRE LAS DISPOSICIONES CONTRA LA FIEBRE AFTOSA:

Millions of posters and leaflets have been used in educating cattle owners to accept the vaccination program and to follow protective sanitation rules

COLOR PHOTO FOR COLLIER'S BY DAN NUÑEZ

Nearly 1,000,000 cattle were killed in an effort to halt the disease before the commission began to use a vaccine which produces comparative immunity. Today 50,000 square miles of the cattle country have been decontaminated

Field crews made more than 13,000,000 inoculations in their first year. One shot produces immunity to Aftosa (Mexican name for foot-and-mouth) for four months and it is hoped a series of three will establish permanent immunity

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ILLUSTRATED BY STAN KLIMLEY

The Legal

The Story: The first law case she had ever handled landed ABIGAIL JANE FURNIVAL in the most romantic, though exasperating, circumstances of her prim young life. At the suggestion of MR. GRAVES, a business manager for celebrities, who had an office across from Abigail's in the Fogarty Building in Beverly Hills, Abigail agreed to take as a client the debonair BEN CASTLE, a cowboy movie star and Hollywood playboy. Ben owed a sixty-thousand-dollar gambling debt to HARRY KALLEN, a night-club owner with underworld connections, who threatened violence against the cowboy unless the debt was paid. Abigail and Ben flew to Las Vegas in an effort to reach a settlement with Kallen. They were piloted by JACK HALL, a young aviator who looked upon Ben as a wastrel and who promptly fell in love with Abigail. But she was already in love with Ben, who persuaded her to marry him in a quickly arranged ceremony. Later, Kallen told Abigail he would take no action against Ben as long as they stayed happily married. Abigail realized that Ben and Mr. Graves had counted on Kallen's having kind feelings toward her because the gambler had once been saved from a jail sentence by Abigail's father, the late Vincent Furnival. Furious at the deception, Abigail refused to live with Ben when they returned to Beverly Hills. But on the urging of her roommate, a beautician named ALICE NORMAN, she went to Ben's home in Bel Air and told him she would stay on a strictly platonic basis, if he would reform his reckless way of life. After announcing her ultimatum, Abigail retired to her own room.

PART FOUR OF SIX PARTS

NEXT morning ushered in what Abigail was pleased to refer to afterward, in recollecting it, as the "rat-race" stage of her marriage. The previous part of her life had been in rather slow motion, with a few high points connected by long flat spells. Now everything consisted of pinnacles, the action speeded up to an impossible pace, and you simply couldn't take your eyes off what was happening.

She awakened at eight thirty, and showered and dressed in nervous haste. As she applied lipstick in front of a mirror, there was a knock on the door.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"Nacio," Nacio said.

"Come in, Nacio."

He stood in the doorway and bowed to her smilingly. "Have breakfast in room?"

"No, I'll come down," Abigail said. "Is Mr. Castle up yet?"

"Always sleep late," Nacio explained. "Always have breakfast in room."

"Okay," Abigail said. "He's entitled to one last dream."

She descended to the first floor, and Nacio directed her to a terrace at the back. The fog of the preceding day was gone, the sun shone bright and fair, and birds rustled and sang in a near-by tree. Lighting a cigarette, she strolled about the grounds while Nacio ordered her breakfast and arranged the table. The Castle estate covered a couple of acres, part of it hillside attractively planted and terraced, and dotted with tall sycamore trees. It had a separate detached guesthouse, a tennis court and a swimming pool.

Nacio called her to breakfast, and she returned to the terrace and sat down with a feeling of luxurious pleasure. But the breakfast was terrible. Abigail's scrambled eggs were thick and curdled, her bacon uncrisp and her toast soggy. The coffee tasted as if it had been recently drained from an automobile crankcase. She ate little, inspected the greasy

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Bride

CONTINUING THE HILARIOUS LOVE STORY OF A MAN-SHY LADY LAWYER AND A MOVIE COWBOY WHO WASN'T SHY OF ANYTHING

By ROBERT CARSON

silverware, and noted that her napkin had a hole in it. Nacio apprehensively cleared the table.

"Is the cook a man or a woman?" Abigail asked.

"Woman, Miss Castle."

"Is this a fair sample of her cooking?"

"Yes," Nacio said. He hesitated, and appeared to decide to unburden himself. "This is pretty good for her. But Mr. Castle like very much. She have drink with him once in while. She boss."

"She *was* boss," Abigail replied, and rose and walked upstairs to see if her lawfully wedded husband was up yet.

The sound of a vacuum cleaner from her room attracted her attention. She went inside and found a large, heavy, dark-haired and dignified lady at work. The lady shut off the cleaner and grinned.

"You're the new madam, ain't you?" she said. "Glad to meet you, Mrs. Castle. I'm Mrs. George B. Harmony, the maid."

"Glad to meet you, Mrs. Harmony."

"I just work here in the daytimes, you see," Mrs. George B. Harmony said. "I've got a house and two kids of my own and nights I go home. My husband, Mr. George B. Harmony, is a professional truck driver. If you don't mind my saying so, Mrs. Castle, it'll be a better world for Mr. Castle now that he's got himself a beautiful bride and is settled down. I hope you take an interest in housekeeping."

"I'm beginning to," Abigail said, "and also in cooking. What's cooking here, to coin a phrase?"

"Well," Mrs. Harmony said, "I hate to be a stool pigeon, but I ain't going to get myself in wrong with the new madam the very first day I meet her. The food is terrible, the cook drinks a good deal, the market bill is being padded—and Mr. Castle thinks the cook is fine. I guess that's all I need to tell you."

"That's plenty," Abigail said. "Mrs. Harmony, could you and I handle this place alone if need be?"

"Mrs. Castle," Mrs. Harmony said, "we could give it the old college try."

"Spoken like the woman I already know you to be," Abigail said heartily, and clapped Mrs. Harmony on the shoulder. "I'll dust off that cook and confer with you later."

She went below and into the kitchen. The cook, a blowzy woman in a soiled white dress, was leaning against the sink smoking a cigarette and talking idly to Nacio.

"I'm the new Mrs. Castle," Abigail said. "Beat it, Nacio."

Nacio scurried through a swinging door. The cook's eyebrows lifted.

"I'm Mrs. Forbes," she said. "You've probably guessed what I do here."

"Yes, I have," Abigail said, "and judging by my breakfast, I was wondering if you couldn't do it a little better."

"Something the matter with it, Mrs. Castle? Mr. Castle has always been pleased with my work."

"Where do you do your trading?"

"The El Dorado Market."

A small metal box on the wall buzzed loudly, and a metal numeral flipped up.

"That's the boss," Mrs. Forbes said, "and I got to fix his breakfast. Anything else I can do for you?"

"Not immediately," Abigail told her.

She strolled into the library, found a telephone book, dialed the El Dorado Market and requested the manager.

(Continued on page 33)

Abigail hesitated, and finally raised her skirt. The three men were plainly startled. "There is more here," Jake commented, "than first meets the eye"

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The Tooth Fairy

By LEE ROGOW

WHEN Maud Ross got the happy news from the doctor, she went right out and bought some knitting needles, a pair of low-heeled shoes, and a copy of Dr. Grinz's authoritative work, Modern Child Care. During the sweet, dreamy months that followed, Maud and her husband Frank read the chapters of Dr. Grinz's book aloud to each other, and by the time Maud was taxied off to the hospital, they could both reel off great chunks of the book from memory, like John Kieran reciting Shakespeare.

"In the 20th century," Frank Ross used to say, "everything from bombs to bubble gum gets scientific handling. Why not that most precious and delicate of organisms, the human child?" Frank was a lawyer, and talked that way sometimes.

Cynthia Ross weighed *exactly* six pounds upon arrival, a piece of precision which was to mark her life from then on. At feeding time, a brace of measuring spoons and balances assured that correct amounts of vitamins, calories and bone-building minerals were funneled into Cynthia's mouth. Her ridiculously small garments were scientifically designed to permit a maximum of freedom to her fat arms and legs.

Naturally, Frank and Maud took a lot of heckling from relatives and friends. But in the end, even the most skeptical had to admit that the scientific technique of child raising was giving outstanding results. The pages of Dr. Grinz's book grew worn and tattered, but Cynthia Ross grew sturdier and smarter.

At the age of three and a half she was enrolled in the Midtown Nursery School; and at the end of the first semester she received top grades in Social Response, Adaptability and Aptitude.

When Maud's father saw the report he slapped his knee and cackled, "I don't understand a word of it, but by Godfrey, the little tyke is liable to grow up and be somebody yet!"

"Please, Father," said Maud. "Try not to talk about it in the child's presence, or you may give her a tendency toward overcompetitiveness."

"Sorry," said Maud's father. "I guess I just lost my head." . . .

Cynthia clicked off the years four and five like a sweetly purring engine. There were occasional small crises, of course, but it was not until Cynthia was five years, three months and two days old that the Rosses felt themselves really pressed.

When Frank Ross sat down to dinner on this particular evening of his daughter's life, he noticed that Cynthia was holding something tightly in her hand as she sat at the dinner table. "What have you got there, cutie?" he asked.

The little girl looked up and smiled, the gentle dignity of her expression broken by an incongruous gap in her small white teeth. Shyly, she held out her chubby hand. In the palm was the tooth which had been missing from the smile. "My tooth," said Cynthia. "This is the first one out. I'm three months ahead of the baby book."

Frank Ross smiled weakly. "Maud," he called. His wife came in from the kitchen, her handsome face flushed from cooking. "This tooth—isn't she beating the gun a little?"

"It is a bit early," said Maud. "I don't understand it. She's been getting all the calcium she needs."

"Don't worry," said Cynthia. "It wouldn't have come out for a while yet, but I pushed it back and forth until it did. I wanted to get the ten cents."

"The ten cents?" said Frank.

"If you put your tooth under your pillow at night, the tooth fairy comes and leaves ten cents. Sandra Bowen got ten cents yesterday." Cynthia put the tooth carefully into the pocket of her blue pinafore, and again smiled her smile with the gap in it.

"H'm," said Frank. "I think I'll go see if there's any beer in the icebox."

"I'd better look at the chops," Maud announced, and followed him out to the kitchen.

"It's bad," said Maud. "Complete acceptance of an unreal fantasy concept. I'm surprised the teachers permit such things in the Midtown School."

"Maybe the teachers don't know about it," said Frank. "Maybe it's only among the kids, like an underground."

"Anyway," said Maud, "it helps delay the necessary adjustment to reality."

"That's right," said Frank. "If we disillusion her gently now, it will save a greater shock later on. You want to do it?"

"You do these things so well," said Maud.

"It should come from the mother," said Frank.

Maud swung open the kitchen door. Cynthia was fingering the tooth. When her parents came in she put it back in the pocket of her pinafore.

"Cynthia, darling," said Maud. "You know, there really isn't any such thing as the tooth fairy."

"Yes, there is," said Cynthia. "Sandra Bowen got ten cents from the tooth fairy yesterday."

"It's just a made-up story for children," said Maud. "Like Jack Frost, and Cinderella, and—and—"

"And Jack Frost," said Frank.

Cynthia's smooth brow furrowed. Then she smiled her delightfully flawed smile. "Maybe it's something grownups don't know about," she said. "I tell you what. I'll put the tooth under my pillow tonight, and tomorrow we'll know for sure. Okay?"

"Cynthia," said Frank, "don't you believe your mother when she says there is no such thing as the tooth fairy? Don't you believe me when I tell you the same thing?"

The little girl looked quickly from Frank's face to Maud's, then dropped her eyes. She spoke softly, without raising her head. "It won't hurt to try, will it? Sandra Bowen got ten cents."

"I'll give you ten cents," said Frank.

"I don't want your old ten cents," said Cynthia.

Dinner was eaten in silence. Cynthia finished her food with her usual good appetite, but when dinner was over she slipped from her chair and said, "I think I'll go to bed now, please."

"Now that you're losing your baby teeth and getting to be a big girl," said Maud, "I think you can stick around for another hour. I'll read you a story."

"I think I'll go to bed, please," said Cynthia.

MAUD put Cynthia to bed and came back into the living room. "The tooth's under her pillow," Maud said. "Tomorrow she'll wake up and find it still there. She'll be disappointed, but she'll learn a lesson she can't get any other way."

"You're right," said Frank. "What's more, she'll find out we always tell her the truth. These things are hard to do, but in this case it's a kindness to be firm."

"A kindness to be firm," echoed Maud. "That's putting it very well, Frank. Dr. Grinz couldn't have said it any better."

"He didn't have to," said Frank. "It comes from page 251 of his book." . . .

Maud and Frank were in bed by ten thirty. There was silence in the Ross household until seven the next morning, when a small wild Indian in white pajamas came romping into the master bedroom and started jumping up and down on the bed. "Wait till I see that Sandra Bowen!" yelled the small wild Indian.

Maud and Frank sat up in bed.

"After all—" said Frank, with a guilty glance at Maud.

"You can carry these things only so far—" said Maud to Frank.

"What if it is old-fashioned—" said Frank to Maud.

Frank held up his hand. "Wait a second, spouse," he said. "Cynthia, how much money did you find under your pillow?"

"Twenty cents," said Cynthia. "Two dimes. Oh, wait till I see that dopey Sandra Bowen!"

For a minute Cynthia stared at her parents, who were both laughing very hard.

Then Maud said, "All right, everybody. Come downstairs for breakfast. You know, of course, what Dr. Grinz says about delaying the first meal of the day."

THE END

Collier's SHORT SHORT

DOROTHY MONET

The dignity of her smile was broken by an incongruous gap

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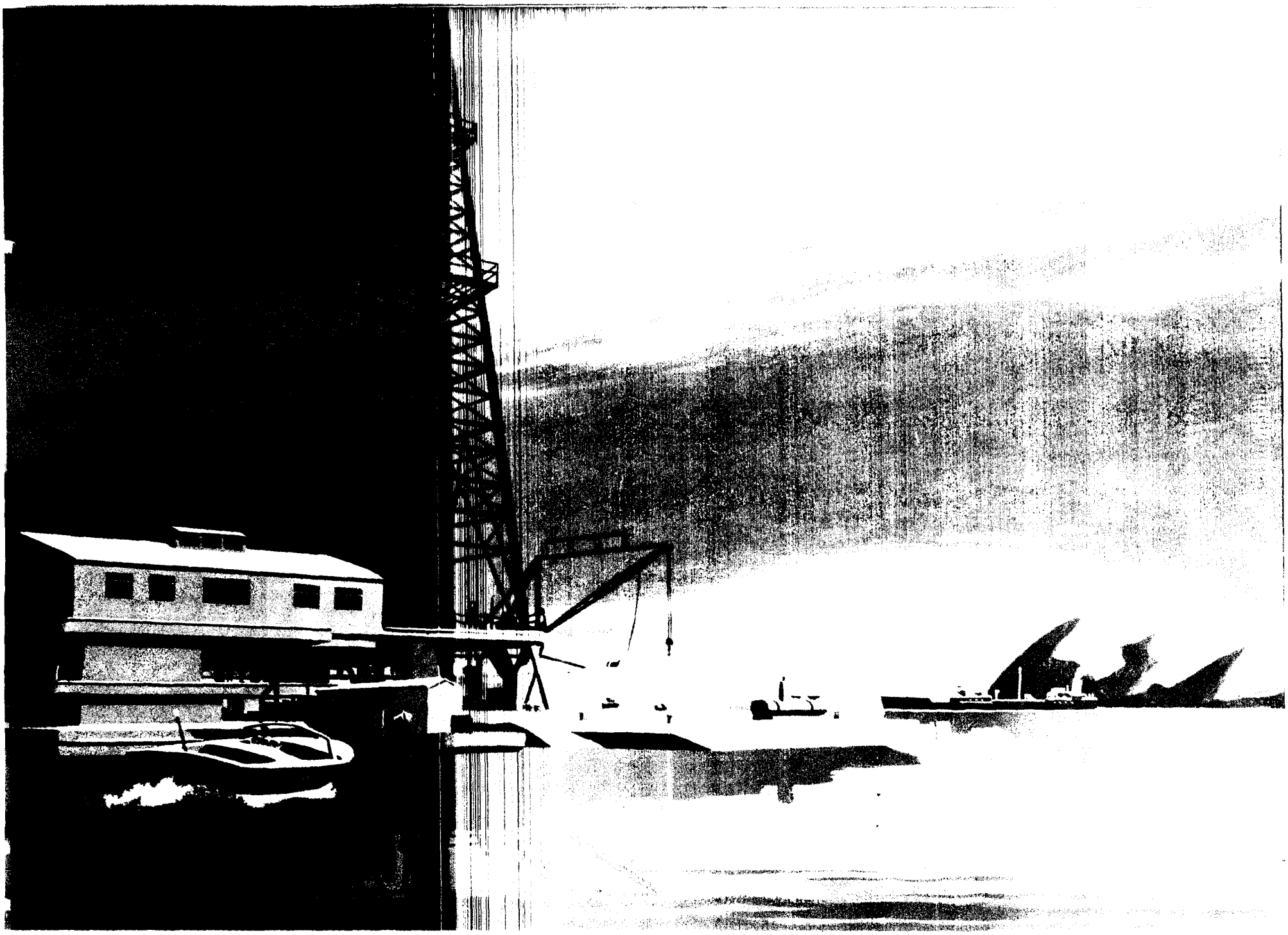

Experts estimate that these [illegible] untapped reserve of 500 billion barrels of oil under the sea

In Pursuit of Plenty

By A. M. ROSENTHAL

A great gathering of scientists seeks freedom from want in the face of our planet's dwindling natural resources

SOME 400 scientists from all the continents are getting together in New York this month to see what they can do about a situation that has all of them worried and many pretty well frightened. It's a problem that costs the United States millions of dollars in research every year and ranks high enough so that President Truman himself suggested this world conclave—the first of its kind.

Thousands of learned papers, and libraries of treatises have been written about the problem. By all counts it is the world's number one science headache because it hits at every person on earth, actually or potentially. And yet, outside the laboratories and the research bureaus, nobody pays it much attention.

The essentials are these:

With every passing year, humanity has an increasingly tough time making the wealth of the world—its natural resources—fill its requirements. Wars or no wars, population curves climb determinedly. And just as steadily, the graphs depicting the world's available natural goods show decreases.

Consumptionwise, man is on a binge. Every day he merrily mines minerals that nature takes aeons to replace. He burns up oil that has been thousands of years in the making under the earth. He tears down the forests of the ages, rips the heart out of the land he tills. Man has always lived on what he takes from the earth. But today's scientists are dismally afraid that the earth no longer is merely being put to use. It's being raped.

There is a Dutch scientist, Professor J. J. Broeze, a specialist in oil, who has issued a warning that the nations are using up nature's stored sources of energy—oil and coal especially—so fast that the whole structure of the modern world is shaky. He puts it this way:

"We people of the twentieth century are living in the grandest and most precariously founded civilized society the world has ever seen."

There is a school of scientific thought which regularly rings out the bell of doom. Its members (and there are prominent scientists among them) have statistics at their command which they believe show coldly and unemotionally that there simply is not enough in the way of world resources to feed, clothe and shelter an ever-growing population;

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they see a future in which the world is cold and hungry.

But there is another group of scientists which holds that untapped sources of wealth still remain. They claim that man has not even begun to touch some of his potential food supply, that there are techniques which can step up production of food immeasurably, that there are sources of energy man is not utilizing at all now. And they believe that, taken all together, these facts will save the earth for mankind.

That is why the scientists are getting together this month, on the site of the old New York World's Fair, in a building that used to be a skating rink and is now rented from the City of New York by the United Nations for a dollar a year. They are getting together to find out what information is available on the world's resources, and to exchange know-how on techniques for increased production.

The meeting was first outlined by President Truman on September 4, 1946. He suggested the conference in a letter to the late John G. Winant, U.S. Representative to the Economic and Social Council of the United Nations, and asked him to carry it forward.

The President's letter said, in part:

"It is my belief that the need for such an exchange of thought and experience was never greater . . . Waste, destruction and uneconomic use of resources everywhere damage mankind's common estate."

Men of All Sciences Get Together

There have been scientific conferences before, hundreds of them, but each was devoted to a single specialty. It was the President's idea that this was to be something new. It would be a meeting at which engineers, economists, biologists, physicists, agriculturalists—the whole range of science's technicians—could get together.

To this assembly—officially designated the United Nations Conference on the Conservation and Utilization of Resources—are coming scientists from approximately 40 countries. The Russians are the only ones who have given no signs of participating, but the Soviet bloc is to be represented by states in eastern Europe, like Czechoslovakia and Poland.

Every day for months, scientific papers in almost every language have poured into the offices of the U.N. staff workers who were handed the job of organizing the conference.

Omitting the potentials of atomic energy—which is considered too big and too hot a subject to handle at this meeting—these papers provide a good picture of what to expect from the science of today and tomorrow.

The papers are all written soberly. None of the authors is going out on any limb. But the facts themselves are optimistic:

The Bright Side of the Picture

Vast areas of the world are still uncultivated. One estimate is that less than 10 per cent of the total land area of the world is now under cultivation.

Italian farmers in controlled projects have been able to step up corn production 35 to 50 per cent through the use of a new hybrid seed.

When the world learns to keep insects and rats under control, it will save enough stored grain to feed approximately 150,000,000 adults every year.

Veterinarians are hopeful of eliminating cattle diseases which now cost Europe enough milk to give 30,000,000 babies a pint a day.

Chemical industries are producing more and more foodstuffs. The possibilities of growing plants in chemicals instead of soil are said to be tremendous.

New sources of power are opening up through use of wind and heat and the discovery of underwater oil deposits.

Farming of fish is becoming as important in some countries as the farming of grain. For example, domestic fishponds are believed able to meet the food problems of the Philippines.

There are tremendous fisheries still uncharted in the oceans of the world.

Science is using recently developed detection devices to prospect for new mineral deposits.

Millions of acres of land, now waste and arid, can be opened to farming through proper irrigation. India, for instance, uses only six per cent of its floodwaters. The rest runs off into the sea.

Science is working out ways for using every scrap of wood taken from the forest. As things stand now, the amount of wood wasted in the United States equals in tonnage this country's total iron and steel production.

In conference rooms, in discussion groups, in off-the-record meetings, the scientists who attend the conference will discuss every phase of conservation and use of the world's resources. The old question of fuel—power and energy to drive the motors of the world, to supply the plants, heat the homes, cook the food—will get as much attention as any of the dozens of scientific topics.

This is the Age of Oil. The things that scientists do to get every drop of oil out of the earth will probably shape the future. So far, most of it has been dug out from the earth.

Some scientists think the day isn't too far away when civilization won't be able to count on land deposits. They're looking for other sources and are concentrating on the sea.

Mercer H. Parks, of the Humble Oil and Refining Company of Houston, Texas, has prepared a report that deals with the oil to be found beneath the continental shelves of the world. A continental shelf is a land mass that is less than 600 feet below the surface of the sea, and Mr. Parks estimates that one twelfth of the world's ocean area covers continental shelves.

On the basis of another scientist's estimate, Mr. Parks says the continental shelves contain 30,000,000 cubic miles of oil-bearing sediments—that is, 500,000,000,000 barrels or 10 times the reserve developed in the United States.

Since 1945, fifty continental shelf oil wells have been drilled in the Gulf of Mexico. Mr. Parks makes it quite clear that digging underwater for oil is a costly operation. But there is reason to believe that operators will be able to go into deeper and deeper water searching for the precious fuel.

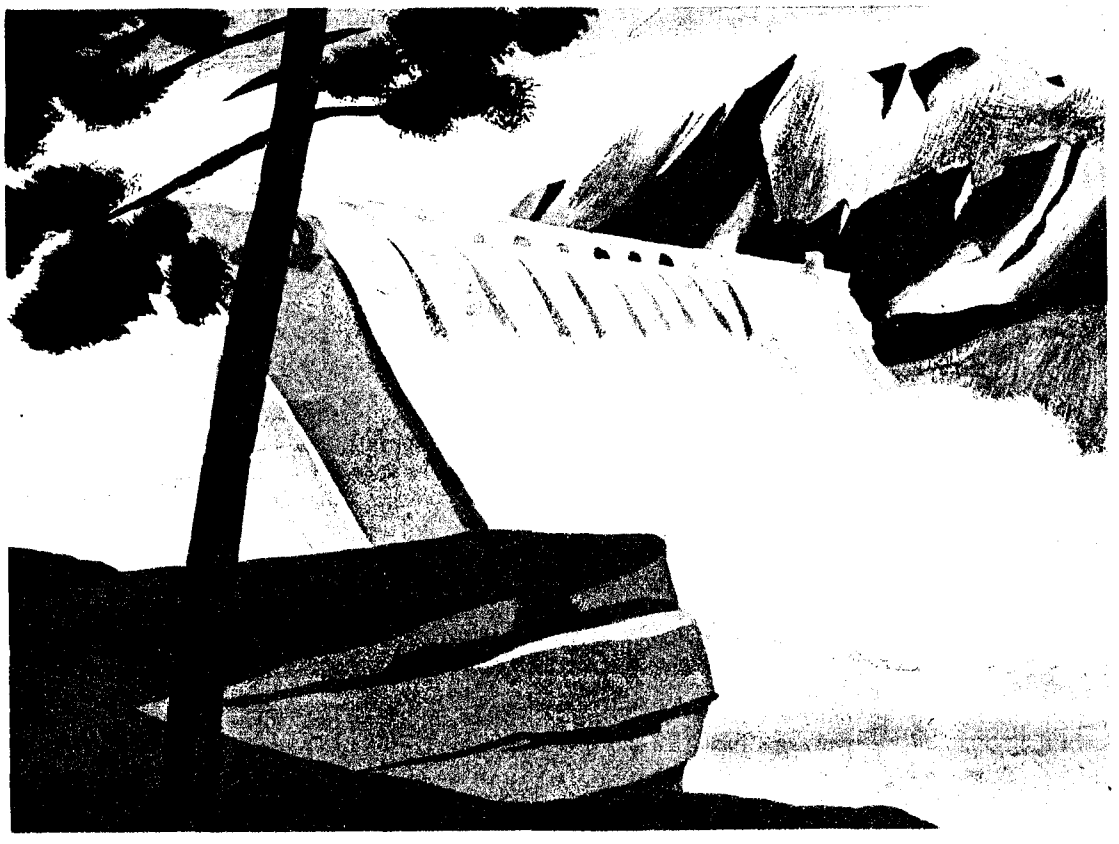
Not all the energy-conscious scientists will deal with oil. Some look to other fields for power. Percy H. Thomas, of the Federal Power Commission, has handed in a paper which points to the possibility of power from wind. He says:

"Among nature's many generous sources of energy, the wind stands unique. It is delivered free and in all countries. It is unlimited in extent; when utilized, it leaves no ashes or poison gases; it is not subject to interruption and its price does not change."

However, the outstanding fact, says Mr. Thomas, is that engineers, at long last, are ready to "harness the wind and force it to contribute its due share to the supply of electric power for all."

Designs for wind-power machines have long been known, but they never have been developed to their full potential. Countries with low coal and oil supplies should look to the wind to build up their sources of industrial power.

There will be discussions of the heat pump—a device to warm homes by tapping the heat below the surface of the earth. They will study a new American method whereby coal is burned underground, and the resulting gas is drawn off and used to produce a synthetic fuel.



Waters of the world are not being fully exploited for power and to irrigate millions of arid acres

Heavy Drafts on Metal Resources

These are just a few of the dozens of ideas on new fuel resources the conference will discuss. But there is also the problem of vanishing metal resources. An Indian scientist, Dr. D. N. Wadia, director of the Indian government's Bureau of Mines, says that since 1914 more basic metals have been used up than during the whole of human history before that date.

Right now, says Dr. Wadia, the shortage in metals is most critical in tin, lead and zinc. But there are signs too, that the demand for copper, nickel, manganese and other metals is bigger than the existing supply. And it is in the Western Hemisphere that the situation is most serious.

However, to balance the picture he reports that there are unused deposits in Asia which are "fully adequate" to raise the living standards of the masses of the people.

One way to guarantee a continued supply of metal is, of course, to find more metal.

A Canadian, Hans Lundberg, points out that old-

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style prospecting with pick and shovel has practically disappeared. More and more, he will tell the conference, prospecting is being done with airborne magnetic devices developed in wartime. It is a cheaper, more effective way, and it requires only one fiftieth to one two-hundredth of the time needed to do the same work by searching on the ground.

Then there are the new metals, just coming into use. To name just one, Oliver C. Ralston, of the United States Bureau of Mines, will discuss titanium. Only 200 pounds a day are being manufactured in this country, but there is much interest in its possibilities for the future.

One pound will do the work of two pounds of good stainless steel, or four pounds of common structural steel. It is six times as strong as aluminum. Its strength in relation to its weight suggests the possibility of its use in aircraft construction, among other things.

In other rooms and discussion groups, food production scientists will be working, sounding one another out on new methods of increasing production.

An astonishingly large number of papers have been turned in on the subject of fish. They range from an American estimate that a billion dollars or thereabouts is spent annually on fishing equipment for sport to a Chinese dissertation on how to grow fish at home for eating.

Fisheries Offer Vast Food Supply

A South African, Dr. Cecil von Bonde, thinks that intelligent mapping of the ocean's fisheries—and intelligent exploitation of them—can go a long way toward solving the world's food shortage. Jean Le Gall of France agrees. He says that 98 per cent of recorded fish catches are unloaded in ports of Northern Hemisphere countries. But in the Southern Hemisphere, vast reserves of fish never have been touched. All that is lacking, he says, is data prepared by scientists—an inventory of fish. When that is made, he thinks, commercial fishermen will go where the profit lies.

As a pro-fish man, M. Le Gall will offer some figures to show the advantages of fish eating. The sea supplies fish for nothing, whereas it takes seven calories in animal feed to produce one calorie of animal protein for humans. And fish can be caught with the expenditure of just half the man-labor hours it costs to produce pork.

Meanwhile, fishermen are going modern. Papers reporting on France and Canada reveal that schools of fish are being detected by echo-sounding apparatus and with the aid of planes. And though it seems that the cod and the tunny are hard to catch by electronics, the sardine, the herring and the mackerel surrender to science by the boatfuls.

A Frenchman, Lieutenant de Vaisseau J. Renou, draws this picture of tomorrow's fishermen:

"It is not outside the bounds of possibility that in a few years' time fishing fleets, either composed of low-tonnage trawlers guided by a flotilla leader equipped with all the necessary scientific apparatus, or a group of large trawlers operating on their own account and possessing echo-ranging and echo-sounding apparatuses, radar and a bathythermograph, may replace the little ships which now practice their fishing trade in the face of so many risks."

Eastern scientists are busying themselves with another aspect of production for the masses—fish farming. Says an Indian scientist, Sunder Lal Hora:

"Small domestic fishponds can play the same role as kitchen gardens."

Fish farming has paid off for a good many natives of China, India, Malaya and Burma. Yields have been as high as 2,000 to 4,000 pounds an acre. More, the development of fishponds in areas developed from swamplands has been a strong factor in fighting malaria-carrying mosquitoes, and insects that wipe out plant crops.

We have been wanton with our forests, but science is working out ways to use every scrap of wood

Some of the fish-farming papers turned in by Far East scientists are almost a handbook on how to grow fish in your own back yard. But there is more to it than a way of making a living or an unusual hobby.

The reports of almost all the Eastern fish experts bear one theme: Build up the domestic fishponds as a way of stopping famine; teach the farmer how to make the marsh, the swamp and the unused ditch bear him a reliable crop.

S. Y. Lin, of Hong Kong, China, is almost vehement about it:

"The misuse or neglect of land and water capable of giving high returns of fish rich in protein should not be tolerated in a world where poverty and food shortages exist in so many countries."

Crop Destruction by Insects

The land farmer has his scientists at the conference too. There are scientific papers with suggestions for dealing with insect attacks. (The annual loss from this source in the United States alone is almost $700,000,000, and in India the stem borer ruins about 3,200,000 tons of rice a year or roughly 10 per cent of the entire crop.)

Use of wasteland will come in for a good deal of attention. Netherlands scientists will give the conference the benefit of their experience in reclaiming more than 125,000 acres from the waters of the Zuider Zee and tell of their hopes for saving another 375,000 acres—a huge amount in a country as small as Holland.

Specialists will tell the conference that in the United States an estimated 80,000,000 additional acres of land can be put into production through proper irrigation, drainage and clearing.

Reports on farming come from all over the world. Some deal with the latest technological methods of agriculture. Among the others are poignant stories of attempts to get Cyprus farmers to change work habits handed down from father to son since the time of Christ.

The attending scientists will not speak for their governments. They are not diplomats. However, their governments will pay passage and expenses, since the U.N. has only $58,000 to spend on the session and most of that will be needed to cover the cost of general arrangements. There will be no political speeches, but those present will be conscious of a statement President Truman made when he called for the conference:

"The real or exaggerated fear of resource shortages and declining standards of living has in the past involved nations in warfare. Every member of the United Nations is deeply interested in preventing a recurrence of that fear and of those consequences.

"Conservation can become a major basis of peace."

THE END

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Monroe and the Moon Maids do a number for his weekly radio program, now in its fourth year. One of Monroe's biggest hits is Riders in the Sky

Voice With Muscles

By BILL DAVIDSON

Swooning teen-agers put Vaughn Monroe, whose crooning bulges with virility, at the top of their listening lists. His booming baritone has set box-office cash registers to jingling and Mr. Monroe to counting his musical millions

MR. VAUGHN WILTON MONROE is a large, handsome young man whose business it is to stand in front of an orchestra which bears his name, and bellow songs in a voice reminiscent of both Nelson Eddy and Leo the Lion. For this, and related activity, he currently is grossing nearly $2,000,000 a year. He is the number one orchestra leader of this country, according to such show business authorities as Billboard and Motion Picture Daily; the number one male vocalist, according to the best-seller record lists of Variety; and the Adonis of Band Leaders, according to a plaque presented to him by the Hairdressers of Cleveland, Ohio.

He also is proving to be the greatest boon to the nation's all-night disk jockeys since the discovery of insomnia.

Last January, for instance, a gentleman named Ed McKenzie, known to the Detroit radio audience as Jack the Bellboy, was passing a slow night at his turntables in the studio. On a whim, he picked up a Vaughn Monroe record and said, "Well, let's hear now from Old Nasal Nose, the poor man's John Charles Thomas. In this recording by Old Mushmouth, note carefully the muscles on the tonsils, the sinews on the adenoids. Here he is, Vaughn Mon-schmoe!"

The next day, angry teen-agers swarmed upon the radio station. Jack the Bellboy was deluged with letters, typical of which was the following:

Dear Empty-head:

Why don't you drop dead, take the A-train, or jump in the river? Boy—you're nowhere.

When you start picking on my boy Vaughn Monroe, the fireworks really start.

First of all, he's the most wonderful man, the best-looking male vocalist in the country and he can outsing anybody you can name any day. Why don't you keep your rotten opinions to yourself?

How about playing Vaughn Monroe's latest—without your usual sarcastic remarks?

An *ex*-Bellboy fan

After reading thousands of such letters, Jack the Bellboy (who actually is a close friend of Monroe) smiled contentedly, piled up the letters, and walked in to ask for a raise. Today, whenever the Bellboy wants to give his Hooper rating a boost he attacks Monroe and happily waits for the letters to come pouring in.

"This," says Jack the Bellboy, "doesn't happen with any other star—not even Crosby or Sinatra."

Apparently, a lot of things are happening to Vaughn Monroe lately that are not happening to other stars. The entertainment world is in a slump, but not the deep-toned Mr. Monroe, whose controversial voice has brought him titles like the Voice with Muscles and the Voice with Hair on Its Chest (friendly); and the Foghorn, Old Leather Lungs and the Million-Dollar Monotone (critical). His weekly radio program is in its fourth year, and a good deal of money is rolling in from a number of other sources.

For instance, record *(Continued on page 64)*

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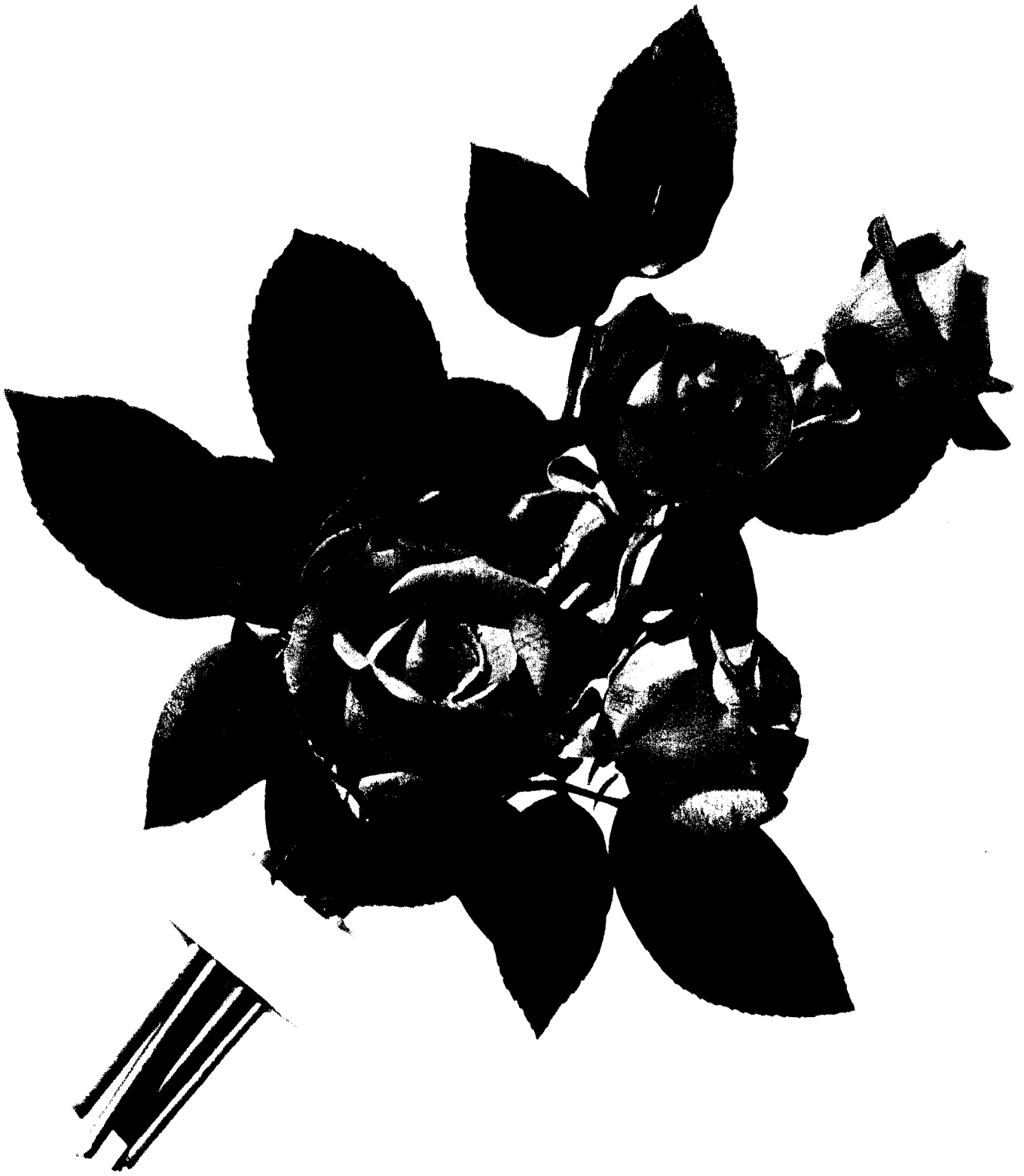

Wouldn't you rather drink Four Roses?

Fine Blended Whiskey. 90.5 proof. 60% grain neutral spirits.
Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York, N. Y.

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gives a super-shine in half the time. It's the only polish containing "stroke-saving" methyl cellulose! Suitable for *all* auto finishes.

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Rust clogs radiators—causes overheating, trouble and expense!

Clean out rust with
DU PONT Cooling System CLEANSER

Before your engine is ruined by overheating, clean out rust and scum in the radiator. Just pour in a can of DU PONT CLEANSER, run the engine for 30 minutes or more, then drain. No reverse flushing is necessary. It dissolves rust—cleans thoroughly, quickly and safely. A good cleaning paves the way for top engine efficiency.

Keep out rust with
DU PONT Acid and Rust INHIBITOR

After cleaning out the radiator, you can keep it free from rust all season by pouring in a can of DU PONT ACID AND RUST INHIBITOR. It retards rust formation, and keeps out acid, too.

Avoid radiator leaks with
DU PONT Cooling System SEALER

You can stop leaks quickly and securely—and help to prevent leaks in the future—by pouring in DU PONT COOLING SYSTEM SEALER. It will not clog the radiator or harm hose or metal parts.

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The Legal Bride

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

He came on and was fretful and incredulous at the discovery of a Mrs. Ben Castle.

"In addition to being Mrs. Ben Castle," Abigail said, "I am in a bad humor and an attorney at law. I want the amount of last month's bill, a cross section of the items ordered, and no nonsense from you. And don't tell me to check with my husband's business manager."

"A lawyer, did you say?" the manager asked. "Do you practice in California, Mrs. Castle?"

"That I do," Abigail replied.

"Hold the phone," the manager said. "I'll get the stuff from the bookkeeper."

FOR slightly over a month's purchases the El Dorado Market's charges were in excess of six hundred dollars. There were staple and fancy groceries, a good deal of liquor, and such delicacies as smoked turkey and *pâté de foie gras*.

"Everybody here should be much fatter than they are," Abigail commented. "Give me a sample of your individual prices, will you?"

The manager complied in sad tones.

"Holy smoke!" Abigail said. "What are your packages wrapped in—gold foil? I presume all your clerks wear masks and carry blackjacks. Before my marriage, I used to do a little housekeeping and shopping, though I was never in the *pâté de foie gras* class, and one brush with your establishment would have put me in the bankruptcy court. Speaking of being put in court, I want to warn you that anything you say during this interview may be used later in evidence against you."

"Oh, my goodness!" the manager said.

"Evidence has come into my possession," Abigail went on, "which tends to substantiate a charge that you are paying Mr. Castle's cook a rake-off."

"Mrs. Castle," the manager said, "I implore you not to get upset. I—I scarcely know how to talk to you, such is your attitude. We don't have any other customers who are married to members of the bar."

"I am not upset," Abigail said, "but you had better tell me everything. You'll feel better afterward, believe me."

"I admit," the manager said, "that it is customary with us to give generous purchasers a small percentage. The arrangement is not unusual, and your cook may be making a dollar here and there. I'm positive it's not enough to be a matter of concern to a person of your means, Mrs. Castle."

"It's a matter of great concern to me," Abigail told him. "I suggest you go carefully through your bills for the time Mr. Castle has been trading with you and see what you can do, since I hate to get involved in the bother and expense of engaging a certified public accountant."

"I'll do that immediately, Mrs. Castle," the manager said. "Please don't allow yourself to become overwrought."

Abigail replaced the telephone in its cradle. It rang at once and she picked it up. "Hello."

"Hello, yourself," a man said. "Is this Mrs. Harmony or Mrs. Forbes?"

"This is Mrs. Ben Castle," Abigail said. "In person."

"Ah," the man said. "Now we're getting somewhere. My name is Jake Harris, and I'm head of the publicity department for Apex-Allied Studios. That's where your old man works, in case he hasn't told you."

"Delighted to talk to you, Mr. Harris," Abigail said.

"Call me Jake," Jake said. "The pleasure is all mine. Listen, you've already answered my question—the cowboy's married. A dame with the unlikely monicker of Mrs. Joe Baywater has planted a story in the Las Vegas newspapers about your nuptials. We're being queried by the wire services and the local press, and I'm holding everybody off until I can get my own pictures and frame a lovely press release in deathless prose. Could I come over right away and bother you for a little while? You see, your husband is in a manner of speaking a public figure, and it's my job as head of publicity—"

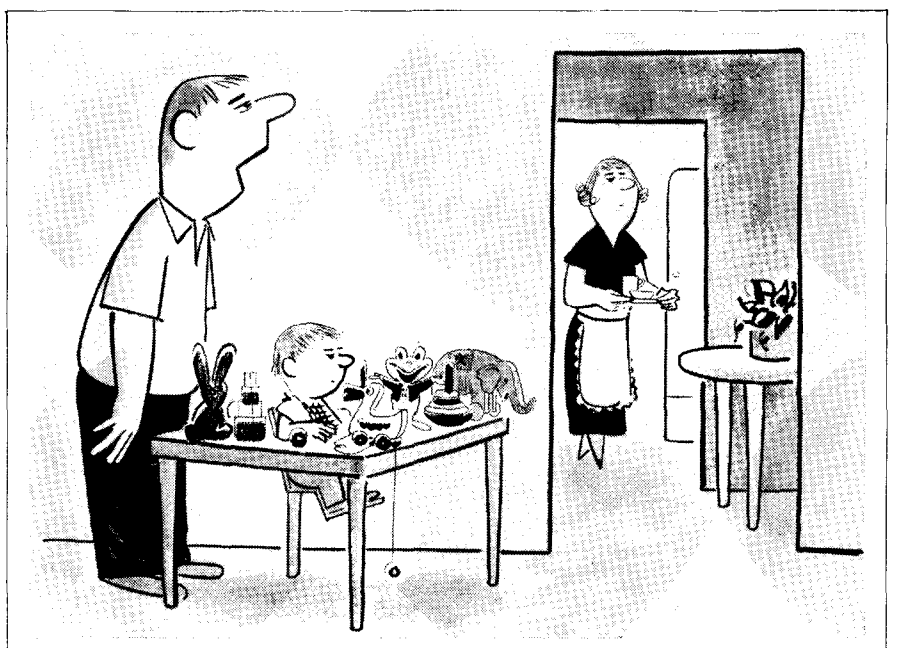
"I understand, Jake," Abigail said. "Come any time. We'll open a keg of nails. Shall I expect you soon?"

"Immediately," Jake said.

Abigail hung up. She walked back to the kitchen and on to the service porch. Mrs. Forbes was engaged in twirling a split of champagne into a small silver ice bucket.

"This is for his nibs's breakfast," she explained. "He's always thirsty in the morning."

"He'll have to make out with water today," Abigail said. "I'm discontinuing the serving of champagne here."



COLLIER'S "Okay, his table's all set for supper!" STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

"Are you kidding?" Mrs. Forbes demanded.

"When you address me," Abigail said, "call me Mrs. Castle."

"Mrs. Castle," the cook answered, "I've been with the cowboy—"

"You've been with Mr. Castle," Abigail said.

"I've been with Mr. Castle," Mrs. Forbes said, "ever since he came home from the war. I know him pretty well, and I can tell you he ain't the kind of man that you can keep saying 'no' to. You're new here and I ain't; maybe you'd better keep that in mind."

"But I'm staying here," Abigail said, "and you are not. You're fired, Mrs. Forbes. Pack your things and leave at once."

The cook stared at her, a stupid half smile on her reddening face.

"Don't look at me in that manner," Abigail said softly, "or I'll throw you out."

Mrs. Forbes went in the kitchen, tore off her apron and bolted for the front of the house. In a moment, Mrs. George B. Harmony entered the kitchen in a high state of excitement.

"Madam," she said, "I just met the cook belting up the stairway to Mr. Castle's room. She was crying and hollering at Nacio. He started to cry too."

"One big happy family," Abigail commented. The box on the wall buzzed and a numeral appeared.

"That's the cowboy—Mr. Castle, I mean," Mrs. Harmony said. "Shall I go, madam?"

"It's for me," Abigail said. "Stand by, Mrs. G. B. Harmony."

"Yes, madam," Mrs. Harmony said.

Abigail moved through the hall and up the stairs with a measured tread. The master suite was open, and the cook was bent over the master, who lay at full length in his bed and glared stonily at the ceiling. Abigail advanced upon them deliberately.

For a moment there was silence. Mrs. Forbes wiped her crimson nose, and Ben kept his eyes on the ceiling, ignoring Abigail. Presently the strain was too much for Mrs. Forbes.

"Like I said," she said, "I was only doing what you told me. She was going to take a poke at me. I've never been so humiliated in my whole life."

"Yes, yes," Ben replied irritably. "I understand that. You needn't repeat yourself, Mrs. Forbes."

"Did you want me, Ben?" Abigail said. "I'm in rather a hurry."

"Abby," Ben said, sitting up, "I am in no mood for idle conversation. Mrs. Forbes informs me that you have had an unfriendly attitude from breakfast on. She says that you've got it in for her."

"That is correct," Abigail said.

"She says you had a disagreement regarding a bottle of champagne for me," Ben said. "May I inform you that I always have champagne for breakfast when I'm under the weather?"

"I told Mrs. Forbes the practice had been discontinued," Abigail replied. "She was foolish enough to become insolent with me."

"Discontinued, my eye!" Ben said. "What do you mean coming here with us and immediately stirring up trouble and dissension? You're a guest here, not the overseer on the plantation."

"I have discovered," Abigail said, "that your cook had grossly overordered at the El Dorado Market, received a rake-off from that firm, and undoubtedly disposed of your excess goods at a profit to herself. The manager of the market has already confessed this complicity to me. If she doesn't leave at once, I shall let the police eject her."

"Well, hoddya like them apples!" said Mrs. Forbes.

"Why am I singled out to suffer like this?" Ben said. "Abigail, I realize you are a lawyer—"

"A lawyer?" Mrs. Forbes said, and whitened perceptibly.

"Mrs. Forbes is fired," Abigail said. "She will receive her pay in full up until this morning from your business manager in due time. Breakfast will be served hereafter at eight o'clock on the terrace, without champagne. No trays will be sent to bedrooms."

"She don't look like a lawyer to me," Mrs. Forbes said. "Mr. Castle, are you going to lay there and stand for this?"

"Certainly not," Ben retorted. He grasped at the sheet as drowning men are reputed to grasp at straws. "Abigail, I warn you—don't drive me too far. I'm a plain, peace-loving fellow, but—"

"Mrs. Forbes," Abigail said, "how soon you leave this room and this house will determine to a great extent whether or not I will go to the city prosecutor and ask that a criminal complaint be issued against you. If you have any sense, you'll run, not walk, to the nearest exit."

The cook glanced imploringly at Ben. He slowly dropped to a supine position and pulled the sheet over his head.

The cook plodded out, shaking her head disgustedly. Abigail removed a cigarette from a box on the night stand, lighted it and inhaled reflectively. Ben lowered the sheet a few inches and peeked at her with one eye.

"I'm going to kill myself," he said. "Then you'll be sorry."

"A Jake Harris telephoned," Abigail said. "The news of our marriage was in the Las Vegas paper, and he wants to take pictures and do a story for the people here. I expect him soon, so you'd better clean up and come down to breakfast immediately."

"I'll never rise from this bed again," Ben said. "I'm going on a hunger strike. I won't be in any picture with you, and don't make the mistake of ever asking for my autograph."

"Isn't it strange?" Abigail said. "You don't amuse me any more."

SHE left, closing the door behind her, and went downstairs. She called for Nacio, who dolefully materialized, with a hunted look in his red eyes, and led Abigail to the game room. He said the house's entire liquor supply was on the shelves behind a bar that graced one end.

It was quite a lot of liquor. She prospected back of the bar, found a large cabinet with a lock next to the icebox, located a key hanging on a nail inside, fastened the key to the ring that held her automobile keys, and instructed Nacio to help her stow the refreshments.

"Leave out a bottle of dry sherry," she said. "That will serve to supply our needs for the next week or two."

"Oh?" Nacio said. "Yes, Miss Castle."

She was almost through when she heard a rapping on the bar and straightened up. It was Ben, freshly shaven, his hair combed, and clad in sweat shirt, shorts and battered slippers. He regarded her somberly.

"A golden fizz, please," he said. "Two eggs."

"Nacio, set the table for Mr. Castle on the terrace," Abigail said. "Have Mrs. Harmony give him two eggs, bacon, toast, marmalade, coffee, and a tall glass of ice water. Hop on it, Nacio."

Ben leaned on the bar, placed a slipper on the rail, and watched silently as Abigail completed her task. She took the key, locked the door, and shook it in order to be sure it was solidly fastened.

"You forgot a bottle of sherry, A.J.," Ben said.

"I left it out purposely," Abigail explained. "We'll have a glass every night before dinner. Sherry stimulates the

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appetite without dulling the senses. That is, when used in moderation."

"With one bottle available," Ben said, "we'll use it in moderation all right."

"Shall we go out on the terrace?" Abigail suggested.

They went outside and Nacio held a chair for Ben. He sat down, blinked in the bright sunlight and sipped gingerly from a tumbler of water.

"What a peculiar, water taste," he said. "I suppose you have to get used to it—like *escargot*."

NACIO served the breakfast and retired. Ben picked at the food, pausing to leaf idly through the newspaper. Lighting a cigarette, Abigail strolled up and down the terrace, pleased to note that Mrs. Harmony's bacon was crisp and her eggs done to a turn. Nacio appeared again and bowed.

"Gentlemen here from studio," he said.

"Tell them to go away," Ben said.

"Bring them here," Abigail said.

"Yes, Miss Castle," Nacio replied, without hesitation.

Mrs. George B. Harmony eased from the kitchen and stared at Ben's plate. Her expression was disappointed as she saw how little he had eaten. "Good morning, Mr. Castle," she said.

"Oh, hello," Ben said. He seemed to have difficulty in placing her.

"Fine breakfast, wasn't it?" Abigail asked. "You enjoyed it, Ben, didn't you?"

"Wonderful," Ben said. "Yes, very much. The ice water was especially good."

"Nacio is busy at the moment," Abigail said. "Would you mind clearing the table, Mrs. Harmony?"

"It's a pleasure, madam," Mrs. Harmony replied, and went to work.

"From now on I'm going to call you Harmony," Abigail said. "We need plenty of that around here. Do you mind?"

"Not at all, madam," Mrs. Harmony said.

"What irony!" Ben murmured.

Upon the terrace came a group of three men attired in checkered sport coats, slacks and intricate suède shoes with crepe soles. The group was led by a small solid man with humorous eyes and an incipient bald spot.

"Enter Jake Harris, attended," Jake Harris said. "Good morning, dear cowboy."

"It's just been spoiled by you, Jake," Ben said.

"Is that a glass of water I see your faithful old retainer removing?" Jake said. "What hath Mrs. Ben Castle wrought?" He turned and took both of Abigail's hands. "And this is the lovely, unblushing bride, of course—our charming hostess. May I present my associates, Mrs. Castle? This is Mr. Herb Gregg, one of my assistants in the great enterprise of disseminating false information to the public."

Gregg, a handsome, curly-haired young man, smiled helpfully.

"The man loaded down with boxes and cameras," Jake added, "is Mr. Dinty Moore, a well-known hocus-pocus type."

"What's new, darling?" Dinty Moore asked. He was midway in height between Gregg and Jake, and had a resolutely despondent cast to his countenance.

"Would anyone care for coffee?" Abigail asked.

They all said they would, and she had Nacio bring more cups. Harmony sent several doughnuts by him as a dividend.

"I'm going back to bed," Ben said, and got up.

"Stick around," Jake said. "We need you."

"Sorry," Ben said. He started for the inside.

"Ben, dear," Abigail said, and caused her voice to be sweet and soothing. "Please don't go. I'm much too confused and embarrassed to handle these gentlemen alone."

"You'll make out, darling," Ben said.

"Ben!" Abigail said.

Ben stopped with one foot in the air, put it down, wheeled and returned. The onlookers watched interestedly. Even Nacio stayed on and missed nothing.

"Such a delightful couple," Jake said, as he swallowed a good half of a doughnut. "Love marches on. What'll we do with them first? I never know where to begin. So let's start with the pictures." He requested the others to follow him, and led the safari about the grounds, seeking suitable backgrounds.

"Leave us shoot on the front lawn first," Dinty Moore said, in accents of unmitigated depression. "Put the equestrian in clothes. Let's go."

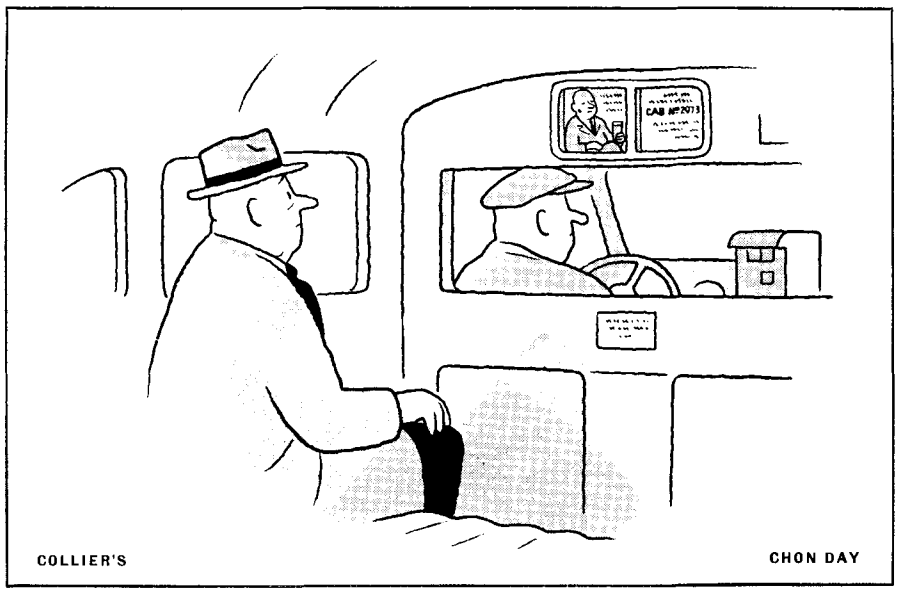
"How about Mrs. C.?" Gregg said.

"Darling," Dinty Moore said, "have you got a nice frilly dress or a sun suit?"

"No, my wardrobe consists mostly of suits," Abigail told him. "I do have a blouse and a long skirt—"

"Get her," Dinty Moore said.

"The clothes she's got on are okay for her," Jake said. "She should look kind of neat—she's a lawyer."



"Oh?" Dinty Moore said, and allowed his despondency to be permeated by incredulity.

"Run along, please, Ben," Gregg said. "Better put on a working outfit."

"I'll be damned if I will," Ben replied, and folded his arms.

"Ben—" Abigail said.

"Oh, very well," Ben said, and started off briskly.

Jake and Gregg eyed each other gravely, with widened eyelids. Dinty Moore looked at Abigail's legs.

"Lift your skirts, darling," he ordered.

"What?" Abigail demanded.

"I want to see what you got to walk on and with," Dinty Moore said. "It's only on account of the public, darling."

"No cheesecake, Dinty," Gregg said. "This is going to be dignified."

"That stinks," Jake said. "We may be a lot of things on the story, but we're not going to be dignified. Raise your skirt, Mrs. Castle. Remember, it's all in the interests of your permanent boy friend."

Abigail moistened her lips, vacillated, and finally raised her skirt a little above her knees. The three men studied her underpinning. They were plainly startled.

"There is more here than first meets the eye," Jake commented.

"You're always right, Jake," Gregg said.

"You can drop the curtain now, darling," Dinty Moore said to Abigail.

They walked to the lawn in front and stood waiting for Ben, who presently appeared in a tall white cowboy hat, whipcord pants, a checkered shirt and silk muffler, and short Texas boots. Abigail gave a start. "This is ridiculous," she said. "He isn't bound for a masquerade, is he?"

"You don't understand," Jake said. "He's a cowboy, and they are supposed to dress that way in public. You wouldn't want him out of character, would you? It's silly, but it makes money for Allied-Apex, and it's a living for Billy the Kid, here."

"I always said he ought to have a ranch," Gregg said. "The rest of the cowboys do. Mr. Birgin was saying the other day—"

"Don't give me that Mr. Birgin stuff," Ben said. "I hate horses and cattle, and I will never have a ranch. That's official, brother."

"Not unless Mrs. Castle wants one, huh?" Jake said.

"Why—uh—yes," Ben said. He glanced humbly at Abigail. "You don't want a ranch, do you, dear?"

"Not right away," Abigail said. "Who is the Mr. Birgin you mentioned?"

"Let us all remove our hats, gentlemen," Jake said. "We will now face toward the San Fernando Valley and drop to our knees. The Mr. Birgin referred to is Mr. Otto Francis Birgin, president of Allied-Apex Studios. He is the Genghis Khan of the B pictures, the Cagliostro of serials, the overlord of quickies, and the grand high lama of Westerns. In addition, he is your husband's boss."

"I must see him one day," Abigail said.

"You will be dazzled by his radiance," Jake said.

"Could we lay off the tea party?" Dinty Moore asked, "and spoil a little film? Let's get them arm in arm and take the usual shot of them walking toward the camera."

Following that, Abigail and Ben were photographed in various poses around the grounds, standing and sitting, laughingly embracing.

Then Jake asked, "Do you have a bathing suit, honey?"

"Yes, I have," Abigail said.

"One with neat pin stripes," Ben said.

"Slip into it," Jake said. "We'll wind up on that. Ben, you can keep on your same clothes."

"I'd rather not, if you don't mind, Jake," Abigail said. "I rarely ever wear a bathing suit, and I don't like appearing in public in it, let alone being photographed."

"Darling, you must stifle your instincts on the altar of publicity," Jake said. "Think of Ben's many devoted fans. They'll want to see what their hero has got. A blue suit is simply another blue suit, but a bathing suit is democracy in action—it's freedom of the press."

"Motion denied," Abigail said.

"Speak to her, cowboy," Jake said.

Ben looked at her, and his smile was sardonic. She grew instantly angry.

"Abigail," he said.

"As you wish, Ben," Abigail said demurely. She was afraid she was beginning to blush. "If you approve there's nothing I can do but obey."

She hastened to her room, carefully closed and locked the door, and dived into the cardboard carton, which she had thus far not unpacked. The bathing suit was wadded in the bottom, an elderly item of fuzzy faded red, one-piece, with a skirt. On the breast was a white shield bearing black lettering that read "Girls' Health Club." It was a relic of one of her boarding-school sojourns. Clucking her tongue worriedly, Abigail disrobed and pulled on the suit.

She went in the dressing room and surveyed herself in the full-length mirror. The results reflected were not sensational. The wool had lost its elasticity from frequent wettings; the skirt was droopy, and a rather large moth hole was evident directly above her right hip. Also Abigail thought she had a childlike figure, conspicuously knobby knees, and a visible tendency to cringe at the world's opinion.

It was a tense moment. Her old feelings of shame and inadequacy, her desire for obscurity and peace, were very powerful. She was tempted to throw in the sponge; to replace her suit, to put on a black dress—not even to return downstairs. But in the depths of her brain was the sure conviction that if she retreated now, she retreated permanently. The battle with the cowboy was joined, and she must never take another backward step.

REPEATING this to herself encouragingly, Abigail burst from the room and headed below. So intense was her zeal that she did not notice her feet were bare. Nacio, in the midst of dusting the balustrade, was transfixed when she passed him. Her arrival on the terrace, unfortunately, went almost unnoticed. Jake was engaged in a deep discussion with Ben; Gregg and Dinty Moore were gazing disconsolately at a pile of used flash bulbs on the floor. Abigail waited and grew impatient.

"Well," she said, "here I am." Ben and Jake stopped their conversation; Dinty Moore raised his head from the flash bulbs; Gregg stared. Nobody had a word to say.

"Is there something the matter?" Abigail said, in a small voice. "Be frank. I know I'm not so hot, and so far as the bathing suit is concerned—"

"The joke is over, darling," Dinty Moore said. "Now go back and—"

"Shut up, Dinty!" Ben interrupted.

Abigail looked at him, her heart quickening. His normally careless, amused expression had been blotted out by quick fury. A little lantern of hope lighted somewhere in Abigail, and he saw it and avoided her eyes.

"You and the suit are peachy, Mrs. Castle," Jake said. He jumped up. "Forward, men. On to the swimming pool."

"All I said was—" Dinty Moore began aggrievedly.

"Stick to the photography," Jake said. "You ain't any too good at that."

"Listen, he has a perfect right to criticize," Abigail said. "I know I'm not any bargain, and this bathing suit is as old as the hills. If Mr. Moore thinks photographing me is a waste of time, I'll understand perfectly that his remarks are intended to help and not to hinder."

Dinty Moore stared at her despairingly. "For pity's sake," he said, "I was only trying to be funny in my uncouth way. I think you are a gorgeous kid, and I love the sight of you undressed. Come round where the light's better and leave me have a hinge at you in the ground glass."

They circled the house.

Dinty Moore had Ben sit in a canvas chair at the edge of the swimming pool. He placed Abigail at Ben's feet and

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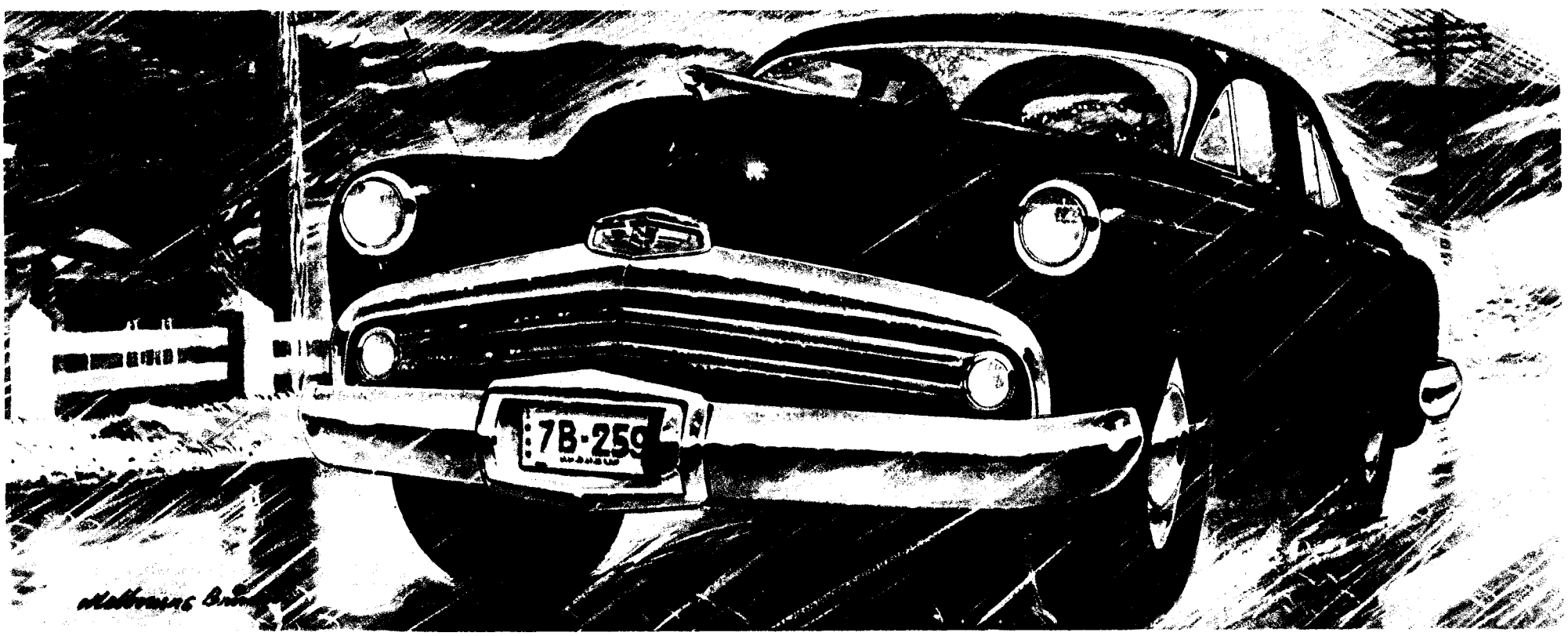

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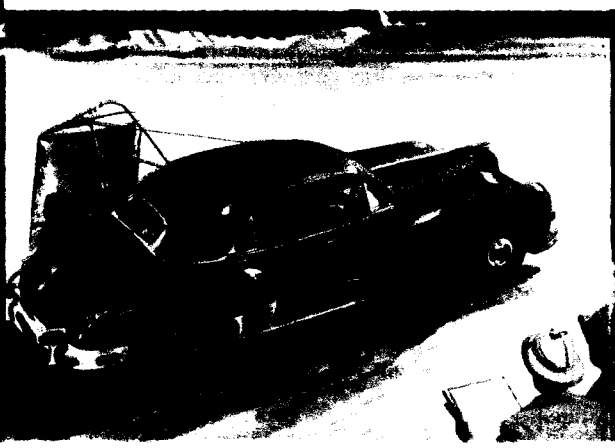

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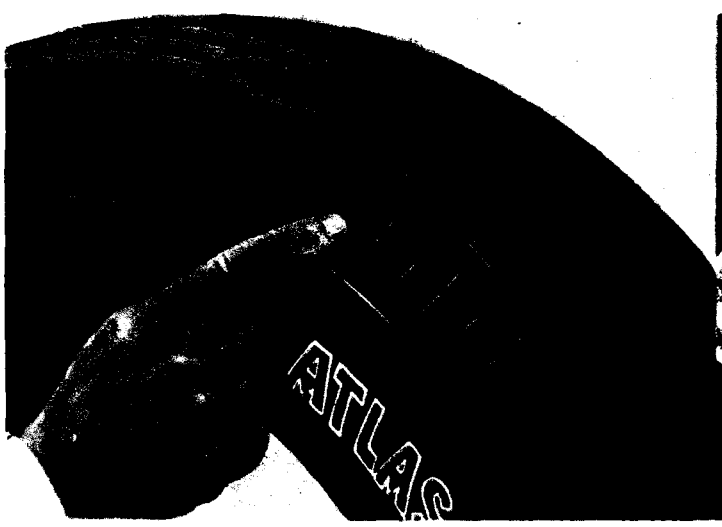

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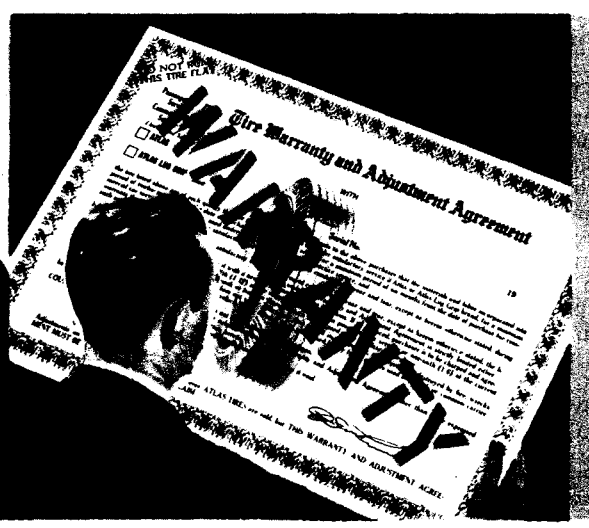

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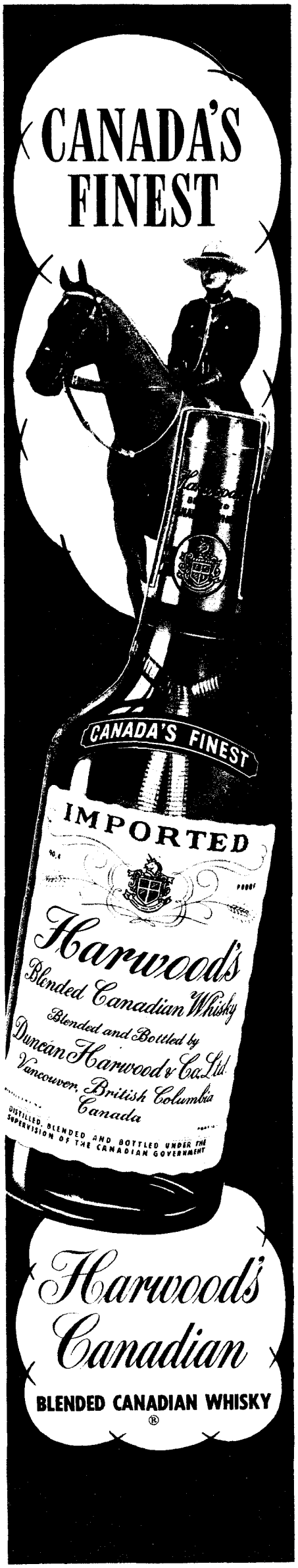


made her lean back on her hands and elevate her knees. His careful, polite fingers flattened folds in her suit and arranged her hair.

"I'm glad the hole over my hip isn't going to show," Abigail said.

"Yeah," Dinty Moore said. "Arch your throat, darling, and give the cowboy a big smile. Get your feet up on their toes and tighten your leg muscles."

Ben and Abigail smiled at each other. She inflated her lungs. The sun sparkled on the water. Dinty Moore exposed two plates.

"It makes you want to get married," Gregg said.

"It does, doesn't it?" Ben said.

He continued to gaze deep into Abigail's eyes, the smile remaining on his lips. Dinty shot more pictures. The pose lingered on.

"Okay," Jake said. "Break it up. The honeymoon has been recorded for posterity. Thanks a million, you charming people."

"We'll go to the house while you're changing, A.J.," Ben said. "Could I give our guests a glass of sherry?"

"By all means," Abigail said.

"I want a Martini," Dinty Moore said.

"Me, too," Gregg said.

"We don't have anything but sherry," Ben told them gravely.

The others took it very well. They smiled and nodded and pretended not to be dumfounded and intimated that they'd enjoy sherry.

The men drifted off. Abigail lingered near the pool a moment. She picked up a voluminous robe of Ben's which Nacio had brought out in the course of the picture taking. Swathed in the robe, she returned slowly to the house. She found Ben in the library, smoking pensively.

"The captains and the kings have departed," he said. "They didn't seem to want any sherry. They said to give you their kindest regards."

"That's very nice of them," Abigail replied. "I have an errand in Beverly Hills, Ben. Can you behave yourself while I'm gone?"

"On one bottle of sherry?" Ben said bitterly. "What else can I do but behave?" Abigail turned to go upstairs. Her feet tangled on a corner of the rug, and she fell flat. Ben came over and lifted her.

"You must have picked the wrong path," he commented. "Are you hurt?"

"Not much, I'm sure," she said.

He was holding her in his arms, and she experienced a dreadful desire to kiss him. Her emotions must have shown through her face, for he released her, grinning faintly, and retreated a step. She felt the acid of tears beneath her eyelids.

"You'd better try to be a good girl too, Abby," he said.

"Cowboy," Abigail said, "you are going to live to regret that remark."

He laughed and went upstairs.

IN BEVERLY HILLS, Abigail parked her car in the space allotted for tenants, behind the building. She climbed the rear stairs and unlocked her office. As on the previous day, it appeared strange and foreign to her, a relic of an existence she had departed. Crossing to Mr. Graves's office, she nodded solemnly to his skinny secretary, and entered his private domain. Despite his permanent fatigue, he scrambled from his desk and shook her hand cordially.

"Mrs. Castle!" he said. "What a pleasure to have you here; do sit down."

"Haven't time," Abigail told him. "I want everything you have in the way of documentation on Ben. I'll inspect it at my leisure in my own office."

"Documentation? You mean bank balances, tax returns and such?"

"That's right. The whole works. Your books too."

"Well," Mr. Graves said, "I don't know about that, Mrs. Castle. Do you have an authorization from Mr. Castle?"

"Perhaps I'd better explain. We're—uh—living together. The marriage is not off."

"That makes me very happy."

"Happy," Abigail said, "but plainly not surprised."

Mr. Graves smiled slyly. "I gathered from our interview yesterday you weren't prepared to let your husband have his just deserts. And he telephoned me last evening and said not to worry, that you were on the hook."

"Did he, now?" Abigail said. "I've noticed men are always most confident when they're completely wrong. Could I have the records, Mr. Graves?"

"As a man in whom a certain amount of trust is reposed," Mr. Graves said, "I have to observe the formalities. Would you mind my ringing Mr. Castle first?"

"No, indeed," Abigail said.

Mr. Graves dialed Ben's number. "Hello," he said. "This is E. G. Graves, Mr. Castle's business manager. May I speak to him?" He listened intently, eyebrows elevating. "He is not allowed to receive calls, you say? Is this Nacio? On whose orders? Mrs. Castle? I see."

He replaced the phone and studied Abigail. His tired eyes were infused with respect.

"At last you look surprised," she said.

"I am," Mr. Graves replied. "I'll get the records for you, Mrs. Castle."

A second girl in an adjoining room opened a fireproof vault. Ben's papers were many and various, and Mr. Graves helped Abigail carry them to her office.

She had difficulty clearing a space on her desk for working.

"I fired Mrs. Forbes, the cook, today," she remarked casually. "You'll have to attend to sending her a check. She will receive nothing in lieu of notice, and I wish to examine your accounting before she receives it. I presume you knew about her irregular dealings with the El Dorado Market."

"Oh?" Mr. Graves said. "Mrs. Forbes was a great favorite of Mr. Castle's. I remonstrated with him regarding the El Dorado Market. He wouldn't listen to me. I was only being agreeable—"

"How agreeable can you get? What were you going to do—keep on nodding and smiling and patting him on the back until he went into bankruptcy?"

Mr. Graves's smile was melancholy this time. "Mrs. Castle, you have a weapon that I lacked. And I am a business manager, not a savior of the lost. I always hate to lose a client, but I would much rather part from Ben than have to argue with you."

"There won't be any argument," Abigail said. "When I'm through, it's either yes, no or help, police! See you later."

The investigation did not take as long as Abigail anticipated. Ben's affairs, though fairly diverse, were well in order and fully documented. He owed money to the Bureau of Internal Revenue, to his tailor, to an automobile finance company, to the people who held the mortgage on his house, and to a few other tradesmen including the villainous El Dorado Market; but all these could easily be taken care of from the seventy-five thousand he received every year by making three Western pictures for Allied-Apex. Only the gambling debt owed to Harry Kallen was a stunner. And then she made an astounding discovery.

A MOMENT later Abigail was in Mr. Graves's office. "Listen," she said, holding out a passbook, "if this is on the level, I owe you a deep bow and a profound apology." With her other hand she exhibited a bundle of stock certificates held by a rubber band. "And if these are real, I ought to ask to kiss your hand."

"I figure Ben has sixty-six thousand dollars in cash and blue-chip securities that he doesn't know anything about," Mr. Graves said. "Does that agree with your addition, Mrs. Castle?"

"Yes, it does, my good man," Abigail replied. "And those last words are spoken from the heart."

"Thank you," Mr. Graves said. "I realized early in our association what kind of man the cowboy was, and I resolved to try to save him from himself. Trying to lay by a bit for him involved presenting false statements and concealing assets—which I'm afraid is very unethical. But it was in a good cause."

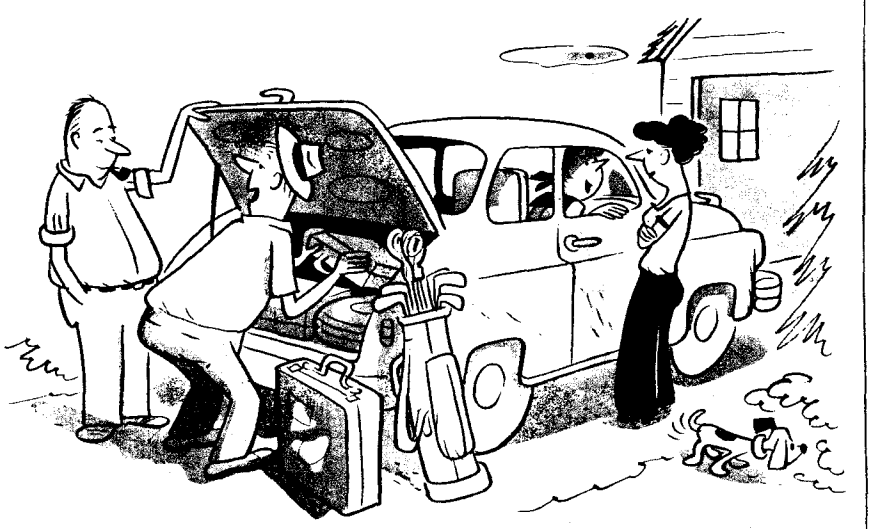
"That it was, dear Mr. Graves," Abigail said heartily.

"I admit," Mr. Graves went on, "that I was tempted to settle the Kallen debt; from the aspect of strict honesty I suppose I should have. However, two factors entered into my decision not to disclose the hidden assets. One was you. The other also came from having my ear to the ground."

"I'm beginning to think that that is an admirable position to be in," Abigail commented.

"Thank you again," Mr. Graves said. "In my position I manage to hear some things. Mr. Kallen is involved in building an expensive hotel at Las Vegas, as you may have learned. The cost has run far beyond original expectations, and is taxing his and other men's resources. I

VIEWPOINT



"We'll get there on Tuesday—and have one day to monkey around, then take in some ball games"

"Ed said something about a baseball game but I've got so many relatives out there we'll be busy just visiting"

COLLIER'S — DAVE GERARD

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Which is really Joan Crawford?

STAR OF "Flamingo Road"
A MICHAEL CURTIZ PRODUCTION
Released by WARNER BROS.
(See answer below)

Spark plugs also look alike, but

AUTO-LITE

RESISTOR SPARK PLUGS

give you all these advantages!

IF YOU find it hard to tell which is glamorous Joan Crawford, it's no wonder you are confused when you try to select the best spark plug *just by outside appearance.* But when you replace your narrow-gap spark plugs with the sensational wide-gap Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plugs, you'll be amazed at the difference in engine performance.

If you picked the photograph on the left as the real Joan Crawford, star of Warner Bros. "Flamingo Road," you are entirely correct. The girl on the right is Rosemary Craig of New York City. You'll be correct, too, when you switch to the new Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plug, designed for the finest in engine performance, the maximum in engine economy.

Get these 4 Star Benefits

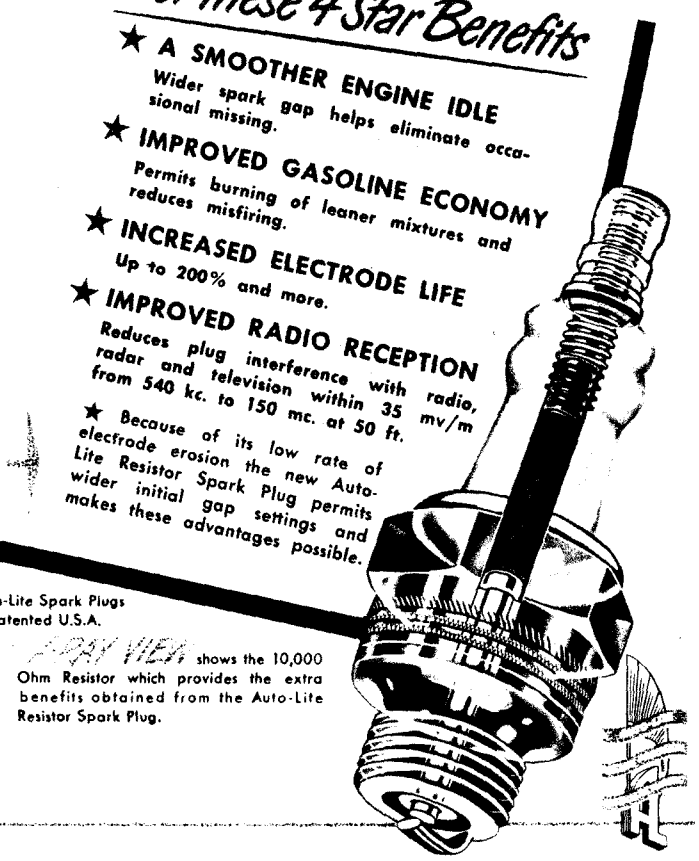
★ **A SMOOTHER ENGINE IDLE**
Wider spark gap helps eliminate occasional missing.

★ **IMPROVED GASOLINE ECONOMY**
Permits burning of leaner mixtures and reduces misfiring.

★ **INCREASED ELECTRODE LIFE**
Up to 200% and more.

★ **IMPROVED RADIO RECEPTION**
Reduces plug interference with radio, radar and television within 35 mv/m from 540 kc. to 150 mc. at 50 ft.

★ Because of its low rate of electrode erosion the new Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plug permits wider initial gap settings and makes these advantages possible.



Auto-Lite Spark Plugs —Patented U.S.A.

CROSS VIEW shows the 10,000 Ohm Resistor which provides the extra benefits obtained from the Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plug.

Toronto, Ontario — THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY — Toledo 1, Ohio

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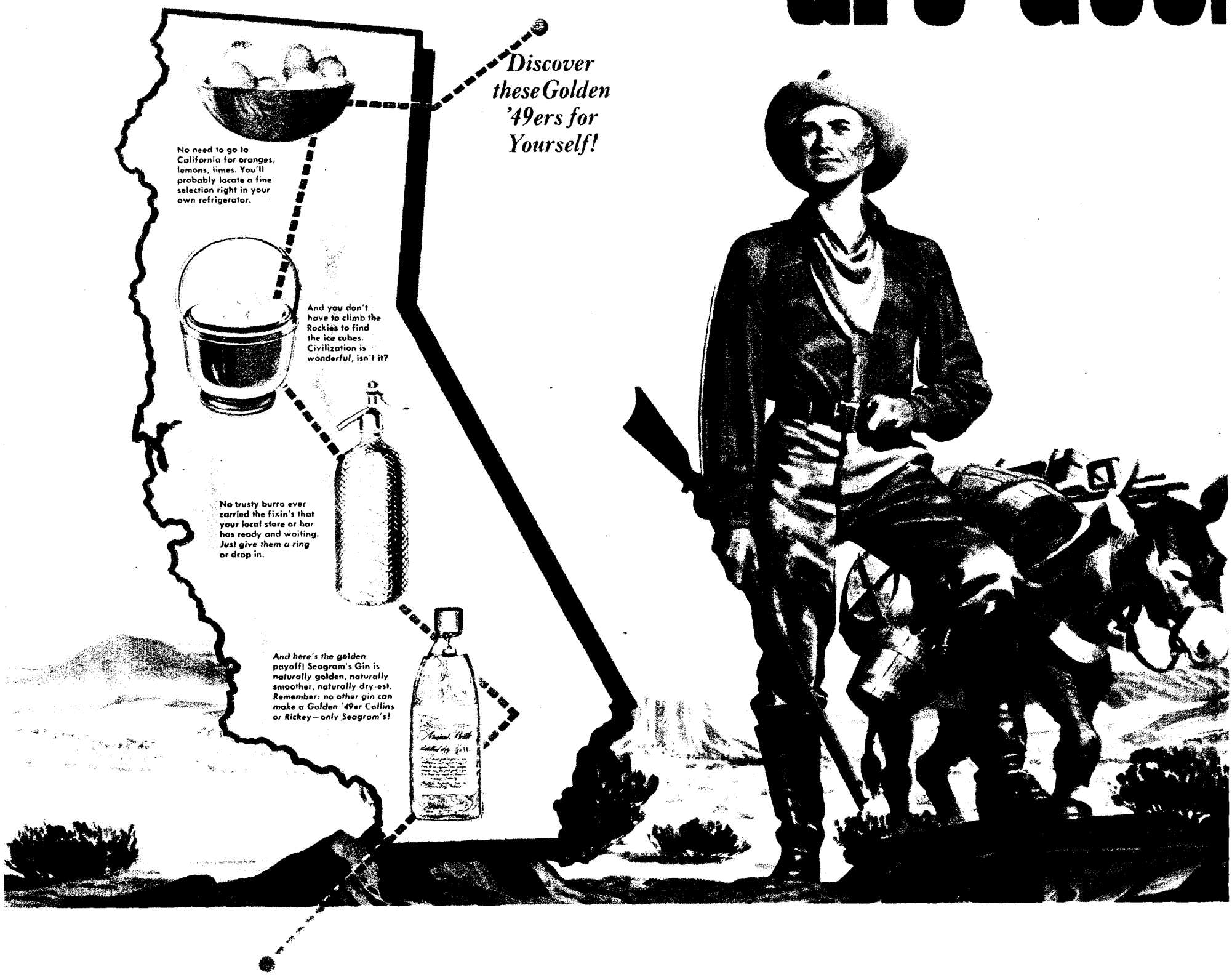
Seagram's GOLDEN

are Cool


Discover these Golden '49ers for Yourself!
No need to go to California for oranges, lemons, limes. You'll probably locate a fine selection right in your own refrigerator.
And you don't have to climb the Rockies to find the ice cubes. Civilization is wonderful, isn't it?
No trusty burro ever carried the fixin's that your local store or bar has ready and waiting. Just give them a ring or drop in.
And here's the golden payoff! Seagram's Gin is naturally golden, naturally smoother, naturally dry-est. Remember: no other gin can make a Golden '49er Collins or Rickey—only Seagram's!

WHY GOLDEN? The golden color of the gin in Seagram's distinctive Ancient Bottle is the result of a unique process which means extra patience in the making. It's your cue for the brand-new taste-treat of the season—Seagram's Golden '49er Collins or '49er Rickey. Try one tonight!

Seagram's.

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'49ers ... *Made with Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin*

Smooth and Golden!

'49er Rickey

Squeeze ½ lime into highball glass. Drop in lime shell. Add ice cubes and 1½ oz. of SEAGRAM'S Ancient Bottle GIN. Fill with carbonated water.

'49er Collins

Juice of ½ lemon, 1 teaspoonful fine granulated sugar, 1½ oz. SEAGRAM'S Ancient Bottle GIN. Shake with cracked ice and pour unstrained into a Collins glass. Fill with carbonated water; stir and serve with slice of lemon and cherry.

Ancient Bottle **Gin**

DISTILLED DRY

An American Original

MEANS SOMETHING BETTER

DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN. 90 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y.

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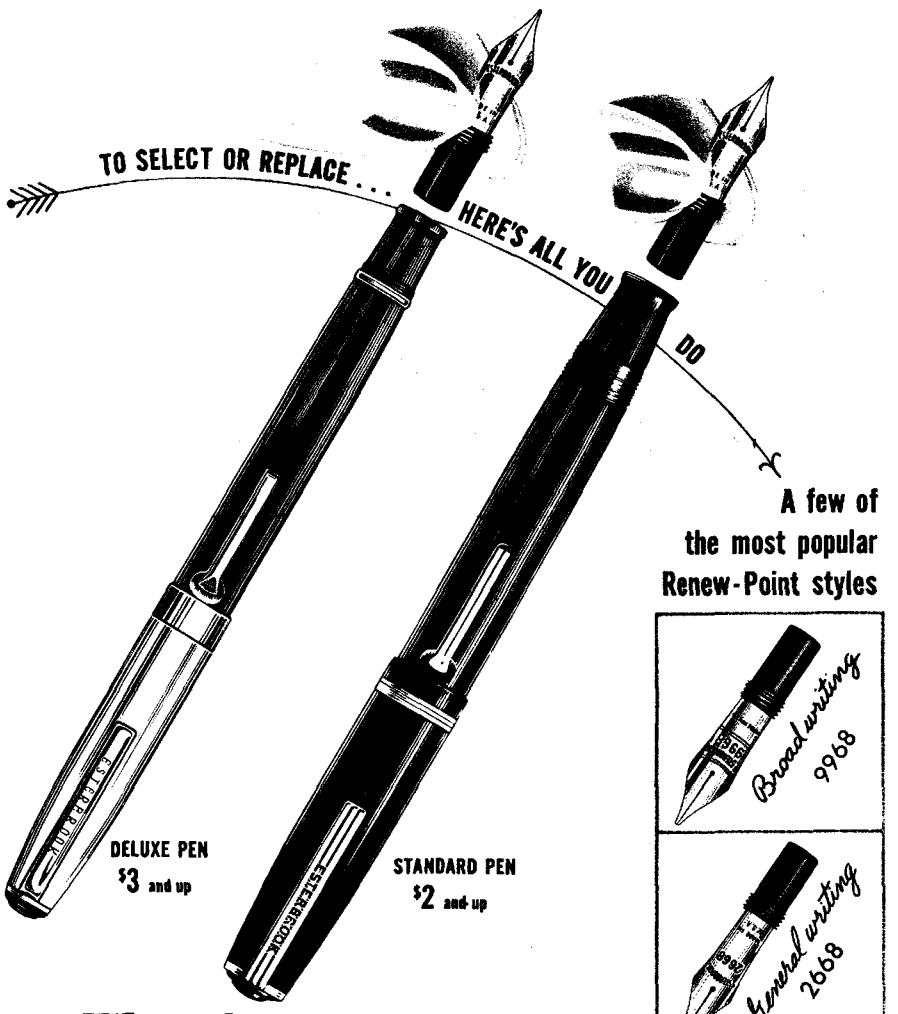
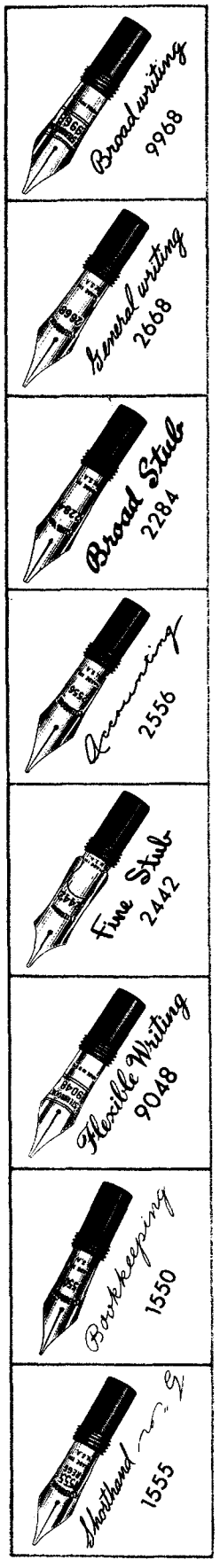


A few of the most popular Renew-Point styles



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COLLIER'S

"I don't care how much money a man has, so long as he has plenty!"

GLENN R. BERNHARDT

have heard it said that Mr. Kallen is in an extremely tight position financially. In addition, I have heard it said that Mr. Kallen has resorted to a little dirty work in order to increase the revenue from the Pastime Club. The night Ben played," Mr. Graves added, "he had drunk far too much. He won for a while, I am informed, and then Mr. Kallen took over the table personally. The dice seemed to have been changed—a prerogative of the house. After that Ben lost."

Abigail's eyes were growing bigger. Unconsciously she clutched the passbook and stock certificates to her bosom.

"Now," Mr. Graves said, "I foresaw the futility of having Ben welsh and cry 'foul'—even if he would have agreed, which I doubt. Bad publicity didn't worry me a lot; Hollywood celebrities have survived worse scrapes than that. I doubt if Kallen would ever have resorted to that tactic. But I am entirely sure he would have taken care of Ben in some manner—"

"Poor Ben," Abigail said.

"Since I had you as a workable project," Mr. Graves said, "I decided to keep the secret of the sixty-six thousand. I could always disclose it when you failed, and in the meantime its use would simply encourage Ben to commit fresh excesses. Fortunately, you achieved the desired results." He smiled sadly. "I hope you approve of my handling of this situation, Mrs. Castle."

"Completely," Abigail said, "completely." She relaxed her grasp on the passbook and stocks and put them on Mr. Graves's desk. "Mr. Graves, you are a splendid fellow. The secret of Ben's hidden hoard must not go beyond these walls. Otherwise, my hold on him will be lost and his moral regeneration will never come off."

"Besides that," Mr. Graves said, "you would be parted from him. That's terribly important too, isn't it?"

"Ah—yes," Abigail said.

"Besides *that*," Mr. Graves said, "the longer we take in paying off Kallen, the more something is likely to happen to him, thus voiding the debt. I have a hunch he may have an accident."

"Oh, I hope not!" Abigail said. "He was so generous with me, and nice about my father."

She shook hands with the business manager. He promised to have one of the girls bring the papers from Abigail's office. Abigail left the Fogarty Building with a spring in her step.

Back at the house, she climbed the stairs and entered her own room, aware of a rise in confidence. After washing and renewing her make-up, she gave thought to her costume, standing in front of the neatly hung row Nacio had made in the closet. It occurred to her that the cowboy might appreciate a little femininity, and she selected a long, full skirt, a sweater she had always felt was too tight for anything more than home life, and oversize ballet slippers inherited from Alice. Examining her reflection in the mirror, she was pleased at the alteration in her appearance; conceivably, Ben might be too.

She went out and knocked on his door. His muffled reply was indistinguishable. Going inside, she sat on a chair beside the bed and contemplated his shrouded form.

"Who is it?" Ben mumbled.

"Your wife," Abigail said.

He lowered the sheet to his chin and rolled his eyes toward her.

"I'm not happy here, A.J.," he said.

"Nobody expects you to be."

"I've been a good boy since noon, and it makes me sick."

ABIGAIL looked at him coldly. "Nacio says you received a script from the studio today," she said. "When does the picture start?"

"In about three weeks," Ben said, and paused with a crafty expression in his eyes. "When it does, I'll be on hand with clear eyes, steady nerves, a will to work—and my wife."

"Don't get nasty," Abigail said.

"I'm not," Ben said, and sat up and smiled gaily. "I was only joking when I complained. Though I'm well on the road to recovery, I can't yet trust myself. You mustn't leave me for a minute through the difficult weeks ahead, Abby, even when we go on location."

"Huh?" Abigail said.

"You've done me a world of good," Ben said, "and it was certainly high time I pulled myself together."

"What?" Abigail said.

"Remorse for my past transgressions," Ben said, "and a desire for enlightenment have come to me. Also, I—"

"Ben," Abigail said solemnly, "put 'er there. You've seen the light!"

"I thank you," Ben replied, "but

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kindly don't interrupt me until I've finished."

"Excuse me," Abigail said.

He wasted a moment re-collecting his thoughts. "As I lay here today upon my bed of pain, I had some long, long thoughts. Gradually my position became clear to me. I said to myself, 'Cowboy, aren't you taking the line of least resistance? Why should you accept so much ungraciously from a little woman who asks nothing for herself?' "

"Ben," Abigail said, "I repeat, you've seen the light."

"Please," Ben said. "No compliments. I'm only a humble toiler in the vineyards." He got up from the bed. "I presume we don't have a new cook?"

"No," Abigail replied, "and I don't think I'll hire another on account of the expense. We'll have Harmony stay occasionally to fix dinner, but otherwise I will—"

"Absolutely not," Ben interrupted. "Why should you get dishpan hands when you have a grateful, repentant man in the house? I'll cook our dinner tonight."

"Huh?" Abigail said.

"Unfortunately," Ben said, "I can only cook outside, due to my early training. But that's all right. I'll build a charcoal fire in the barbecue and prepare you the best chuck-wagon food you ever laid a lip over. Afterward, we'll sit around a big blaze in the parlor and I'll play my guitar and sing to you. Maybe I'll show you the terrible scars on my chest. How does that sound to you, little gal?"

"Swell," Abigail said. "But I scarcely know what to say—"

"Say nothing," Ben said, and extended his arm to her. "Come with me."

"Ben," Abigail said, a catch in her throat, "you have seen—"

"Yes, I have," Ben said.

They went below and into the kitchen. Ben found steaks in the freeze box and got a fire going in the barbecue adjoining the terrace. Nacio appeared, looking suspicious.

"Take the evening off, Nacio," Ben said. "Mrs. Castle and I won't need you." Nacio edged unwillingly from the kitchen. Ben went out to busy himself at the barbecue, and Abigail followed.

"Can't I help?" she asked.

"Light the candles on the terrace table," Ben said, "and then sit down like the fair lady you are. Good old Ben will provide the rest."

"Good old Ben," Abigail said, emotionally, "would you care for a glass of sherry?"

"Thank you, no," Ben said, and for an instant placed a hand on his breast and elevated his eyes. "I have found that abstinence makes the heart grow fonder for the pure, bubbling water that runs down from the eternal snows." He smiled austerely. "But don't let me stop you, dear. The sight of others drinking alcoholic beverages doesn't shake my iron will, and I am not narrow-minded since I have—uh—seen the light."

"No, no," Abigail replied. "I have never enjoyed drinking."

"I am so glad," Ben said. "Will you excuse me for a little while? I must get on with my housework."

Abigail lighted the candles and sat at the table. A delicious odor of broiling meat wafted from the barbecue. She leaned back blissfully and gazed at the tracery of the tall trees against the light sky. Presently he served the meal, not neglecting to provide glasses and a pitcher of ice water. He toasted her formally in a couple of swallows, quickly subduing a grimace.

"Ordinary range fare," he explained, in answer to her compliments. "Meat and fried potatoes and bread and honey, washed down with a deep, sparkling glass of eau d'Owens Valley. Put plenty of catsup on your potatoes and don't be afraid to mop your plate with your bread. People need food that sticks to their ribs when they're ridin' for Allied-Apex."

"This is the best meal I ever ate," Abigail said.

"You're just being nice, little gal," Ben said. "I wish there were deer in this back yard. I could shoot a couple, feed you on venison steaks, and jerk a little meat to see us through the winter."

LATER they toasted marshmallows on the embers of the barbecue and drank bitter, black coffee brewed in a tin pot. Ben provided a sack of tobacco and a folder of brown papers, and expertly rolled cigarettes for them. Above them on the hill, where another road curved, a car with headlights off stopped and a girl's strident, angry voice sounded, followed by the clatter of high heels on paving.

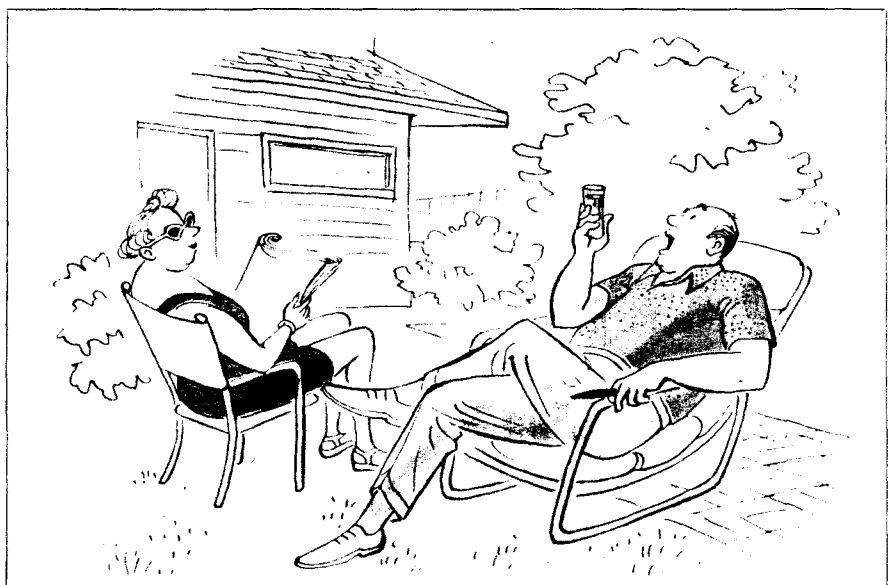
"The wolves are comin' out," Ben said gravely. "We'd better get inside the stockade."

In the parlor, he arranged a chair in front of the fireplace for Abigail, and squatted on his heels at her feet, tightening the strings of his guitar. He gave her a huge, slow, overwhelming smile that was brighter than the burning wood. Abigail felt as though she had been hit solidly on the back of the head with a sandbag.

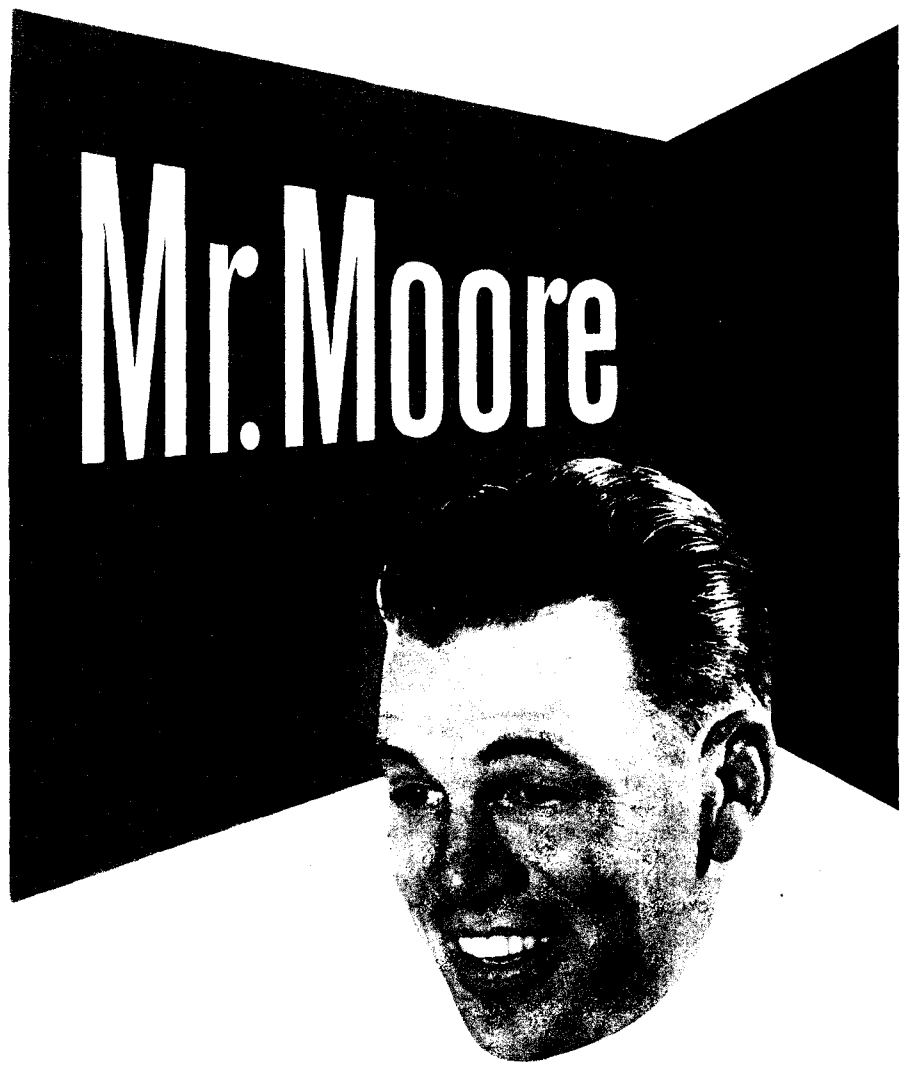
"Do I have a silly smile on my face?" Abigail said.

"A smile wouldn't hurt you any," Ben said. "You look mighty pretty tonight, little gal."

"It's actually my one leisure outfit," Abigail explained. "To tell you the truth,



COLLIER'S "You know, dear, I love this time of year before school clothes and fuel bills and Christmas and taxes set in" CORKA



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Product of Bristol-Myers

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I bought the sweater with misgivings. The slippers belong to Alice, and they're quite a lot too large for me."

"And everything else belongs to you, as I can see," Ben said, and quickly cleared his throat. "Good old Alice. I wonder how she is tonight?"

"Perhaps I ought to try to explain to you again," Abigail said, "about that coincidence of her mentioning a church ceremony before I went to Las Vegas with you. You see—"

"I am fully convinced of your honesty and integrity," Ben interrupted. "I will now play and sing for you, A.J. Let's be as quiet as possible, shall we?"

He sang two melancholy cowboy ballads in a strong, sirupy baritone. Abigail closed her eyes. He sang two soft and haunting Mexican love songs, in Spanish. Then he somehow got silently off his heels and kissed her on the mouth. Her eyes popped open.

"Little gal," Ben said, "I've been holdin' my feelings in as long as I can. It's time I spoke right out in meetin'. Can you bring yourself to listen to me?"

"I sure can," Abigail said. "Go right ahead."

"Let's go over on the couch," Ben said. "I need the reassurance of somebody close to me while I speak what is in my heart."

"Certainly," Abigail said, and leaped to her feet.

They sank together on the couch. Discarding the guitar, Ben put his arm around Abigail's shoulders. She shut her eyes again, reflecting vaguely that there must be some connection between love and total unconsciousness.

"Little gal," Ben said, "I'm only a poor, lone cowboy. I lead a rough existence. I've never known the love of a good woman." He pulled her to him and kissed her lingeringly. Her eyelids automatically clamped shut. This is it, she assured herself. This is what Aunt Alice warned me against. Good night, all.

"I won't bore you with the details," Ben said, "but I see happy times ahead for us, full of simple kindness and more liberal attitudes toward daily living. An interesting, passionate and varied existence."

"Gee," Abigail said.

"Giving no thought to the morrow," Ben said. "Abandoning stuffy conventions. Gathering rosebuds while ye—or, rather, while we may."

"Anything you say, Ben," Abigail told him. "Nothing matters except that I'm in your arms. I love you so much, and I can't help myself—even though it's bad for both of us. Do whatever you want."

"Your reactions have been splendid and unselfish," Ben said unsteadily. "As a special mark of my favor, I'm going to show you my sore chest. Come upstairs with me."

"With the greatest of pleasure," Abigail said. "Ben, do you realize how I've hoped you'd want me? I'll try to make you the best wife that ever lived."

HE GOT to his feet, took both her hands and pulled her up beside him. She opened her eyes and discovered that her loving husband, instead of looking seductive and masterful, was white as a ghost. At signs of consciousness in her, he backed off convulsively. She knew instantly and too late his advances had only been a stratagem, and her heart officially broke then and there. She stood stock-still and became a beety, unpleasant shade of red.

"I can't do this," Ben said. "It's awful. It's like shooting sitting birds. You're only a defenseless child in a tight sweater. Why, I'd hate myself in the early evening!"

"Don't talk to me, cowboy," Abigail said. "That is my one request."

"Where's *your sense of fun and* games?" Ben demanded, with shaky indignation. "Don't you resemble other girls at all? Does the merest little tête-à-tête with you have to be on a basis of the rock of the ages? I've never felt lower in my life. Why, I'm as humiliated as the cook!"

"Go away, cowboy," Abigail said.

"I reckon I'd better, little gal," Ben said, and left her.

Abigail sat down weakly in the nearest chair. After some minutes, she got up and plodded toward her room in the loose ballet slippers.

She passed Ben, outward bound, on the stairs. He was in a high state, attired in a cowboy jacket and tall hat, and still bloodless. They barely glanced at each other. Abigail continued to her room, and heard the downstairs door slam. She crept into bed and, adopting Ben's technique, pulled the covers over her head. The darkness and lack of air were somehow comforting. She did not cry, and her grief wasn't as razor-edged as she had anticipated; evidently she had passed her emotional peak in the first day of matrimony.

Later on she was disturbed by knocking. "Never darken my door again, cowboy!" she hollered, from under the comforter.

"Not cowboy," Nacio's voice replied. "Nacio. Mr. Castle escape! Come right away, Miss Castle!"

"I know it!" Abigail bellowed. "To hell with him! Go away, Nacio."

"Miss Castle!" Nacio said despairingly.

His puzzled anguish awoke an echo in Abigail. She contemplated her situation with lightning speed and foresaw the impossibility of reforming anybody including herself. She sprang from the bed.

"Wait!" she cried. "I've changed my mind."

Nacio opened the door hesitantly. "Show no good," he explained. "Come home. Mr. Castle not here."

"I'm not going to be here either," Abigail said. "Pack my things at once. Work fast, Nacio! Not a moment is to be lost."

Throwing on a coat, she rushed downstairs, backed her car from the garage, and brought it around in front. She returned upstairs. Nacio was weeping, but he had worked well and fast.

"Not good packing," Nacio said. "Too quick."

"I'm just traveling a short distance," Abigail replied. "Stop crying, Nacio."

"You going for good, Miss Castle?" he asked.

"Forever," Abigail said. "Longer, if possible. You take the carton of lawbooks. I'll handle the rest."

NACIO broke down completely at that. She agitatedly patted his arm and begged him to buck up. As an afterthought she crossed his palm with five dollars.

They negotiated the stairs, which were beginning to impress Abigail as bulking very large in her existence, and loaded the car. Nacio spoke his good-by brokenly. As Abigail drove off, he waved with one hand and wiped his wet face with the other. She was scarcely a hundred feet down the road when a fast-driven convertible passed her going in the opposite direction, and wheeled into the circular driveway. From the glimpse she caught, she gathered it was piloted by a man in a tall hat and cowboy jacket. Her dead and buried emotions briefly manifested themselves. She increased speed and turned a couple of corners at random, fearing Ben might pursue her. Enough was enough and she wanted no more episodes with cowboys.

(To be continued next week)

Better Late Than Never

THE LATE ONE	THE LATENESS	
Gentleman of Pasadena	He became a father for the first time at age 85.	
Woman of Tacoma	She turned in for an $8 refund a railroad ticket bought in 1918.	
Woman of Salem, W. Va.	She paid the doctor for delivering her baby when the child reached the age of 25.	
Couple in Crawfordville, Georgia	Forty-six years after breaking off their engagement, they made up and married.	
Woman in Iowa	She returned a Pullman towel to the company after 32 years.	
Man in Chicago	He applied to a railroad for a day's pay earned 26 years before.	
Woman in Lock Haven, Pa.	She cast her first ballot at the age of 96.	
Man in Jersey City	Twenty-seven years after his wife left him he applied for a divorce on the grounds of desertion.	
Man in Stamford, Conn.	Leaving high school in his senior year, he went back 30 years later and completed the course.	

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

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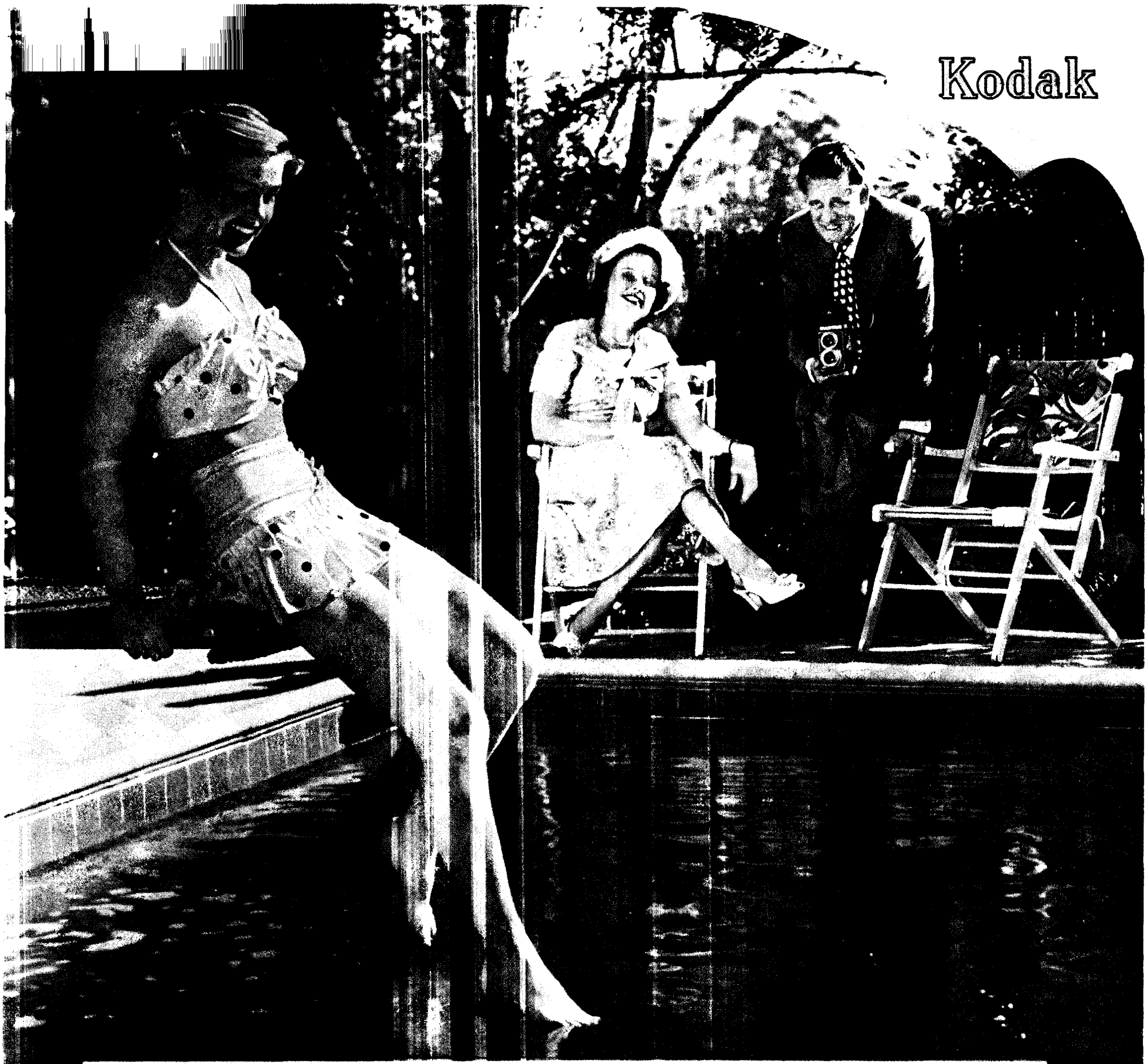

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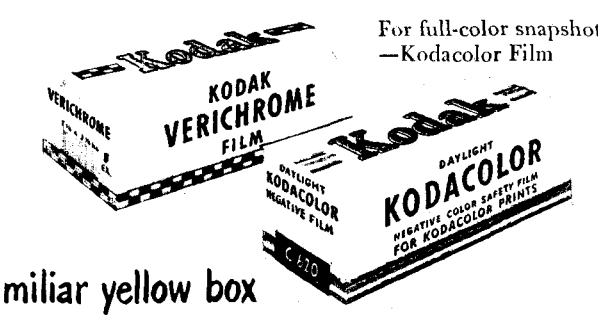

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Rosinback

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

He circled the ring doing rapid forward somersaults. He rode balanced on his hands. Then he did tricks with props. He rode juggling three bottles while Prince did a series of waltzing turns. He skipped rope on Prince's back. Pedro came shyly back to the Boss, with Prince trotting fondly beside him.

"Is he not a wonder horse?" he said. "A true rosinback?"

Of course, the rosinback of the trick rider is no relation to the thoroughbred liberty horses of the circus, or to the aristocrats of the *haute école*. Prince had the right build, but so has many a common working cob. He had a good appearance. His creamy-colored mane and tail were silken. His every hair shone.

But apart from all that, Prince had something which we of the circus, accustomed as we are to animals, were quick to recognize. I can only call it charm. Horses, like men, can look sour or contented, benign or malicious, silly or wise. Somehow, Prince was a lovable beast. He had a placid and friendly air. He seemed to smile.

"But is he not—magnificent?" Pedro asked.

"This one," said Marco dryly, "is not cat's meat, quite yet."

The plump *fermière* protested and even wept, and Pedro was upset about leaving her. But he needed only a sign and he was ours again. I noticed that it was to the stable, and not the house, that he went for his handful of belongings.

PEDRO had his tryout at Metz. He rode barefoot, in checked shirt and khaki shorts. The act was billed as "Prince and Boy Pedro." It seemed natural that the horse should be named first.

Like any other circus kid, Pedro had picked up quite a repertoire of acrobatic tricks, and he had so complete an understanding with his mount that he could perform them as easily on horseback as on the grass. Undoubtedly, he showed exceptional skill and competence.

But Boy Pedro was a flop. At the end, he got no more than a halfhearted spatter of applause. He sent Prince back into the ring alone to bow and paw, and only then came an enthusiastic, all-round handclap. Yet Pedro looked happy when he came out, fondling the gray's genial face as it chinned his shoulder.

Marco grabbed him by the arm.

"So! You didn't get across!"

I think Pedro was genuinely taken by surprise.

"But—they liked Prince. You heard!"

"If you're to be any good, you have to make them like you."

The boy blinked and stared, as if he did not understand.

"You mean—we are not to go on again?" he asked at last.

"The horse has something," said Marco, and gave it a sugar lump. When Pedro had passed he added bitterly, "Why should an egg like that be the best acrobatic rider I've ever had in my ring?"

"You think he was so good?" I asked.

"An act is as good as the crowd thinks, no better."

"The boy might improve," I said.

"I want no improvement! I only want him to put himself over."

He seemed to lack what it takes, and we all grew increasingly irritated because the kid we had trampled in the dust could not make himself blossom into a darling of the crowds. In the ring, as we traveled on, it was the horse that carried the act. And outside it—that was something extra, thrown in. That was something unique.

Prince was never tied up. He wandered freely about the showground, following Pedro like a great, worshipful dog. When Pedro was sent into the streets of some new town on an errand, the rosinback would clump along with him, lovingly close. And the public adored him. They looked at that amiable horse face and could not keep their hands off him. Housewives fed him carrots. Children parted with their sweets. People put sheets of paper under his hooves to get his autograph. And nine out of ten of Prince's adorers hardly noticed the nondescript youth who was in charge of him.

I find it heart-searching to reflect, on this disturbing day, that while Pedro still remained a dogsbody to the troupe, to Prince he was far above any of us. To Prince, Boy Pedro was a deity.

He was paid for his act, of course. Marco gave him about half what he was worth, but that was ten times as much as he needed. He slept alongside of Prince, and he was innocent of any self-indulgence. We all knew that he must be salting away a tidy heap of francs.

One morning in Marseille he came to my van with a parcel. Ivan the ax thrower had looked in for a cup of coffee, and Pedro squirmed with embarrassment when it crossed my mind to invite him to join us.

Ivan was a gay young spark, a devil among the girls, and he never had a sou to call his own. He began chipping Pedro about being a man of means.

"Why don't you spend your money?" he asked. "What d'you live for, man? Wine, clothes, a van of your own, good food and fat cigars—can't you see him, Scotch Hannah, puffing a big cigar? Why don't you take some of the pleasures of life? You can afford them."

"I want nothing," said Pedro, grinning bashfully.

"A woman!" cried Ivan. "You have the means to keep one. A woman is better company than any horse! Am I right, Hannah?"

"You should know," said I.

"Get yourself a woman and find out the difference," Ivan chuckled, as Pedro edged out of the van and away with Prince.

The next day I saw Pedro come across the showground with a bit of feminine frippery in tow. He was leading her by the hand toward my van. She was in a gaudy dress of cheap red silk, with her cheeks rouged and her lips carmined. She was a young thing, and the instant I clapped eyes on her in all her shoddy war paint I felt a mighty urge to lay the flat of my hand to her behind.

"This is Stella," Pedro said, looking six ways at once.

"Stella, is it?" I sniffed, glaring at the plastered face, the spindly legs and the garish clothes. "Stella who? Stella why?"

"I—I've bought her," Pedro said.

"You what?" I asked, surprised out of my contempt.

"Ivan told me I ought to spend my money," he muttered.

COLLIER'S "I'm so glad that Mr. Frescuti of the A & P can't see me now" BARNEY TOBEY

"But—bought her! She's a child! Fifteen, not more!"

"No more, but she was for sale," he said. "It was at the docks. The woman asked a great lot of money. I fear I deceived her, a little."

"Still waters run deep!" said I. "You told her you didn't have as much as she asked?"

"Oh, no! I gave her all I had. But she thought I was from a ship that sails today. I did not tell her that I am of the circus."

"In case she thought you weren't good enough for her angel?"

"She was anxious that I should leave France quickly—and that the girl should leave."

SEVERAL of the troupe had come to stare. Most of them knew the length of Scotch Hannah's tongue, but I had never wired into anyone as I did into Pedro. I harangued him and his painted Jezebel for fifteen minutes nonstop. He took it all dumbly, standing gripping her hand and waiting for me to run down. The girl began to cry. Tears rolled down her encrusted face, streaking it. Only when at last I had to pause for breath did Pedro explain himself, in four timid words. "I felt for her," he said, very low.

As he gazed at the girl I had a memory of him that day on the road to Ghent with the fallen Prince. He had exactly the same look—worried, nearly hopeless, inarticulately compassionate.

"She's a good girl," he said. "If she were cared for—"

I snatched her from him and hustled her into my van. I stripped that disgusting dress off her, and scrubbed the muck from her face. Later I went downtown and bought her a schoolgirlish frock in gingham, and blue ribbons for her hair. When I came back, I let her cry till I was soaked with her tears, and then I shook her and told her to stop it.

"The world hasn't come to an end yet," I said. "It's only begun, for you. Don't worry, dearie. I'll look after you."

That was how I, who was never blessed with chick of my own, came by a ready-made daughter. And it was that night, when I took her to see the performance, that the real Boy Pedro was born.

BROWBEATEN, downtrodden, he had lacked the self-pride to try to make an impression. But in the presence of someone whose state was even lowlier than his own, he fairly flung himself through the wall that had stood between him and the crowds. He acted for her delight, bursting out of himself in his desire to please her. The entire audience sensed it and responded. He was the hit of the show.

To everyone—except to Stella.

When he came to my van after the performance to hand in his costume, there was a kind of glow about Boy Pedro. He was eager and happy. He lingered in the doorway, gazing at Stella. She averted her eyes and all the lines of her young face tightened with distrust and what might even be fear. To me it seemed unlikely that anyone could fear Pedro, who had himself lived in fear all of his days. I looked at the girl closely; then I looked at Pedro. What was it she feared? The adoration in his eyes? She should be flattered by that—not afraid of it.

Pedro smiled at her ingratiatingly. "You—like me?" he asked. She turned away from him coldly. Pedro watched her helplessly, wanting to say something more but unable to speak.

"Hop it, you," I said, "and leave her alone!" . . .

In the morning I went to Marco in fighting mood. I expected trouble, but I found him in high good humor.

"Hardhearted Hannah!" he chaffed. "I hear you cheated Pedro of his paramour last night."

"Paramour! She's an infant," I said. "And make up your mind to this—from now on she travels with me. She needs protection."

"From Pedro?" He gave a huge laugh. "All right—*you* protect her!"

I was taken aback. "You mean she can stay?" I asked.

"But of course. She can be a program seller. Only see to it that Pedro never gets nearer to her than the length of a tent pole."

"Your morals seem to have improved," said I.

"You do me an injustice!" Marco said. "I am merely astute. Last night, playing to the girl, Pedro was a showman. Why not again? But all the time—your protection. Like dangling a carrot before a donkey's nose."

"Only that this donkey will never get this carrot at the day's end," I said. "That girl has a future, now."

I was jealous of my new possession even then, and more and more so as she worked her way down inside this battered old heart.

I'd had her three days before I let drop a chance exclamation in my native tongue and set her chattering to me in

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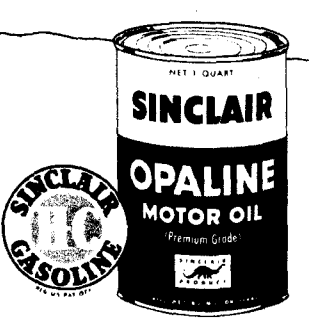

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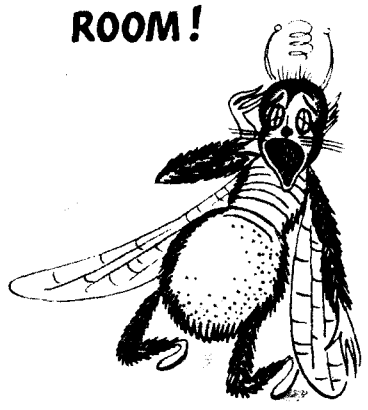

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English, with the soft lilt of the American Southern states. Her French was the language of the gutter; but as I poured questions at her and drew answering phrases out of the deeps of her memory, I found her speaking English with taste and refinement.

There was little, so little that she could tell me. She had only shadows of memories of her mother, who had lived, Stella believed, in Baltimore. With nothing to go by other than the quality of Stella's speech, I'd still be certain that the girl whom some sailor had taken away and finally dumped in Marseille came from a decent home, where someone may still be waiting for news of her.

It's no use sighing now and saying she could have gone to the American consul and got all the help she needed. It might be that she had too much pride. I don't know. I simply don't know. The mother must have died when Stella was around six, and after that—well, God alone knows how the lamb ever survived. All I care about is that she did.

The link of the common tongue was but one thing that bound us together. I loved her, that's all. But it worries me now to recall how greatly I cared about *her* feelings, and how little about Pedro's.

Marco's plan worked. That alone seemed to matter. At show after show, Stella was in the tent looking as dainty as I could make her. Pedro sweated his soul out trying to captivate her, and the crowds loved him. He went over big.

But not with her. She had never known him as the meek slubberdegullion who was everyone's slave. In her eyes he was the man who had bought her, after the back-street hellcat who made the deal had lewdly pointed out the charms of her virgin body.

Saints in heaven, how Pedro tried! It haunts me, the picture of him standing on my van step again and again with that pleading smile; never approaching her, never near to touching her, but just asking, "Little Stella—you like me?"

She'd give him a wooden look, and I usually gave him his answer. "Buzz off, there," I'd say, "and don't make a nuisance of yourself!"

He brought countless presents for her—bits of jewelry, a handbag, a watch, perfumes, useless souvenirs.

"For you," he would say, offering them with a hungry, cajoling look, and add longingly, "You like me?"

ALTHOUGH Stella stopped fearing him, and at times felt sorry for him and therefore irritated at his persistence, only the nameless crowds liked Boy Pedro. In an odd way, that counted little with him. He would have given all the applause of a year of audiences for one friendly smile from Stella.

There was certainly something in her for any man to admire, as time went on. I have brushed her fine, silky dark hair for numberless hours over the last three years. I have made her clothes, and taught her how to wear them with grace and distinction. I have looked after her, body and mind, and with joy watched her thin figure fill out and develop into willowy, rounded loveliness.

There remains on her face a faint shadow of memories. It gives her a thoughtfulness—sometimes a wistfulness which is the very essence of charm. She is the apple of my eye, and she was never more so than yesterday afternoon when she brought Jacques Nye to my van.

Jacques is tall for a Frenchman, with a rugged physique and a fetching smile. I had hoped that there might, one day, be a nice American or a Scots boy, but you can't order these things. Jacques's people own a small silk factory, and he himself has a French middle-class solidity and a delightful gaiety I admire.

My chicken is nineteen now, and these last weeks have been a dream for her. We have been in Paris for a month. It was on the first night of our season here that Jacques dropped into the show. Stella sold him a program—and if it takes neither of them less than a lifetime to recover from what happened to them at that first encounter, I might manage in the end to forgive him!

Yesterday he showed me a chaste and expensive diamond ring.

"My family approves," he said. "But—you, madame?"

Well, it comes. I'm like her own mother, though I've had only three years of her. Still, we Scots hate to parade our emotions, and that must be why I answered as I did.

"Seeing you'd take her whether I approved or no," I said, "I'll not start an argument. But come to that, she's not mine to give. After all, it was Boy Pedro who bought her."

I meant nothing. I was joking. But Jacques bristled at once.

"This has to be settled, finally," he said. "It is intolerable! I am not wealthy. It means the sacrifice of something from the home we shall make, but I do it gladly. Please, madame, a pen, and then will you call him here? Quickly!"

I didn't like it much, but he insisted, so I got him a pen and shouted for Pedro, who came hurrying to my van. Prince, as usual, trotted along with him, and there was the customary knot of children following. Jacques stood beside my darling, one arm around her.

"Stella and I," he said, "are to be married."

There had been no introductions. Just the bald statement, like that. I doubt if Pedro had had any idea of what had been going on.

Pedro blinked and stared, inarticulate as always.

"You made some arrangement in Marseille, and paid a certain number of francs," Jacques said. He handed Pedro a banker's draft. "I now pay you back your money, with interest, as you see. I would have you know that you have no claim on Stella. It is understood?"

Pedro fingered the scrap of paper, wordlessly.

"You are willing that we two should be married?" Jacques asked sharply. "It makes no difference, but you are agreeable?"

Pedro made no sign of having heard. He had fixed his gaze on Stella, and I quite expected to hear him asking again his old, hundred-times-repeated question: "You like me?"

"Listen, and answer!" Jacques said impatiently. "You are not under the illusion that she belongs to you?"

PEDRO appeared to tear himself out of a dream. There was a change, hard to describe, in his expression. His eyes and mouth remained mild as always, yet there was a new firmness about them.

"But one does not belong to any other person," he said quietly. "One belongs to one's self. Naturally."

He spoke with no hot feeling, and certainly no rebuke, but rather with a faint air of surprise, as if he had been compelled to state something too simple and obvious to need expression.

"One belongs to one's self. Naturally. . ." So said Pedro the dogsbody, Pedro the universal doormat.

There was an uneasy silence among us. I cannot answer for the young people's thoughts—but with guilt I confess that only then, in my eyes, did Boy Pedro become a full and feeling human being, with a mind and a heart and that secret inner existence which sets men apart from beasts of burden. Without any rancor, he had repudiated his lifelong enslavement and called his soul his own. "One belongs to one's self. . ."

After a very long pause, Stella slipped from her lover's arm and went forward,

COLLIER'S

"I used to shoot a nice game . . . in the eighties . . . but I haven't been able to do a thing since I found out what's the matter with my swing"

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flushed and serious. For the first time in three years she touched Pedro. She took hold of both his hands.

"You make me feel ashamed," she said.

"But no—"

"I owe you so much, and I've been so unkind. So ungrateful. I—" She hesitated, full of emotion, not knowing how to put it. She found, I feel sure, the perfect formula. It came from her heart. "I do admire you," she said. "I do like you, Pedro. Very much!"

She glanced at Jacques, and kissed Boy Pedro on both cheeks.

I FEEL very glad that Stella was not at last night's performance. Jacques took her to his people for the week end.

I asked Marco how he thought Pedro's act would go without her.

"Pedro's a showman now," Marco said. "So it shouldn't make any difference."

"But if his heart is broken?"

"Him? His heart? Who does he think he is?"

So Marco brushed it aside. But I who had been sharply taught to grant Pedro his share of the common feelings of humanity watched uncomfortably for his entrance. I did not want to see him lose his grip on the crowd, as well as his girl, all in the one day.

His turn came. With Prince butting him from behind he tumbled into the ring to a burst of applause. He sprang onto the spacious back and began to act with an electric vitality which, to my relief, seemed to delight the crowd.

I was watching closely, and yet I sensed nothing wrong. I was as much taken by surprise as anyone when the catastrophe came. It happened when Pedro was doing his handstand. Prince stumbled against the edge of the ring and fell to his knees. Boy Pedro pitched heavily to the ground.

At the concerted "Oh!" from the packed benches, the horse picked himself up and little harm would have been done if he had stood quietly to be remounted. But he plunged forward, and his forehoof caught Boy Pedro a crack on the forehead, knocking him right out and bringing blood gushing from a great, ragged wound.

The incomparable Prince, most gentle of horses, seemed to go mad. Just once before, from a stable on fire, have I heard a sound like the long, squealing neigh he gave out. A panic-making sound.

Prince stood over the prone figure of Boy Pedro, pawing him, mouthing him, as if savaging him. Men leaped into the ring and tried to drag the horse away. Prince kicked out in all directions. Half a dozen spectators were badly injured. Marco stripped off his red ringmaster's coat and flung it over the gray's face. Ropes and chains were brought, and by main force Prince was dragged back.

An ambulance arrived. Pedro, with the other casualties, was carried to it. The horse's slaver was on his clothes and skin, but it was noticed that there were no tooth marks.

Because of the events of the afternoon, I felt concerned about Pedro. The others were more anxious about Prince and his astonishing lapse, for we all loved that horse in a very special way.

Carl Olsen made the discovery. In the horse tent, afterward, he shouted for Marco.

"See this, Boss! Watch!" He aimed blows at Prince's face, and the horse never jerked his head until he had been hit. Marco himself tested it, flicking a finger across and across the wild and troubled eyes. Prince did not blink.

"He has gone blind," Olsen said. "Stone blind."

I was the only one who wept. We stood around, whispering, mourning as if for a human tragedy.

"So! That finishes Prince in the ring," Marco said heavily.

"And a blind horse cannot be sold," Olsen remarked.

We all waited for the Boss's word, knowing what it must be. We are not a wealthy outfit. We have to be severely practical to survive. We cannot afford luxuries like sending a beast into happy retirement.

"Cat's meat," Marco grunted. "Get him to the knackery, Monday."

We filtered into the mess tent, but no one wanted supper. We talked about the rosinback, and about Pedro. I told the others of the dignity of Pedro as he spoke his simple creed: "One belongs to one's self. Naturally."

I wanted them to feel what I felt, for to me it was a revelation. I could not have found a better occasion. Prince and Boy Pedro were part of one another. Their mutual affection was known to us all. We had to grieve for both as we bade each other a dreary good night.

At midnight, to my astonishment, Marco came into my van.

"What d'you think you want?" I asked him curtly.

He gave a laugh, and shrugged. "I thought we two might stroll to the hospital. I want news of the injured. I might have to pay compensation for a few deaths!"

I looked at him closely. "You're moved about Pedro," I said. "You too."

"He's a good act. I'll get him another horse."

"I wish I could get him another Stella, as easily!"

"There are a great many women," Marco said.

WE FOUND Pedro cruelly bruised, but with no bones broken. As was to be expected, his whole concern was for his horse.

"It was an accident," he pleaded. "Prince was not at fault."

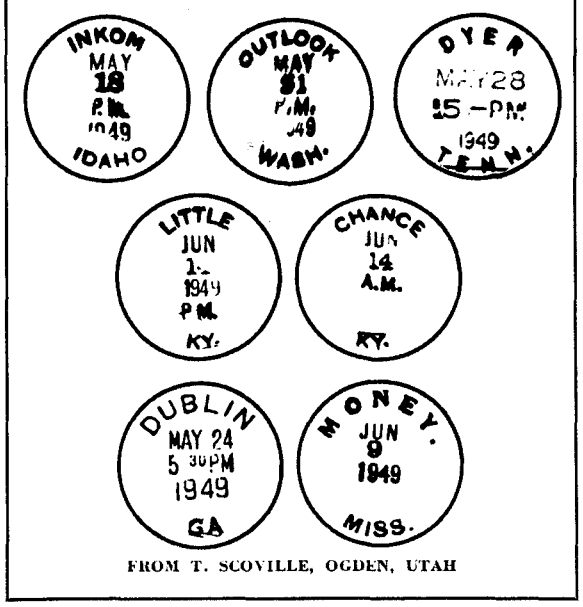
Marco was never the man to beat about the bush. "Prince has gone blind. Stone blind," he said gruffly.

Pedro gaped. "You—know? You have discovered?"

"You were aware of it?" Marco cried. "Yet you took him into the ring! The damage! The compensation—"

"But Prince has been blind for a long time," Pedro confessed. "A little even at the start, and then more and more. You have seen his way of keeping close to me. I am his eyes—and the fault was mine."

Picture Postmarks



FROM T. SCOVILLE, OGDEN, UTAH

Even Marco was completely astonished, and it rattled him. "Then what the devil happened tonight?" he demanded.

"I was careless," Pedro said. "I was thinking of other things."

"Stella?" I asked him. I felt as mean as if I'd robbed him.

"But yes. Stella." He uttered her name with a sigh that blew a chill right through me. Then I noticed his eyes. There was a glow in them. "At last—she likes me," he said.

He was as I had never seen him, radiantly happy.

"I had swelled head," he explained. "I was too large for my boots. Usually I guide Prince with my hands, my feet. We are one. Tonight I had no hands or feet. I was on wings, and so I caused him to stumble. But it will not happen again."

"No," said Marco. "Your next horse will have eyes of its own."

"But Prince—" Boy Pedro jerked himself up in bed.

"Too big a risk," Marco said bluntly. "He's through."

Pedro knew as well as any of us the stark economy of the circus.

"Boss!" he cried, "You wouldn't —you couldn't—"

A nurse came in and told us we were disturbing her patient. Marco was glad of the excuse to get away. He has his feelings, too.

AND now, this morning. On the step of my van, when I looked out, I found Pedro's costume, neatly folded. An official of the hospital was talking to Marco, vehemently.

"But a patient is not a prisoner! If he is determined to go, we cannot hold him. It was impossible . . ."

In the pocket of the checked shirt I found the money draft Jacques had given Pedro. Written on the back was the one word "Marco."

Written? Not exactly. Pedro can neither read nor write. But he has painted our entire outfit every season, including Marco's name, sprawled over each vehicle in letters ornate with twirls and flourishes, with a clown's face grinning from the final "O." He had copied it just like that on the draft.

A blind horse, Carl Olsen had said, cannot be sold. But Prince's stall was empty—and Boy Pedro was no horse thief.

It has been a morning of chatter and reminiscence. We have been recalling things, events from back in Juan and Marietta's time, right through to yesterday.

We have been going from one to another, from group to group, and I have heard this one and that one—including Marco himself—praising Boy Pedro and the dignity he had found at last.

"I liked him!" they are saying. "I liked him . . ."

No one has said it grandly, as if it were a concession to Pedro, but a startled thoughtfulness goes with it; an unspoken question.

If the Boss, as I expect, decides not to search for Pedro, it will of course be because he is sure Pedro will never be separated from the useless horse, and will never ride another. But behind those two practical reasons there may lie just a hint of a third.

We have all discovered that we liked Boy Pedro, and for me alone is the discomfort of wondering just how complete was his joy, or how hollow, when his long devotion gained that reward from Stella. But it might be an embarrassment to face him again, aware that he too has his thoughts, and to ask ourselves—did he ever like us? THE END

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Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

faced us, a puzzled look on his face." Does he mean that the look wasn't on the guy's elbow or some other place than on his face? Of all places to have a puzzled look.

The Literal Translator better do a little Literal Translating on himself.

RALPH STRONG, Coldwater, Mich.

They're on Junior's Side

EDITOR: Congratulations on your editorial The Old Folks Take It Harder Than Junior (July 9th). It is so true that adults who crusade against them so frequently could lay the blame of their children's difficulties right in their own laps.

As an interesting item may I add that although our home has such books as Gulliver's Travels, Robin Hood, Adventures of Marco Polo, The Count of Monte Cristo, Ivanhoe, these books were ignored, but in the comics they are read and reread. And yet these we consider some of our American classics. Apparently the following lines are your sentiments:

Lines to a Comicphobiac

Remember the books that you read as a child;
Think back and recall there were many quite wild;
And just 'cause we live in an age that's atomic
Don't blame every juvenile crime on a comic.

RUTH H. NORRIS, Chatham, N. J.

. . . The Old Folks Take It Harder Than Junior hits the nail right on the head. My observation has been that parents today are too full of "Don'ts."

C. T. VINSON, Dayton, Ohio.

Facts on Europe's Innocents

EDITOR: As an avid reader of your magazine I was so glad to find Around the Young World in your July 9th issue. Obviously Betty Betz is not only a capable woman but a capable writer.

I was shocked to note the subversive Communistic activities in which innocent European children are naïvely involved. We need more articles like this if we are to know the facts about the world that are so often purposely not available to the American reader.

SALLY S. BENEDICT, New York City

They're All the Same

EDITOR: Catching up on my Collier's, I note that in your June 11th editorial and illustration you represent a Bolshevik commissar as demanding that a Russian scientist disprove Darwin's "decadent theory."

In Genoa on February 23, 1940, I was a luncheon guest of a professor in the university, a famous authority on Columbus. A telegram from the Minister of Education in Mussolini's Cabinet was brought in and he read it to us.

It ran: Press reports Madariaga's new book claims Columbus was Jewish. Refute this at once.

Fascist, Nazi, Bolshevik—tyranny works along identical lines, for the suppression of intellectual liberty.

CHARLES UPSON CLARK,
North Hatley, Quebec

Look, No Brokers

EDITOR: My wife and I have just returned from a vacation in New York. We saw all the leading shows at the regular box-office prices.

On the trip home I read Robert Sylvester's Broadway Ticket Scandal (July 2d) advising us poor, ignorant folk in the hinterland "to bring a lot of money" and be prepared to pay up to $60 each for tickets to the hit shows.

Instead of publishing an article like this, by a New York theatrical man of 22 years' experience, it might be fairer and more accurate to print this advice from another newspaperman of equal years' experience in the Southern hinterland: Don't fool with the ticket brokers. Go straight to the theater box offices where you have the best chance of getting seats at the box-office price and being treated with the utmost courtesy.

That was our experience. We saw South Pacific, Death of a Salesman, Kiss Me, Kate and other hits without paying a cent over the box-office price. We got the Salesman and Kiss Me, Kate tickets ahead of time through the mail.

Still, written reports appear in your magazine and other public prints making a show like South Pacific appear absolutely prohibitive to the average workingman.

LANE CARTER, Birmingham, Ala.

Gold Star Award

EDITOR: Your editorial page rates my gold star as the best in contemporary magazines. In the past, your editorial writers were identified at the conclusion of each column. Why no names or initials?

I'm sort of like any other U.S. club joiner and handshaker. I like to follow the guy that wrote it.

WAYNE P. FREDERICK, Long Beach, Cal.

An Apology Questioned

EDITOR: I am at a loss to understand why you lean backward to apologize to Mr. Citron of New York City (Week's Mail, July 9th). I am certain that all of your writers and editors know that, given a sample of human blood, no one could tell the source as to creed or color.

Yet, if you had stated in any of your articles that "much Russian blood was spilled in the defense of Moscow," no one would have been offended.

I am of an opinion that any group could feel itself persecuted if it were always looking for hidden meanings in anything that was said or written.

JOSEPH A. FILIP, Berwyn, Ill.

. . . I note your concurring opinion in reference to the observation of Mr. Abraham Citron wherein he states: "Please be reminded that, as every anthropologist and biologist knows, there is no such thing as Jewish blood."

On what professional competence do you base your acceptance of Mr. Citron's wholly untenable assertion and why was such a humble apology in order?

The scientific section of the old Literary Digest (Oct. 11, 1930) comments as follows: "Dr. E. O. Manoiloff created considerable stir amongst biologists and anthropologists. Dr. Manoiloff worked on Jewish and Gentile Russians. He added to a blood clot a dyestuff called cresyl-violet. In Jewish blood the color of the cresyl-violet disappeared entirely or almost so, and a bluish or greenish tinge alone remained, while in Gentile blood the cresyl-violet remained partly insoluble, and appeared blue red. The Jewish blood oxydized the dye more than the Gentile. He worked on 202 samples and gave the correct answer in 187."

HARRY J. HAHN, Wichita, Kans.

The old Literary Digest also assured the country that Alf M. Landon would be elected President in 1936.

Downright Radical

EDITOR: I am surprised that an old family magazine like Collier's would print such an article as Democracy Can't Live in These Houses, by Senator Paul H. Douglas of Illinois (July 9th).

Don't you know that any legislative effort to reduce crime and disease, and to provide a better living for our citizens is Communistic?

W. C. KLEIN, New York City, N. Y.

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Matthew and the Lace Curtain

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

thinking you know Gaelic? All you know is a couple of very vulgar expressions."

He was still laughing, and presently Matthew joined him. "Ah, it's hard, Denny," he said, "the way an aging man is denied the respect of the young. Imelda scoffs at me too—and she my only child. This," he said, abandoning laughter for the oratory, though he prized them equally, "this is the high irony of history in shaping the old age of Matthew Cleary—a scholar of Mayo, the compatriot of George Russell and other learned poets. *They* respect my Gaelic. They often send me postcards, in branching ogham—"

"That's the stuff the druids used to chip on stone," Denny said.

"They use the convenient postal-size stone," Matthew said.

"And anyway," said Denny, "Russell is dead."

AGILE in polemics was Matthew. "That," he said, "shows the extraordinary devotion of the man. Yet there were those that scoffed at the Hermetic Society. This," Matthew continued, as they walked on across the avenue, with Denny absent-mindedly going in the opposite direction from his home, "this is what comes of forsaking the student's garret for a bungalow on Chicago's West Side—and renouncing poetry for gutter journalism."

"I didn't know you wrote poetry, Matt," Denny said. "I thought you were just a hambo reporter on that rag you work for."

Matthew sighed. "I haven't written any for years," he said. "But in my time I was one of the best. Yeats got all his good things from me. Used to take me around the snugs until I was boozed into insensibility—and then roll me for my exquisite lyrics. That's how he got Innisfree. Not but what he wasn't welcome to it. Sure, I was sick of the poem and sick of the place. The bees had me stung all over—and I never closed an eye in sleep for the noise of those dratted linnets. But I gave up all that when I came over from the old country. And to earn the keep of my wife and child I became the astute but embittered newspaperman I am—and not what you call in your crude way a 'hambo reporter.' "

"You said it was gutter journalism yourself," Denny said.

"Well, so it is," said Matthew, "but I'm above it all. And who are you," he added, "to criticize the newspaper business? You're in it yourself, Denny."

Denny laughed, not with amusement this time. It was rather a bitter laugh for a good-natured young man. Matthew turned to watch him as they walked. "That's the trouble," Denny said. "I'm in the wrong part of the newspaper business. I don't write the swill that's in the paper. I just drive a delivery truck."

Matthew stopped short and seized Denny by the arm. "What are you saying?" Matthew asked. "Is this the trouble with Imelda?"

Denny nodded. "Part of it," he said.

"You're sure you didn't start the quarrel yourself to get her to break off the engagement?"

"I certainly did not," said Denny. "What do you take me for?"

Matthew shrugged. "You might have decided Imelda's a little scrawny, what with living on water cress and graham bread the way she does. In my day, we liked the girls with a little more *to* them."

Denny bellowed. "She is not either scrawny."

Matthew chuckled. "This makes it easier," he said.

"Easier?"

"To fix it up, you gaum. If it was you that broke it off, I could hardly take a shotgun to you, could I?"

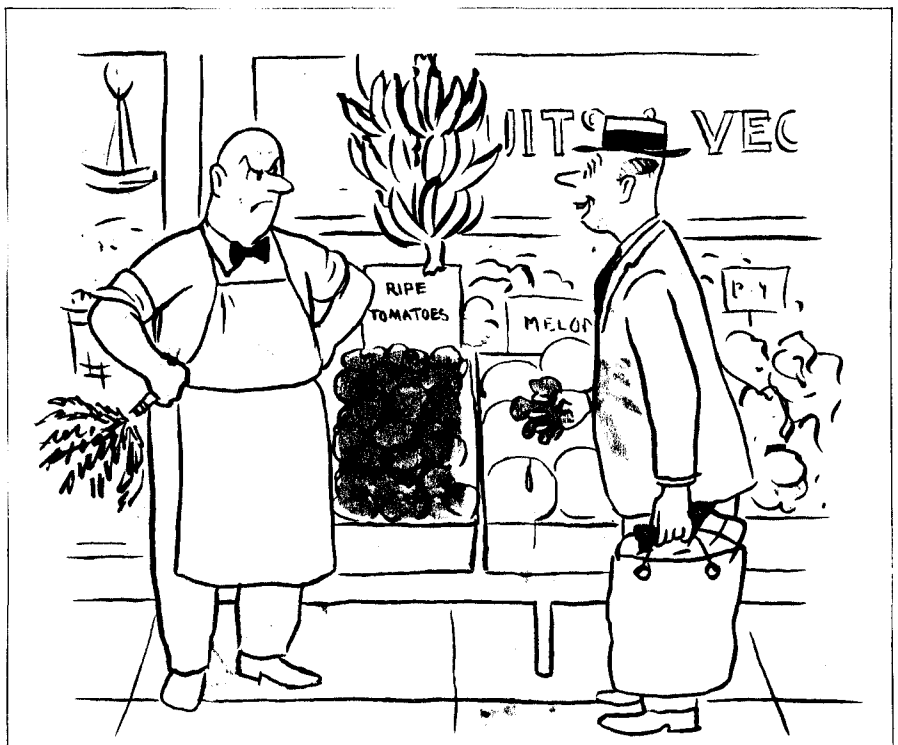
They walked on toward Matthew's street. "You're already blocks out of your way, Denny," said Matthew. "Come on now to our corner and we'll stop at Mulry's for a drink and a strategy conference."

Denny hesitated. "I thought you were on the outs with Mulry."

"Well, so I am," said Matthew. "And I mean to snub him thoroughly. But sure, how the hell can I snub him if I don't see him?"

At the corner of Matthew's street, they turned into Mulry's bar—an unpretentious establishment with red curtains on the windows. Mulry—red-haired, cross-grained and arthritic—served them ungraciously. "You had the divil's own load on last night, Matt," Mulry said. "Did they get you home all right?"

Matthew took his own and Denny's drink to one of the battered tables. "The coarseness of language you encounter among publicans, Denny," he said, "accounts for the tragic excesses and final



COLLIER'S "Guess I shouldn't have squeezed it" STAN HUNT

degradation of many a sensitive spirit. You take Lionel Johnson now, or James Clarence Mangan—"

Mulry made a noise with his mouth, unarticulated but eloquent.

"Two more, Mulry," Matthew said. "We shall need them, if you insist on doing your barnyard imitations."

Denny tasted his drink and looked startled. "It's a specialty of the house," said Matthew, "made from a formula left to Mulry's family by a female ancestor who died in Mountjoy, where she was sent on a sorcery rap. I don't know the ingredients. Mulry prepares the mash himself, with the help of his twelve unemployable brothers. No, eleven—one's been put away in an institution. They do it in their bare feet, so there's that extra bouquet."

Matthew tossed off the two new drinks that Mulry brought. "Slainte!" he said to Denny; and to Mulry: "There's a customer at the bar, Mulry. Unless it's the parole officer." And when Mulry was gone, Matthew said, "Now then, Denny, tell me all."

Denny said, "Imelda's got another fellow. He's coming to your house tonight, so you'll meet him, Matt."

"Where did she meet this gaum?" Matthew demanded.

"How do you know he's a gaum, Matt? He's a brother of a girl she went to college with out in the suburbs."

Matthew thumped the table with his glass indignantly. "At school, was it? Wouldn't you think the Dominicans'd watch the kind of company their young women get into? The Dominicans wear such pretty habits—the prettiest of any of the nuns. But sure what good is it if the minute the girls are out of school, they're out gallivanting with every Tom, Dick and Harry? Who is this young slob she's thrown you over for?"

Denny answered sadly. "Maybe he isn't a slob at all, Matt. His family live on the Gold Coast way up on the North Side. His family's wealthy and he's making pots of money himself."

Matthew sniffed. "By grinding down the faces of the poor, probably," he said. "What's his name?"

"Gerald Gerald."

"Stop stuttering man," Matthew ordered. "What's his last name?"

"His first name is Gerald, and so is his last name."

"Without even a 'Fitz' to separate them? I should think he'd feel two-headed. Probably is. Is he Irish?"

Denny nodded. "Third generation. But his folks are very stylish, Imelda says. She says Gerald says it's people like his folks who show how wrong it is to think that all the Irish are immigrants who never can save a dime—"

Matthew made a noise that might almost have been counted a lapse into publican coarseness. "How the hell do you get into a country unless by immigration?" said Matthew. "Did Gerald's grandfather dissolve on the dock at Queenstown and then materialize on Lake Shore Drive?"

Denny said, "I'm only telling you what Imelda told me. We had a big row at the dance. She said I'd be a truck driver all my life—"

"Why shouldn't you be?" Matthew said indignantly.

"That's what I told her—even though I am studying law at night. But Imelda wouldn't listen. She wouldn't dance, and she was rude to all our friends. She got pretty dramatic, the way she did when she was in that play her last year in college."

Matthew thumped his glass again. "Will I ever forget it?" he said. "She used to throw meat and vegetables into the pot for stew and whinny, 'Eye of newt and toe of frog, wool of bat and tongue of dog' until my appetite was destroyed entirely."

Denny grinned. "She wasn't dramatic in exactly that way last night," he said. "More the haughty stuff. She said if we were true to our heritage we'd be studying the Book of Kells instead of dancing to Mrs. McCloud's Reel."

Matthew touched his palm to his graceful black-and-white widow's peak in a gesture of despair. "Where do they get it, at all, Denny—the attitudinizing and posturing?"

Denny's grin expanded.

"The Book of Kells, is it?" said Matthew. "I doubt if she even knows what's in it. And we're to have no jigs and reels or laughter at all—only solemn nonsense from young prigs who memorize titles out of reference books!" He swore his wickedest swearword of the day. "Come to the house tonight."

Denny shook his head. "I'm not invited. She said it would be bad enough tonight with you around."

For a moment, all the laughter was gone from Matthew's face. "Oh, Matt, I'm sorry," Denny said. "I shouldn't have told you that. She didn't mean it. My Lord, Matt, she's still only a child."

In Matthew's face, the hurt gave way almost at once to anger. Then, as he looked at Denny, even the anger was displaced as laughter came bubbling up from its fathomless reservoir, until Matthew's whole body shook with it.

Denny waited him out, smiling uncertainly. Matthew placed his hand over Denny's, quiet again. "If she means it about you, Denny," he said, "she means it about me. But she's no business to mean it about either of us. You're right—she is a child. In this one thing anyway. But she hasn't the right to be a child any more. It's her business to be a woman. She has the right to throw you over if she wants—but not for a prig's reason, or a snob's. And if she wants to do it for those reasons, why, man, you're well out of it. But I'm not—for she can't stop being my daughter, even if she refuses to be your wife. But I don't believe in the reasons, Denny."

Matthew stood up. "Mulry," he called, "have the nobility to bring another liter of that bile to my future son-in-law, while I use your telephone. You still have a telephone, have you not? Or are you beating out messages on skins stretched over vats?"

DENNY left the drink, and Matthew tossed it off when he returned from the telephone. "You prefer iodine?" said Matthew, as they left Mulry's. "Perhaps you're right. But one's palate is dulled by frequenting places like this." He looked over his shoulder and waved a hand to Mulry, who waved sourly back.

Outside, Matthew told Denny, "You must come to the house tonight. But don't plan on dinner. Come about nine. My sister Meg will be there. I just phoned her. You know Meg?"

"I know her," Denny said doubtfully.

"Meg is the most dignified stylish stout on the West Side," said Matthew. "But she has depths. Come tonight, Denny. Imelda isn't the only member of our family with a gift for histrionics."

Denny looked puzzled. "What're you up to, Matt?"

Matthew touched a portentous forefinger to his lips. "Maneuvers, Denny. Promise you'll be at the house."

Denny nodded, doubtfully. "I'll be there," he said. And they went their ways. . . .

In the gray hour before the summer

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HANDY IN THE HOME . . .
USE AS DOOR AND FLOOR MATS

dusk, Matthew stood behind the window curtain in the living room of his one-story home. It fronted on a wide street of modest houses, almost every one of which had an enormous poplar tree gangling greenly on a tiny strip of lawn. Matthew watched as a trim and expensive convertible drew up to the curb, next the little path of concrete that led to the sidewalk.

"Pst, Meg!" he called, backing away from the window. "They're here. Is everything ready out there?"

"Ready," a voice answered.

Matthew hurried to the back of the house, through a door that swung shut behind him. With a sign to Meg, he waited with his ear to the door. He heard his daughter's voice call, "Father!"

Matthew lifted a tray from a table near the door and called out in a brogue thicker by many layers than his normally rich one: "Imelda, alanna, is that yourself, asthore?" He pushed the door open an inch, enjoying the sudden silence that fell in the other room. "Hold open the door, macushla," Matthew called. "I've a thray of dhrinks for yourself and the bhoyo, for it's a drouthy day entirely and it's you must be parched the way you'd be croaking like an old raven with a split tongue on him."

The door swung inward, and Matthew backed into the room, his arms encircling the huge dented pewter tray. It had an enormous evil-looking bottle in its center, with three water tumblers around it. Matthew walked waveringly to one side of the long living room and placed the tray on the mantel shelf over the fireplace.

In the mirror over the mantel, he saw with satisfaction that Imelda and the reedy young man with her were staring at his back—the young man with well-bred curiosity, Imelda with something rather like horror. Matthew winked into the mirror, for their benefit and his own pleasure. Matthew was in his undershirt, with pants of shiny serge barely managing to stay over his haunches, while suspenders of hideous crimson flapped at his sides. But the braces were as whey compared with Matthew's nose, which burned like a sunset at the fade-out of a color travelogue. Not at his most convivial had Matthew ever earned so fiery a beak.

He turned, with a hand extended to the young man, who accepted it gingerly. He was certainly a trim young man, his clothes still in fastidious press in spite of the heat of the day. Imelda's dark hair was tumbled from the ride in the open convertible—but with Imelda, as with a classic predecessor, disorder served her charm, which had a touch of gypsy in it. What business—Matthew reflected—has a girl who looks like a tinker's changeling running about with snobs?

BUT there was work to be done, and no time for thought. He pointed to a pail of beer in a washbasin filled with cracked ice that stood on a small table. "Meg was for growlers," he said, enjoying the startled look on Imelda's face. "But I said growlers was all right for her like and mine. But when me only daughter—who isn't getting anny younger, as the saying is—is bringing home a likely lad that has his bit of money, whisky's the dhrink every time." He prodded the young man in the ribs with a jocose finger. "Whisky heats the blood and rouses the tenderest passions known to man. What's your young man's name, Imelda?"

Through thin lips Imelda said, "Gerald, Father. Mr. Gerald Gerald."

Matthew laughed noisily. "Father, is it? Amn't I your old da that you never called annything else but da?" He turned to Gerald. "Now that's an odd name entirely. There was several informers of the name of Gerald, if I recollect me bit of history. One that turned in a friend of Wolfe Tone's to the Castle for the price of a night's round of the pubs. Well, sure that's neither here nor there. Sit down, young man, sit down."

While he poured three stiff glasses of Mulry's foulest brew, Matthew watched as Gerald sat stiffly in a chair by the window, and as Imelda, with unbelieving eyes, looked around the room. It had been a tasteful arrangement in chintz when she left it that morning. Now the chairs were without their pretty slip covers; and each was draped with an embroidered antimacassar of spectacular ugliness. The rug was gone from the floor; and on the walls were phalanxes of picture frames, bronze and horrible; and within the frames, faded daguerreotypes of assorted men with mustaches and women with high hairdos.

Matthew handed Imelda a drink, when he was satisfied that she had canvassed the room thoroughly. She took the drink silently, her eyes now firmly fixed on her father's face. Gerald took his drink with a barely concealed grimace.

"Slainte!" said Matthew, and tossed his own drink down.

GERALD smiled faintly, but his lips only touched his glass; and Imelda stared into hers as into a malarial pool.

She put the drink on the table, and said with some show of brightness, "It won't take me long to fix us something to eat, Gerald. You can stay here and talk to Father."

She started toward the back of the house. "No need for you to fix anything, alanna," said Matt. "Sure, I found the note you left when you went out mothoring this morning. So after Mass, I called your Aunt Meg—"

He saw the same startled look on Imelda's face that had been caused by his mention of Meg in connection with growlers. A pillar of the women's clubs was Mrs. Margaret Garvey, who wielded a gavel as though it were a mace and wore her black toques like a queen, along with the quiet silks or laces that stretched over her formidable but decently corseted bosom. Imelda had good reason to be startled by the idea of Aunt Meg in this Dion Boucicault shambles Matthew had made of their home since morning.

"Meg!" bellowed Matthew, sensing that this was the moment to complete Imelda's astonishment. "Meg!" he called. "Stir your great behind now and bring on the knuckles!"

A high and foolish laugh sounded from the kitchen, and through the door came Mrs. Margaret Garvey. Gerald rose politely for his introduction. Matthew's eyes traveled with Imelda's to the great loutish figure which stood just inside the door, with a chipped platter of steaming pigs' knuckles in her hands.

This was no stylish stout—but it was Meg Garvey, all the same. Her hair fell in slatternly wisps over her forehead and perilously close to the platter of knuckles. Her face was somehow raddled, the lips open in a slack and silly grin. A faded house dress hung unevenly about her body, which was massive and in urgent need of stays. She laughed the high foolish laugh again, and ducked her head at them coyly. She looked like a boozy old trollop of Hogarthian depravity.

"Whisht now, Matthew," Meg said, setting the platter down on the sideboard next the kitchen door. "The coffee's cooking, and I've only to bring in the bread and yez can ate to your heart's content. But sure, let's all have a dhrink now, for I'm famished with the thirst. And Imelda's young fella there, being from such a high-up family'd naturally want to have a dhrop before he takes down the knuckles—and maybe with them too, for they're a fright for greasiness and fat."

Imelda and Gerald, with Matthew watching close, turned their eyes on the

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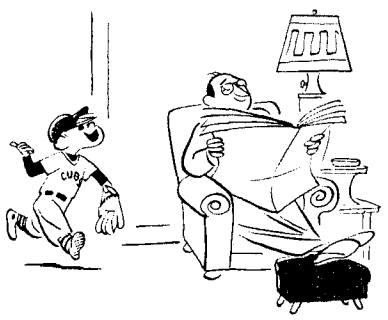
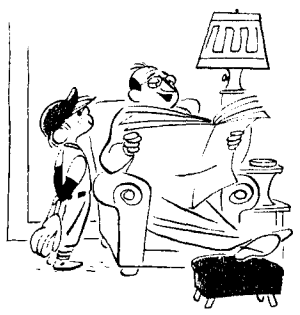
platter of pig's knuckles. Meg was ever so right about their greasiness; and Matthew wondered what she had done to give them a certain cast of green.

Meg advanced toward Gerald with a hand outstretched; she moved with a flouncing sway that might well have been the result of tipsiness. "And is this the bhoyo?" said Meg. "Sure, alanna, they're making them small this season entirely." She stared at Gerald's slight frame; then she turned to Imelda.

"Ah well, then, darlint, there's them that says a maneen is a betther provider in the long run than the big buckos that do be forever on the chase for the girls. Not that they have to chase far at all. In me own day, I was the divil for the big



"I hit a home run, Daddy!"



"Atta boy, son! Keep it up"

"And it'll cost $7.95 for the window"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

ones—like Matt there, though he is me own brother; or like that sthrapping Denny that was so sweet on you before you had the dear God's good sense to look around for a fella with a position and a little something put by for a rainy day, however"—and she appraised Gerald with a critical eye—"however he might look. For what's looks, when all's said?"

Matthew took the glass from Gerald's hand. He drained it himself, filled it again, and thrust the glass back into Gerald's hand. Meg poured herself a stiff glass, and then a glass of beer from the pail.

A silence fell on the room, broken now and again by a hiccup from Meg. Imelda sat stiffly on a couch near the window, her hands folded in her lap. Matthew saw that Gerald, who was still standing, had his eyes on Imelda. The distaste in Gerald's face could not be entirely due to his drink, which he had not even tasted.

"Imelda was telling me about your work on the newspaper, Mr. Cleary," Gerald said.

Meg looked up at him in surprise. "A newspaper?" Meg said. "Sure is that where you're working now, Matt? The last I knew, it was at a theayter in the Loop."

Matthew laughed and raised his glass as though for a toast. "Sure, in my line," said Matthew, "one place is as good as another."

"What is your line, Mr. Cleary?" Gerald asked.

"I'm a sort of janitor, Mr. Gerald," said Matthew. "A cleanup man. Some call it one thing, some another. I've only been at the newspaper a little while, and I'm thinking of leaving. They're a sloppy lot in the newspaper business—and the divil and all to clean up afther."

Meg put down her glass, with a loud smacking of her lips. "Well, now, that's enough of the booze and the conversation—elegant though they both are. I'll bring in the dishes—and I hope there's enough plates, Matt."

Gerald turned abruptly toward Imelda. "I'm terribly sorry," said Gerald, "but I really can't stay. I quite forgot to tell you, Miss Cleary—but I must be back on the North Side right away." He turned toward Matthew and Meg, and his eyes wavered to the pigs' knuckles on the sideboard. "I really must go," he said firmly. "It's been so pleasant."

And he was out the door before there was a voice to stay him. They heard the convertible start and drive away. Imelda sank her head in her hands, and her shoulders shook. Matthew and Meg glanced first at her, then at each other. The doorbell rang, and Matthew went to answer it.

"Come in, Denny," Matthew said.

Denny gaped at Matthew and Meg. "For God's sake, Matt," said Denny, "what are you got up like that for? And who was that that went away in his automobile in such a hell of a hurry?"

MATTHEW pointed to where Imelda still sat on the couch, head in hands and shoulders shaking. Denny strode to her side and touched the dark head with his hands. "Imelda, darling," said Denny, "what have they done to you?"

He glared at Matthew, who was hitching his suspenders onto his shoulders; he glared at Meg, who was gathering the straggling strands of her hair into a sedate bun at the back of her head.

Imelda's head lifted and her hands came away from her face. "Oh, Denny," said Imelda. And Matthew was able to confirm what in his heart he already knew: that her shoulders had been shaken with silent laughter. It broke its silence now and bubbled from the fathomless reservoir Imelda came by so honestly.

"He believed it, Denny," said Imelda. "The ass! The incredible ass believed every word of it." Then she laughed loud again.

"Of course he believed it, dear girl," said Meg, in accents of exquisite correctness. "Lace curtains are very decorative, but they distort the vision. And that ridiculous young man sees everything through a lace curtain."

Matthew looked at his sister admiringly. Every hair was in place on her poised head; and with a dainty pocket handkerchief she was dabbing all coarseness from her face.

"Kiss me, me great sthrapping bucko," said Imelda, holding her arms up to Denny. He was puzzled, but not too puzzled for that.

"Come on now, Meg," said Matthew. "Let's you and I go into the kitchen for our bite of supper. There's chicken in the icebox, in case pigs' knuckles don't suit your taste." He offered Meg his arm.

"Tell me," said Matthew, with a last pleased glance at his daughter and the son-in-law of his choice, "are they taking people on at the Abbey Theatre these times at all?"

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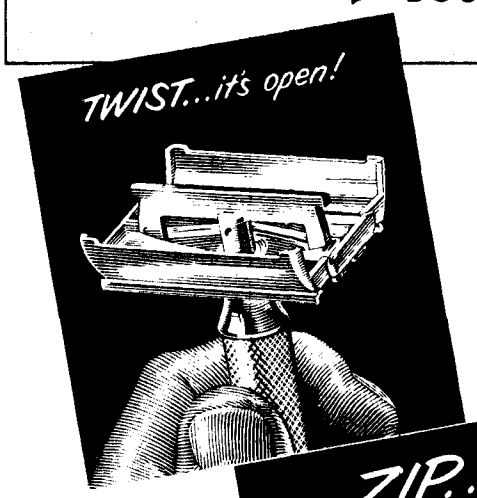

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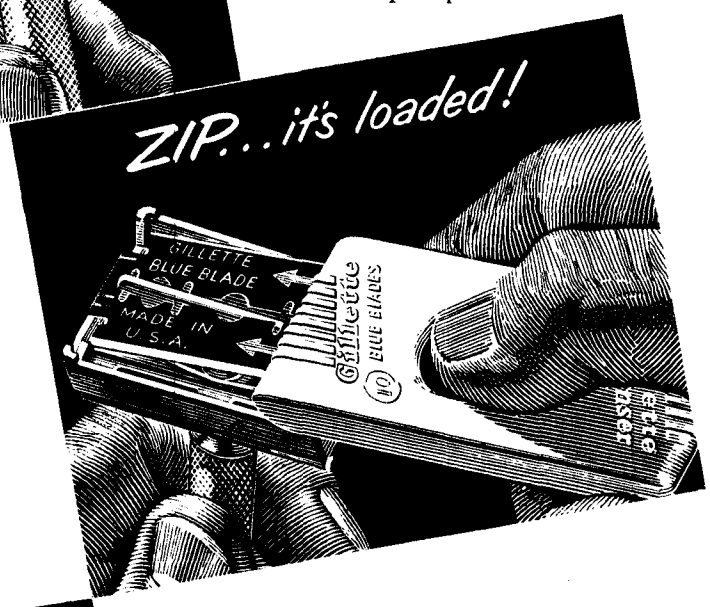

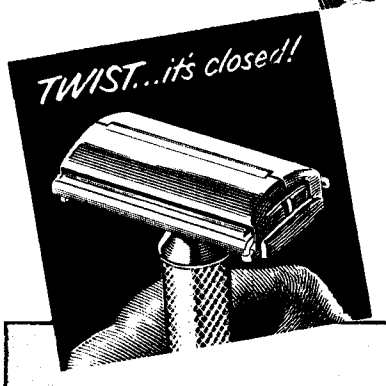

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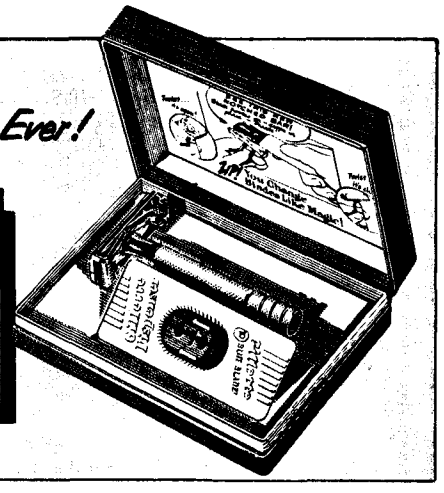

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My Wife Is a Liar

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

would be calmer in the morning and so would he. She was safe.

His eyelids were hot and there was an ache at the back of his neck. He did not get any sleep until after four and consequently did not wake until nine. Irene was still in her room when he ate his breakfast on the terrace over the rhododendrons. He went out to the garage.

BREWER, wearing blue coveralls, stood outside the closed garage doors smoking a cigarette. Every year or so Brewer quit his job and went into business, saying he was tired of being a servant; but the business always failed and he always came back. In New York he put on a dove-gray uniform and drove Irene's town car. In the country he was Walter's machinist and mechanic.

They were friends and better: They had raced as driver and rider at various raceways.

"What gives?" asked Walter, smiling. "You look as if you're mounting guard."

"You ain't kidding, Van," replied Brewer, his bald, freckled head pink in the morning sun. "I went into town early to see if the tachometer was at the post office. The guy there told me, the guy at the window, and I went over to the diner for coffee and the guy there was talking about it too. A hit-and-run car knocked off an old dame on Furnace Street last night. Left her laying on the street. She died. Van, the right front fender on the Bug has a big dent in it."

Walter took it in. "That doesn't mean anything."

"Maybe not," said Brewer. "But there's blood on the fender."

"Put the hose on it, and a rough rag. No; emery it down to the metal. Then hammer out the dent." He considered. "Maybe it'd be better to get it down to New York to a body and fender place. Or Boston."

"What if the cops come and it ain't here? It'd look funny. They'd trace it easy." Brewer hesitated. "I heard the missis come in, Van. You can hear the damned Bug five miles off. Plenty of other people may have seen her."

"If she had the car. But I was driving it." Walter nodded. "Do the fender job and beat it back into town, will you? Ask around—not too much. Find out what you can. If she went in for a drink she'd get it at that place with the blue neon sign."

"Jim's."

"Don't ask Jim. He'll mention it fast enough if she was there. But I was driving the Bug."

"Yeah," assented Brewer, doubtfully. "I'll phone you."

In the house Walter hurried not to Irene but to his office, a small room off the butler's pantry. He phoned the law firm in New York which handled his affairs. At first, the partner to whom he spoke protested that no one in the firm knew criminal law. In the end, however, he agreed to send a man named Rafael, in a plane small enough to land on the miniature strip on the meadow. . . .

Rafael, who wore the sharply pressed clothes of a Victorian dandy, arrived just as luncheon was announced. There was barely time to brief him; then they were called to the table on the terrace by an Irene who was innocence itself, gay and laughing. Halfway through the meal Walter was summoned to the phone. It was Brewer, speaking from a booth. "She was at Jim's, all right," he reported glumly. "Knocking off double whiskies for a couple of hours, he says, the damned blab-mouth."

Walter returned to the terrace. "Come out in the rose garden where nobody'll hear us," he said bluntly to Irene and Rafael.

They sat on aluminum chairs on the wide granite walk circling the pool.

"Irene, where did you go when you left me last night?" Walter asked.

Her eyes troubled only by her husband's rudeness, Irene replied, "I drove around the lake, dear. Why?"

"For two hours?"

"I went in swimming. Naked." That was quick thinking. There had not been a bathing suit in the car, and Walter knew it. She smiled at the attorney. "I hope you aren't shocked, Mr. Rafael."

"Irene, you were at Jim's in town."

Accusation raging in her eyes, she leaped to her feet. "Spying on me! I won't sit here another minute!"

"Please sit down, Mrs. Van Wagen," said Rafael. "We may have very little time before the police come."

"The police? What do you mean?" She took her chair, groping for it.

"A woman was run down and killed in town last night," Rafael went on, unemotional and precise. "Mr. Van Wagen is afraid you may have struck her."

"If I'd hit a woman don't you think I'd know it, for Heaven's sake?" She had recovered herself. She laughed.

"You're positive, Mrs. Van Wagen, you struck nothing?"

"Of course."

"The Bug's fender is dented, Irene," said Walter.

"It is? I can't imagine how it happened. Unless," Irene added thoughtfully, frowning, "somebody stole the car while I was at Jim's. I left the keys in it. Somebody could have taken it. He might have had the accident and brought it back and left it so I'd get the blame."

"That is possible," said the attorney.

Walter's heart lifted. It was possible. He had been unfair. "Thank God!" he exclaimed.

But Irene, pleased by her success, went boldly on. "As a matter of fact," she said, "the car wasn't in an accident at all. I'm afraid I drank more than was good for me last night. I know this sounds stupid, but I've just remembered I rammed a tree as I turned into the drive. I probably would have told you about it last night, Van, but I was afraid you'd scold me."

Rafael, folding his hands on his lap, blinked.

"Irene," Walter said, "I waited up for you because you were driving a fast car and I was afraid you might get hurt. I heard you on the road and I was at my window when you turned into the drive. I saw your lights. You didn't hit a tree. But the car did hit someone. There's—" He could not bring it out. "There are signs the fender hit someone."

"Mrs. Van Wagen," Rafael took it up, smoothing his black eyebrows with finger and thumb, "let me make the position clear to you. A woman is dead. There's some reason, let's say, to believe she was killed by your car. The car is foreign and easily recognizable. Now, the police will determine at the country club that you were driving the car. They'll ask questions from house to house along the street on which the accident occurred. They're doing it at this moment, undoubtedly, and sometime today they'll find witnesses. There are always witnesses, believe me, even on the darkest night—and last night wasn't dark; there was a moon."

Irene's face was drawn and thin. The moisture seemed to have gone out of the flesh, leaving it wrinkled and yellow.

But Rafael was inexorable. He went on: "The police will question you a good deal more brusquely than we're doing, and they'll be quick to single out any inconsistency. You've given us three different stories. You say you didn't go into town at all, you went in and the car was stolen, and you struck a tree. Not all three stories can be true."

IRENE was sobbing. "I can't stand questions," she said. "I never have been able to."

"Then help us," urged Rafael softly. "Tell me step by step and minute by minute just what you did from the time you left the club until you got home."

Still sobbing, Irene shook her head. "I drove around the lake. Then I drove into town."

Walter stood beside her chair and stroked her hair. "Did you go the way we usually go? Along Furnace Street?"

"I can't remember the names of streets. You know I can't. Oh, Van, don't torture me like this!"

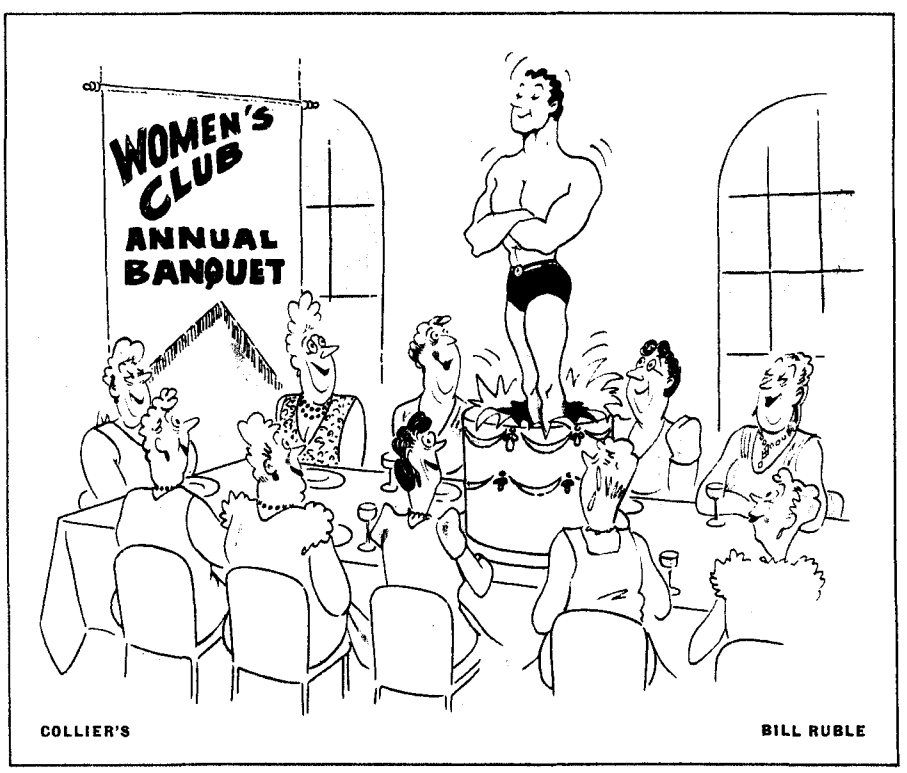
"Did you come home the same way?"

"I suppose I did. Please, Van—"

"Along Furnace Street? Where that big red factory is?"

She was wary. "No, I didn't come home that way. I went way around the other end of town."

"Mrs. Van Wagen," said Rafael, "you must realize the tremendous gravity of what you're saying. The accident took



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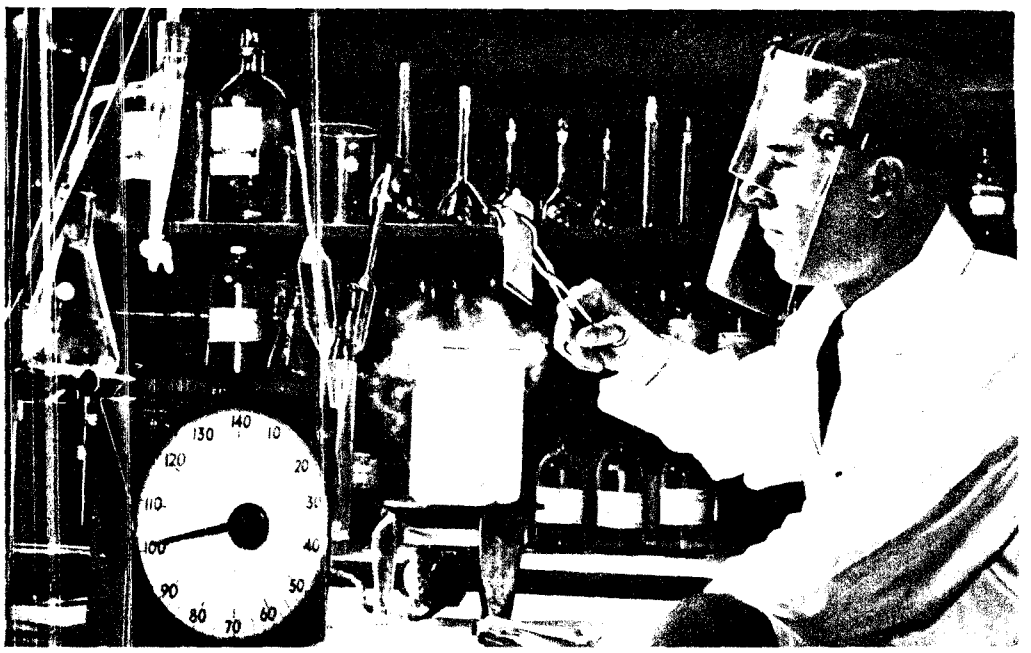

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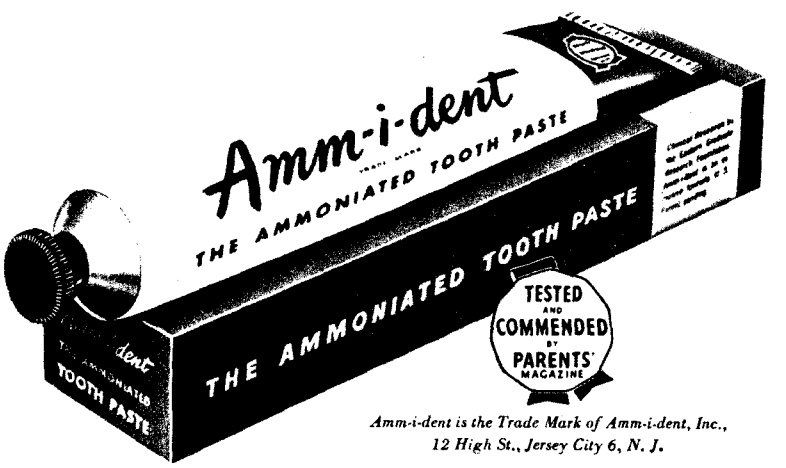

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place on Furnace Street. If witnesses say you were there—"

"Maybe the car was there. I told you it was stolen while I was at Jim's."

"No, you didn't—not quite. Did you look out the window at Jim's and see it was gone?"

Headlong, she rushed into the trap. "Yes, I did," she cried, "I did!"

"The prosecutor will put Jim on the witness stand, Mrs. Van Wagen. He'll certainly remember whether or not you spoke of the theft of your car."

"I didn't mention it to Jim."

"You sat there quite calmly, knowing a thief was making off with an expensive car, and did nothing?"

She was silent.

"For God's sake, help us, darling," Walter said. "Ever since you were a little girl, I know, you've told fibs to get yourself out of trouble. But this time only the truth can save you. You've got to tell the truth to save yourself."

But could she tell the truth? Did she even know what it was? Always, for her, the truth had been whatever might protect, benefit or aggrandize her. A lie once told became truth fiercely cherished, fiercely believed in.

"I don't know, I don't know," she sobbed. "All this over some dirty old immigrant woman from the slums!"

"You shock me, Mrs. Van Wagen," said Rafael grimly. "In the possession of life we're all equal; every one of us. Manslaughter carries a severe penalty. I ask you point-blank, because I must impress on you the danger you're in—did you or did you not run down a woman on Furnace Street last night?"

Irene screamed. "I can't stand this! You're torturing me, you're driving me out of my mind!"

"Did you feel the car strike anything at all?"

"No! I tell you no, no!"

"You drove on."

"Yes. I thought—" She realized that she had been tricked, that she had let them glimpse the nightmare vision in her mind. It was out. "It was dark!" she cried in a hurried attempt to justify herself. "There were trees. She was in a dark coat with a shawl over her head. I didn't see her."

"You didn't stop?"

"I didn't think I'd hit her."

"You didn't think it could be true. You told yourself it was so terrible it couldn't be true, so you just drove on." Rafael dried his forehead with a handkerchief and turned to Walter. "A dark street, the woman in a dark coat— People are killed that way sometimes and the driver doesn't know he's done it."

"Can you help us?" Walter asked.

"She'll have the best defense we can make, but it'll be better if you both realize that imprisonment is virtually a sure thing. A light sentence, maybe, but that's the best we can hope for."

Irene was crying hysterically now. "Prison!"

RAFAEL went on, wasting no precious time on emotion, "You must have a coherent story for the police, Mrs. Van Wagen. Let's get that now. You had a little tiff with your husband and left him at the club. You were upset, nervous. You drove around the lake and into town. You had a drink or two. Then you drove home, put the car into the garage. You went to bed and slept soundly. Today you've done the things you usually do. Now repeat it to me, please."

But Irene ran to Walter and clung to him. "Van, don't let them take me!"

Walter stroked her hair, pressing his cheek against her forehead. "She can't stand any more, Rafael. Let her go to her room and rest until they get here."

They watched her go, fleeing terrified across the lawn and up the terrace steps.

"I'm afraid she'll go to pieces the minute they fire a direct question at her," said Rafael. "If she gives them as many variations as she gave us, she'll make it worse for herself." Rafael glanced at his watch, which he carried with a black ribbon fob in the old-fashioned way, in a small trouser pocket. "Maybe we'll be lucky. Maybe they won't get here for a while."

But they were not to be lucky. The old butler came down the terrace steps not twenty minutes later.

"A Mr. Mapes, sir," he said.

Walter took the attorney to his office and left him there. Frank Connaughton will say I drove Irene into town if I ask him to, he told himself, and I can try to bribe Jim. I suppose I can bribe any of the servants that need it . . . Never had he bribed a servant, or anyone else, and it sickened him to think of doing it.

THE police lieutenant was surprisingly young. He carried a Panama hat in his hand. He was wearing a rumpled seersucker suit; and as he stepped forward he hiked one shoulder and swung his right hip high, lurching. He was of an age to have been in the war. Evidently he had given a leg to it.

"Colonel," he said, "I'm afraid I'm here with bad news." He related the details of the accident, mentioning even the time the ambulance call had come in. Then he asked if he might speak with Mrs. Van Wagen.

Why did he tell me so much about it? Walter asked himself on his way upstairs. Because he's inexperienced? Because we were both in the Army and he's a good guy? Because, if I prime Irene, she'll be all the more likely to trip?

He tapped at her door, opened it and looked into the musical-comedy bedroom his wife had made for herself.

"Dear," he asked, "will you come down? There's nothing to be afraid of. They've sent us their best man. Just tell him the—what Rafael went over with you—the truth." By now, for her, it would be the truth, and he knew how convincing she could be when she herself was convinced. There was no sign left of her tears, he saw with relief.

Irene rose from her many-mirrored white dressing table, wearing a pale gray linen dress. "Van, you let them come." She was regretful rather than reproachful. "If you loved me you wouldn't have let them come."

"I couldn't do anything to stop them," he replied. But nothing, nothing must be said now to alarm her. Alarmed, she would lie automatically. "Just tell the truth the way you went over it with Rafael," he said. They went downstairs.

The young police lieutenant greeted Irene pleasantly. "Sorry to trouble you, Mrs. Van Wagen," he said. "We just want to know if you were in town last night in a black car. Were you?"

It was a direct question. Irene met it calmly, however. "Yes, I was," she said easily. "Mr. Van Wagen says there's been an accident."

"That's right. According to our information a woman drove away from it in a foreign car. A black one."

"Not I," said Irene almost gaily. "Mr. Van Wagen and I were at the club for dinner. We had one of those silly family quarrels, and I took the car and drove into town. I took a couple of cheer-up drinks at a place called Jim's and then I drove home and went to bed. If I'd had an accident I would have reported it."

Mapes was a bit less sure of himself, Walter saw. He believes her, he thought. Lord, I'd believe her myself. Even if he still thinks she struck the woman, he's half convinced now she did it without knowing it.

"Do you have more than one black car, Colonel?" Mapes asked.

"Just the one."

"May I take a look at it?"

"Of course."

"Shall I come along?" asked Irene.

Psychologically it was a bold move. No guilty woman would want to look at

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the car with which she had ended a life. But she was crowding her luck, Walter feared. He flinched as he heard the lieutenant answer that it was all right with him. Now we're heading into trouble, he thought. We may need help, and need it in a hurry.

He asked them to wait a minute and fetched Rafael from the office, introducing him simply by name. Mapes's lip tightened a bit, but he said nothing. Four abreast they strolled out into the combination garage-and-shop of whitewashed concrete block. There in shadow sat the station wagon and the three racers in their bright paint. And there, cleaning a paint sprayer, sat Brewer in his blue overalls. The place was full of lacquer fumes; it smelled like a banana ship.

Mapes pressed a forefinger lightly against the gleaming black fender of the Bugatti, leaving a print on it, and spoke to Brewer. "Touching it up?"

Brewer, helpless, cleared his throat. "That's right," he said.

"You know," said Mapes, addressing nobody in particular, "there's one thing we learn in police work. We learn we can go along just so far with coincidence. This fender is stretching it, you know." Then, as if the fender were unimportant after all, he moved a few paces out on the graveled drive, and they followed.

When he had Irene in the bright sunlight, where he could detect any change in her expression, he said abruptly, "You know what I think? I think you killed that old lady."

"All right, I did!" shouted Irene. "I did!"

She was defiant, almost swaggering.

Threesome

I know this little foursome
For gossip has a thirst
But I refuse to quench it.
Let someone else leave first.

—BETTY ISLER

The bravado in her voice had a brassy, artificial, unconvincing ring.

"Tell me about it," Mapes said tersely.

"She was all in black. I didn't see her, that's all. She ran across that street this side of Jim's, chasing a silly fuzzy dog."

"She ran where? She ran across what street?"

"I don't know the street—it's the first one coming this way from Jim's. I think that's where it happened."

Mapes was suspicious and angry. "I warn you, Mrs. Van Wagen," he said, "if you're trying to fool our stupid rustic police force I'll make you sorry for it. Or are you trying to protect someone?"

"Of course she is," said Walter. "Me. I was driving the car. Ask Brewer, in the shop."

"We'll just skip that one," said the lieutenant, "because your friend Frank Connaughton says you weren't. What the hell is this—Nobility Night?"

Irene hid her face in her hands and wept. "Oh, Van, I've been trying so hard, and I've done it all wrong!"

Walter had not the slightest idea what she meant, but somehow her words gave him hope. Was it possible that in her confused, little-girl way, Irene for once was trying to protect someone else?

"Trying hard to do what, Irene?" he asked. She was on very thin ice—but he *must* have more information.

"Such a dear sweet boy—" Irene said, faltering.

"A boy? What boy?" Walter asked. Then he understood. The Riley boy! Walter took an eager step forward. "Was it young Tom, Irene?" he said.

She nodded.

"You saw him in town," Walter said, telling the story for her. "He was on his way home from his date. You remembered he was staying at the lake, so you gave him a lift."

She nodded again, vehemently. "That's right, Van," Irene said.

"Did he ask if he could drive the Bug? Sure he did—any kid would."

This time she shook her head. "No, Van," she said slowly. "I asked him to drive because I was drunk. That's why I don't know exactly where it happened—"

"You've been trying to protect the boy—haven't you, Irene?" he said. "All the things you told Mr. Rafael and me, all the things you said to Mr. Mapes, were just to protect young Tom?"

"I tried, Van," Irene said. "I'm just not clever enough."

Walter stood beside his wife, with an arm across her shoulders. He turned to the others triumphantly; and as he looked at their faces, the triumph left his own. In Rafael's face, he saw disgust; in the lieutenant's, contempt; and in both of them, pity for himself.

They did not believe a word Irene had been saying. Walter looked now at his wife's face. How well he knew that look: the mingled desperation and cunning that meant she was lying—not for someone else's sake; but lying, as always, to protect herself.

He felt her shoulder tremble, and suddenly he withdrew his arm. His eyes were hard. Irene saw their hardness. She shuddered and backed away from him. She retreated into the garage, folded her arms on the door of the Bugatti, and bowed her head.

"You may as well give the lieutenant the boy's full name now," Rafael said to Walter. And Mapes said dryly: "If you don't, your wife will. She's done everything in her power to pin it on this youngster, whoever he is."

WALTER hesitated. "I'm sorry, Mr. Van Wagen," Mapes said firmly. "I'll have to take her into town and charge her. I'll check on the boy. That's just routine."

So it's up to me after all, said Walter to himself. I've got to turn in my own wife. I've got to say, "Take her." They're waiting for me to say it. What about loyalty now? Where does it stop? Is it narrow or broad? Where do we reach the boundary? He remembered the servants he had discharged because Irene had accused them falsely of drinking or stealing; the friends he had lost because Irene, jealous or disapproving, had lied to him about them and lied to them about him. He remembered bewildered, hurt, stricken people by the dozen. Lies added to the heartbreak in the world, and the world had enough heartbreak even when only the truth was told. That was why Mapes who had seen plenty of tragedy, felt contempt.

But above all, Walter thought of the Riley boy—of the two Riley boys; one a figment, the other real. Irene had conjured up an imaginary boy to save her—but she was willing, quite willing, to let the real one go to prison. That was what was abominable.

Like an automatic rifle fired off behind their heads, the explosions of the Bugatti cylinders were a warning to be heeded. They leaped apart. The black car hurtled past them, gravel flying.

"Couldn't face it," said Mapes mildly. "Running away."

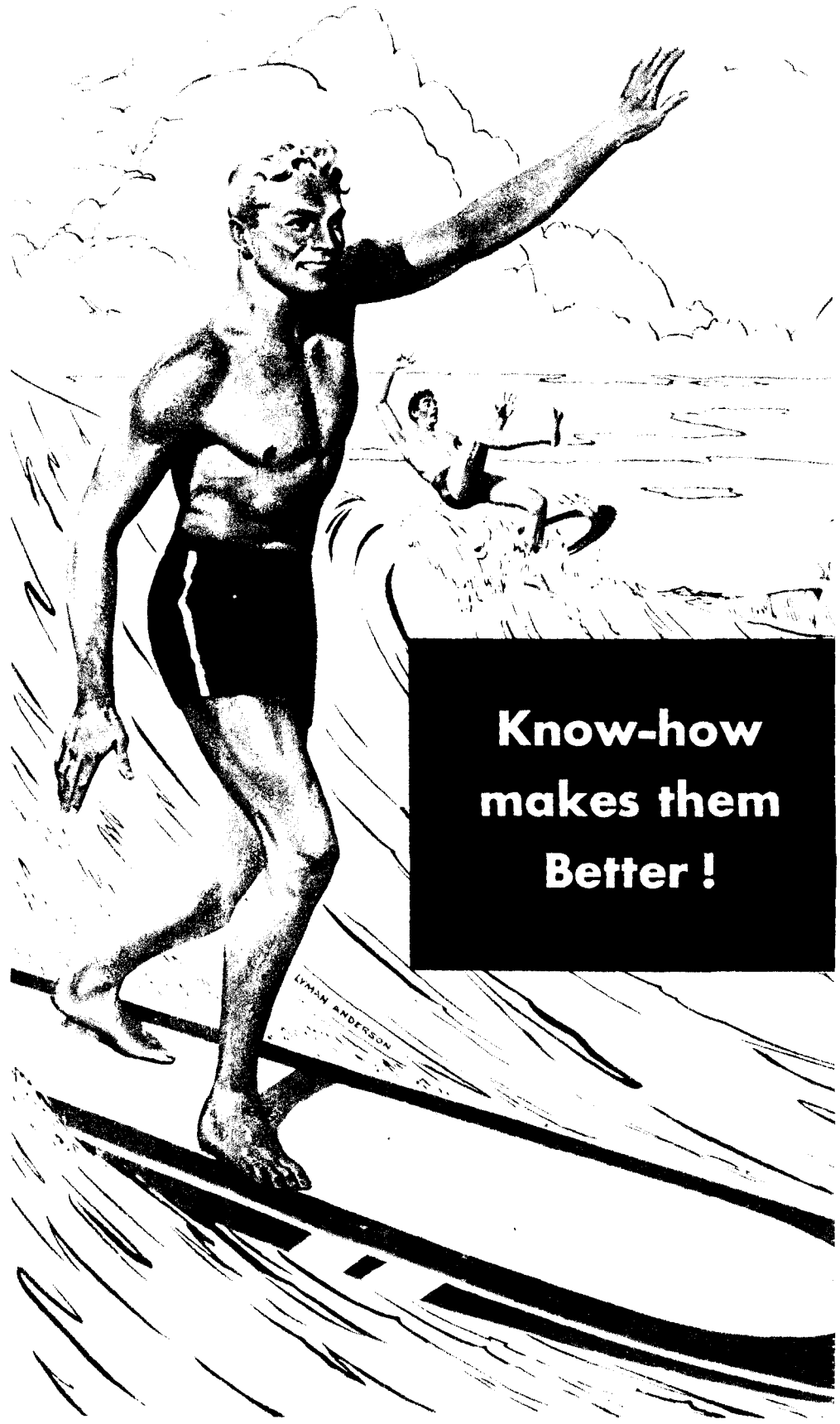
"I'm sorry, Van Wagen," said Rafael, "but you were only doing her harm. We always do, when we try to take on someone else's responsibility."

"I'll go after her," said Walter, uncertainly.

"I have a radio in my car. She won't get far," Mapes said confidently. "Let her go."

And Walter, looking out along the empty drive, the bitter reek of castor oil about him in the air as a last reminder, heard himself echo: "Let her go." He no longer cared, really. He was free; and he was glad.

THE END



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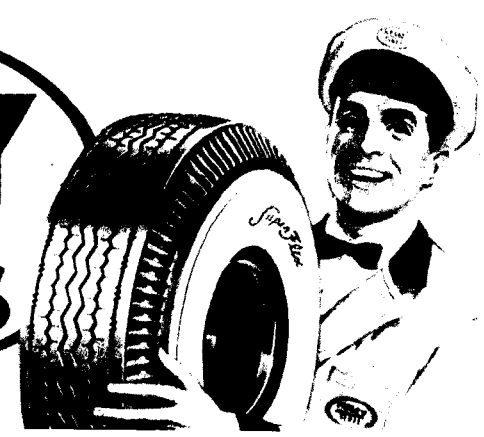

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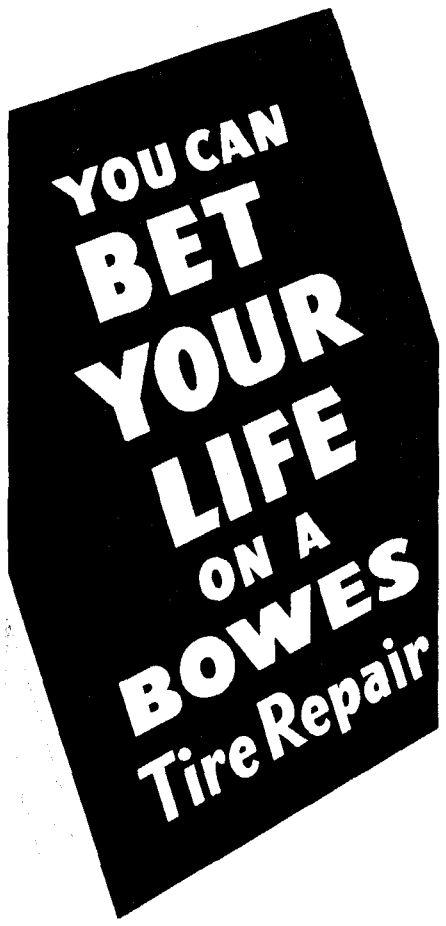

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150,000,000 Noses—Count 'Em

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

Often, women who bragged about wearing the pants did not know what their husbands did for a living or how much they earned. One described her husband's occupation as a *piddler,* and explained airily, "Oh, he just piddles around." Another said her man was a *pacer and turner,* adding, "He just paces up the road and turns around again."

Incidentally, there will be several thousand people over 100 years old. Quite a few turned up in a recent count, and an amazing crew they were! One not only farmed but carried the plow on his shoulder down to the field. Another danced an Irish jig for the enumerator. A third kept whistling at the girls.

The centenarians had ridden the Chisholm Trail, traveled in covered wagons, read by the light of buffalo-tallow candles.

Our enumerators talk at length to millions. It is a pity that all their findings cannot be assembled. Their observations would make a wonderful, full-length portrait of America. From their reports we emerge as a gay, warm-hearted, generous, lovable, resourceful, courageous people.

"Mr. and Mrs. America," said one census taker in an Indiana district, "are 95 per cent gracious, well-informed and friendly."

Another declared that the "best place to raise a new generation of Americans is in an average middle-class home where the husband has a steady job and the wife runs the home."

There are many examples of courage and simple goodness of heart. In Chicago, a family of five, aged sixteen to sixty-one, all blind, were getting along nicely doing sewing that a neighbor gets for them. A man on a salary of a little over $1,000 is not only caring for his six children but he is also sheltering a two-year-old orphan. Then there were the people who moved into a house and found a seventy-seven-year-old paralytic in an upstairs bedroom. The previous tenants had left the helpless woman behind. Instead of calling a hospital, the newcomers made her one of their own.

Treatment Is Rough at Times

People show their character by the way they greet the census takers. Some throw open the door, bawling, "Come in!" Others, a little timid, insist on talking through a door or window. In one case, it was raining and the enumerator, standing outside, complained that her paper was getting wet. The woman of the house came outside, carefully locked the door, and the census proceeded under an umbrella. People have waggled guns, waved carving knives, and one man pushed a census taker down three flights of stairs. Another chased an enumerator half a mile thinking he was one of the gypsies who had robbed his house the week before.

These, of course, are the exceptions. Usually enumerators are invited in, urged to take lunch or coffee or wine or cherry pie. Census time is cherry time. One man insisted the enumerator eat and when she tried to beg off, he said, "No food, no census." She ate. In another case, the census woman was asked to park her meager lunch in the icebox. When she retrieved it she discovered that her delicatessen store ham had been replaced by thick slabs of steak.

In return the census takers do many good deeds. One got an obviously innocent man released from prison. Another arrived before a wedding and proved to be the only one in the household capable of knotting the bridegroom's white tie. A little old man in red flannels came to the door of a river hut, sneezing, saying, "This is no time for a lady to call."

"Get back in bed, or you'll catch cold," said the enumerator, and when he was tucked in went on to ask her questions.

Our first census was held in 1790. Seventeen United States marshals and about 600 assistants took that one. They wrote down the names and then tacked the lists on a tavern door so that if anybody had been left out he could add his name. Then they mailed the results to the President. That's all there was to it. Since then we have been making the count every 10 years but it wasn't until 1902 that the census became a permanent affair, with a place and title of its own. This will be our 17th.

The job of counting our citizens has become a full-time occupation for several thousand permanent employees of the Census Bureau. Census headquarters are in a large building at Suitland, Maryland. Within are hundreds of tabulating machines and miles of filing cabinets containing cards for every resident of the United States.

Each time you are interviewed you get a card. These cards come in mighty handy for the 50,000,000-odd Americans whose births have never been officially registered. For a dollar, they can get what amounts to an affidavit of birth which is acceptable to the State Department for issuing passports, to insurance companies, and all others who need such evidence. Eighty thousand persons a year write for this type of information.

Although its big job comes up only in the zero years, the bureau functions in many areas throughout the decade. It takes an agricultural survey every five years. It does a census of manufacturers, publishes export and import figures, statistics of the mining industry and cotton production. Its monthly survey of population and employment, done with a technique all its own, is amazingly accurate. Any community, willing to foot the bill, can employ the bureau to do a census, and in the past 10 years more than 400 have availed themselves of the opportunity.

As a matter of record, the bureau technicians pointed out the dangers inherent in the methods of the professional pollsters long before President Truman's triumph.

Machine Used to Speed Work

Late in the 1880s, the bureau, which at that time had been making its tabulations by hand, found that the 1890 census was coming up, and still the results of the last census were not yet complete. This was serious. Dr. Herman Hollerith, a statistician with an inventive turn of mind, devised a machine that would speed up the census. The result was the now-famous punch card machines which can sort thousands of cards an hour.

Ever in search of new methods for hastening its decennial task, the bureau has batteries of simple and complex electronic devices which can add, subtract, divide and multiply fantastic sums at the touch of a button.

In the present census it will employ for the first time a machine called the Univac, developed by a Philadelphia concern under a National Bureau of Standards contract. It is similar to the Eniac, a computer used during the war to calculate the flight of projectiles; it was said to be able to complete computation before a missile reached its target. Today, the more compact and versatile Univac will serve a civilian purpose for the first time. This is a 10,000-

COLLIER'S "Tired yet, Burton?" JARO FABRY

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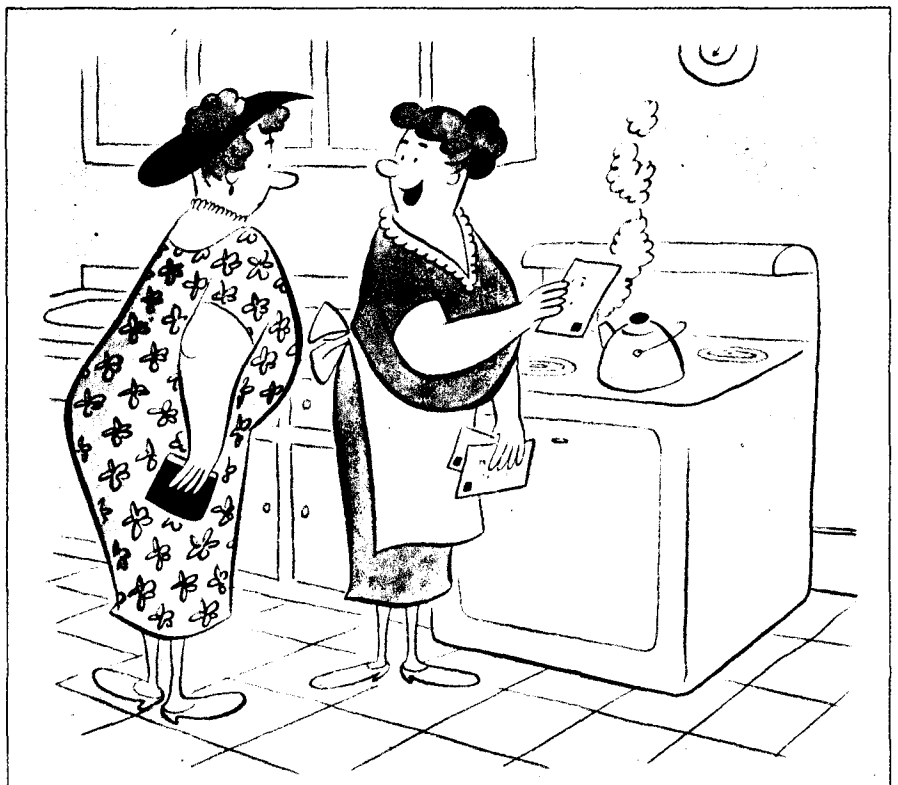


COLLIER'S

"George and I have no secrets from each other. Of course, he doesn't know that"

MORT WALKER

tube affair that like the human brain has *a memory*. In other words, it can do one problem, lay it aside or *remember it* while it does another.

The field planning for all this is under way now. The country is being divided into 13 to 14 regions and subdivided into 1,000 districts, each to cover 150,000 people. There will be close to 900 field offices headed by census supervisors. Ninety mail cars will be needed to transport supplies to these field stations. The finished results—that is, the filled-out questionnaires—will come back registered mail in some 60,000 boxes.

For 1960, the bureau has new gadgets up its sleeve. The best one works on a principle that requires that the enumerators check the answers with pencils that leave a metallic mark on the paper. Schedules so marked can be fed into a machine that will produce its own punch cards, thus eliminating the need for punch machines and their operators. Already tested in Louisville, Cincinnati and Altoona, Pennsylvania, it has proved satisfactory. The only reason it is not being used next year is because of the inability of the manufacturer to produce the machines on time. Ultimately, it should be possible to do the entire job of tabulation in a year or less, granted that the already lengthy schedule is not further swollen with new questions.

Secrets Are Held Inviolate

The facts gathered by the census have since its beginning been carefully guarded secrets. Neither the F.B.I., the armed forces, the Internal Revenue Bureau nor the President can force the bureau to disclose any information. And any party who attempts it commits an illegal act and is subject to a jail sentence. This safeguard is well appreciated by businessmen who conceal their financial statements from their competitors but do not hesitate to tell all to the census.

Incidentally, people have quite a few cockeyed ideas about these decennial tabulations. Some regard the census as a step toward setting up a big matrimonial agency to get every woman a good man.

Many suspected it of being a prelude to mobilization for war, a device for increasing taxation, or for distributing the wealth.

One woman, hands on hips, said to the census taker before he could open his mouth, "I'll slap your face if you ask me if I'm a virgin."

People thought they were supposed to report the number of baths they took in a week and if any of their children were illegitimate. They really believed their bust measurements were going to be taken, their babies' teeth counted, their beds examined for bugs, that there was a special line reserved for redheads. One old woman, thinking the word was spelled s-e-n-s-e-s, said, "No use asking me, I haven't any left."

Some Unexpected Answers

A man, asked if he shared a bath, said with offended pride, "Sir, I always bathe alone." When asked if she had running water a housewife explained that "they had it fixed so it could be turned off." A woman said seriously she did not cook with gas but with a cookbook.

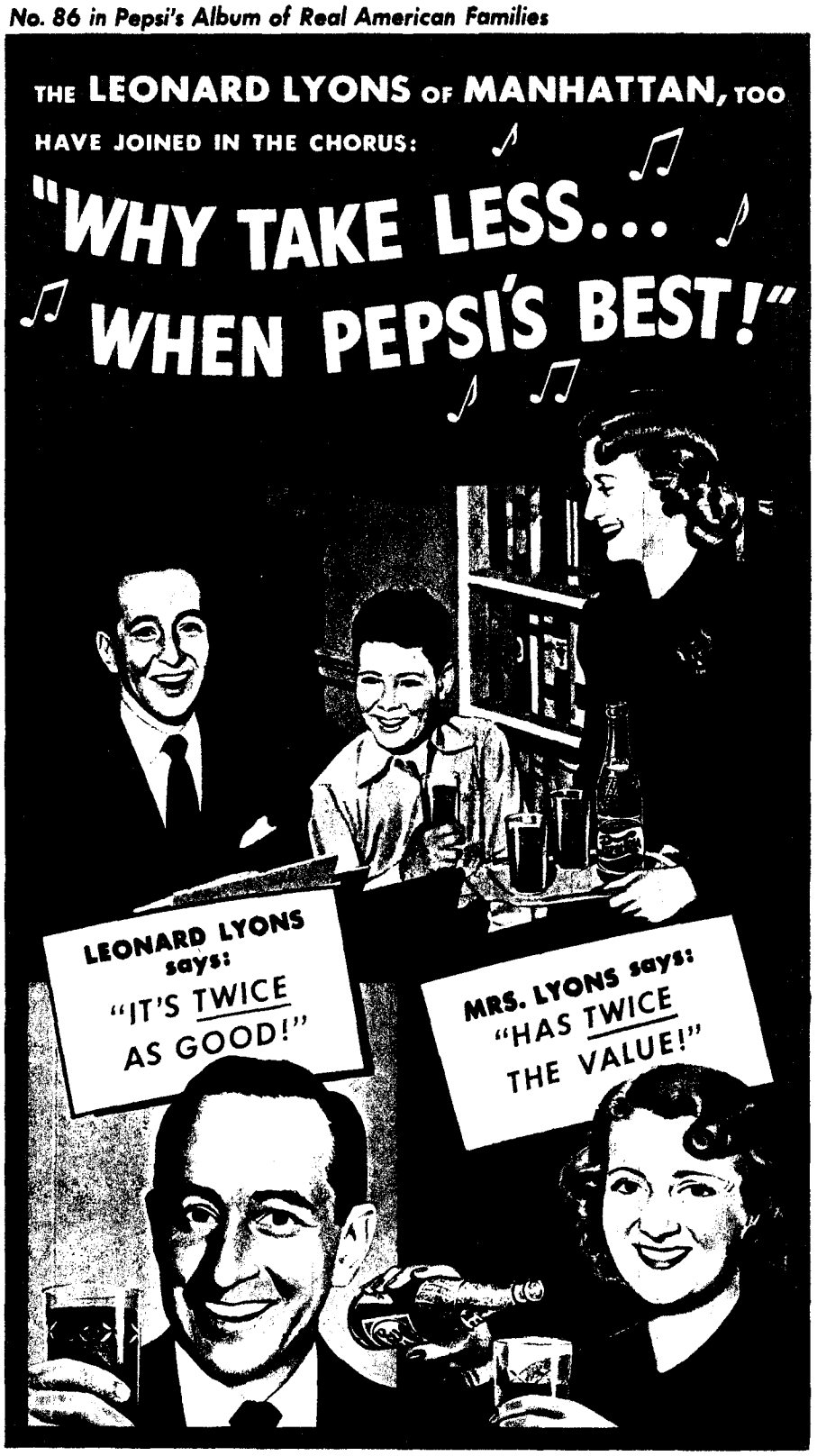
People were found living in caves, in tree houses, and abandoned streetcars. A family in Illinois had a home beneath the Dixie Highway. Thousands of cars roared overhead but they didn't seem to mind. Another family lived snugly in an old water tank. These people had cut doors and windows in the old planking, hung pictures on the wall, planted flowers by the doorstep. They were very happy. In Texas there were houses of petrified wood. In Florida a house was made entirely of milk bottles—15,000 of them.

The enumerators found happiness in the strangest places. They ran across one impressive example in a tiny cottage inhabited only by an old lady in a wheel chair and her paralyzed brother. The floors sparkled. The counterpanes glistened. There were flowers everywhere. "I envied her," said the census taker.

There is one conviction that all of these counters of men and women shared—that contentment has no relation to wealth or material things. They have found it in hovels and hobo jungles, in New York tenements and lakeside mansions. But wherever they find it, they find an animating spirit—a philosophy. It is something inside of the people and has nought to do with their surroundings, what they eat, or the way they live.

Scientifically and industrially we have made gigantic strides. Socially we have tended to lag. There is much to be done and soon we will have a new set of facts and figures to illuminate the problems and help us to a solution. THE END

No. 86 in Pepsi's Album of Real American Families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The Secret Boss of California

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

Frank X. (Porky) Flynn, sought to dissuade one John F. Dondero from running for the board.

"Run for the State Senate instead," Porky urged Dondero, promising to raise $12,000 to $15,000 for the Senate race.

Porky offered a clincher which told much about lobbying methods in California. To Dondero he said:

"It isn't the $100 a month (salary of a state legislator). It's the money you make being there. Look at Assemblyman Hornblower. He's attorney for Bay Meadows Race Track, doesn't do anything, gets $5,000 a year."

When Artie told the grand jury of his "effect upon the election of candidates," he spoke truthfully.

Faces on the Barroom Wall

For years, perceptive observers in California have been able to predict winning candidates by noting which had their pictures in the bars. Another sure-fire way of picking political winning in California is to see whose pictures dominate the billboards.

Most of the 4,000-odd billboards in the state are leased by Artie's beer, liquor and cigarette clients. In the political season these are turned over to Artie to use in backing his candidates.

The clients who obligingly relinquish billboards also provide other and more substantial sinews of political war.

Samish told the grand jury that California brewers, with some exceptions, tax themselves five cents per barrel to raise a yearly $150,000 "Educational Fund." Samish has such unquestioned control over this fund that (as the grand jury found) he is permitted to destroy the canceled checks drawn against it. This fund pays Samish's salary and is also used normally to support candidates for the legislature. For special crises, such as the Drys' attempt to bring local option to California last year, Samish can muster much more.

"The fight against the Drys cost $750,000. Put that down," Samish told this writer. "The big boys paid the bills; the little fellows (the licensees, the workers in liquor-serving establishments) did the work."

Samish can tap other sources. The Motor Carriers Association, which he formed, "is Art Samish" he told the grand jury. Presumably, its funds are available for campaigns, too.

Artie explained his campaign methods to me.

"If you're my candidate you become everybody's (i.e., the bartender's, the teamster's, the musician's, the liquor clerk's) problem day and night. I may put a man in charge of you or send in a whole team of workers.

"I'm not interested in giving you contributions. We don't do it that way. What do I care about contributions? I'll spend ten times as much as the other fellow if necessary. I'm interested in electing you. What good are you to me unless you're elected?"

What Artie meant by "You become everybody's problem day and night" was illustrated by his successful drive to elect Judge Elmer E. Robinson, San Francisco's mayor. Literature that he spread through the liquor trade urged:

"You must vote. Your employees must vote. Your families must vote. Your friends and their friends must vote. Vote for Judge Robinson for mayor."

When, in addition, Robinson posters overnight appeared on downtown San Francisco billboards and Robinson signs sprouted in saloons, the wise money knew Samish was behind Robinson, and that Robinson—one of four candidates—was in.

Samish campaign funds go for no frills. He rents no headquarters, provides no personal campaign expenses to candidates.

The money goes into advertising, billboards, radio and newspapers.

Samish usually concentrates his activities on the races for the legislature.

"Give me an Assemblyman, and you can have all the mayors in California," he says.

At Sacramento, the California capital, it is estimated he controls a hard core of 30 Assemblymen (out of a possible 80). Dominating the biggest block of votes, Samish is able to trade. He makes defensive and offensive alliances with lesser lobbyists that permit him to deliver the legislature on any matter that concerns his clients or is of special interest to him. So firm is his grip on the legislature that other lobbyists, to be successful, follow a simple rule:

"We think you're the darlingest-looking cops we've ever seen!"

COLLIER'S — MARY GIBSON

They lobby Samish.

Artie takes a hand in organizing the legislature. The object: to capture those committees that can speed or kill the laws he's interested in. Here California's reforms help him. The majority party does not organize the Assembly and name the Speaker and the committees as in most other states. At Sacramento the Speaker is elected by all parties and then *he* names the committees.

To win the Speaker's job, the successful candidate must make promises in advance to give important committee assignments to those who will support him. In the hectic trading that precedes the opening of every legislative session, a Samish favorite usually captures the speakership and with it the important committee posts that are at the Speaker's disposal.

Samish helped name the present Speaker, Sam Collins. How he did it typifies his flair for the unorthodox in politics.

One day Assemblyman Sam Collins and the district attorney of Los Angeles, Frederick Napoleon Howser, came to Artie. Both were "Samish men." Howser had got his start in politics when Samish had him elected Assemblyman, as Artie says, "at the request of one of my bosses."

Both wanted to be attorney general.

"I analyze the situation; it's a cinch," Artie recalls. "There's a lieutenant governor by the name of Fred Houser, and people are likely to be confused between this familiar *Fred Houser* and my *Fred N. Howser.*"

California voters (with no parties to guide them) usually vote for the familiar name on the ballot and re-elect incumbents. So Artie advised Howser to run for attorney general—"It would be a cinch."

To Sam Collins he gave a consolation prize.

"You be the Speaker of the Assembly," he said.

In California, Artie proposes and Artie disposes. Sure enough, Howser (what's in the spelling of a name?) became attorney general, and Collins became Speaker.

Only once in the last dozen years has there been a Speaker whom Artie didn't help name. During Governor Culbert Olson's administration, when the Democrats briefly organized and ruled the legislature, Samish was up against an independent Speaker. But the maverick didn't last. Samish had his political head in a basket even before the full session ended, and a new Speaker took over.

Speakers usually are on good speaking terms with Artie. One spoke so often to him that he had a direct phone from his office in the Capitol to Artie's rooms in the Senator Hotel. They don't rack their brains about suitable timber for committees in which Artie is interested. Artie always has suggestions.

By coincidence—as even casual investigation will reveal—the two committees in which he has the greatest stake are outfitted with almost identical sets of lawmakers, most of them known in Sacramento as stout Samish men.

One important Samish committee is the Committee on Public Morals, which handles all bills affecting liquor, gambling and race tracks. The way it handles them is to kill most antigambling measures and throw its weight on the side of sporting life in California. (Sometimes Public Morals lets an antigambling measure through. When it does, a Senate committee "takes care" of it.)

Public Morals committeemen voted recently, almost to a man, to legalize the bookmaking racket in California. The committee's chairman, Lester A. McMillan, has fought against the governor's Crime Commission. The commission is sifting underworld influence and rackets in the state. This year McMillen threatened for a time to join the fight against the commission's appropriations—and so kill it.

Armed with a commanding block of votes, a friendly Speaker and key committees Artie is ready for all eventualities in the state legislature. But to deliver laws or kill them, Artie needs one more thing: insight into and mastery of the obscure twists and turns, the detailed legal protocol by which a bill moves from the idea stage through the legislative hopper to become a law. This is known as *procedure.*

Listen to Artie:

"Procedure," he says, "is the secret of success around here. It's the one lovin' thing I know. There isn't a short cut around the place I don't know."

No one in California knows them as well.

When a banker once asked Artie to help him cope with an onerous provision in the state banking laws, Artie said, "You've come to the doctor."

The banker's dilemma: The law allowed him to hold foreclosed real estate for only five years. He might have to sell at depressed prices.

How to Amend Banking Laws

Here's what Doctor Artie ordered: a change in the state's banking laws to permit the banker to hold his real estate for *ten* years instead of *five.* And here's how Doctor Artie delivered:

"I had the whole banking law printed up," he relates. "It was this thick (using thumb and index finger to illustrate a document several inches in bulk). Only one word was changed. The word *five* was changed to *ten.*"

Here's where Artie's knowledge of procedure came in.

When a law is amended, the amended portion is italicized to aid legislators in spotting it. The changed single word in the bulky law would be a needle in a haystack, even if italicized. But Artie made doubly sure that prying eyes wouldn't find it. He was instrumental in having the law quietly amended a second time (on a minor matter) thus removing—in the final printing—the italics from the crucial word *ten.* Now, there seemed to be no change at all in the old banking law.

"It passed unanimous," Artie recalls happily. His grasp of legislative procedure saved his banker client more than $20,000,000.

"I know a million tricks," says Artie.

Other men devote a lifetime to studying the law of medicine. Artie, who never got beyond the seventh grade because he had to support his mother, has devoted 33 years to studying the legislature. Starting as a page boy, the teenage Artie absorbed everything and he forgot nothing.

"He'd learn more in a minute than I'd pick up in a week," Al McCabe, Hiram Johnson's secretary, recalls.

One of the useful things that Artie

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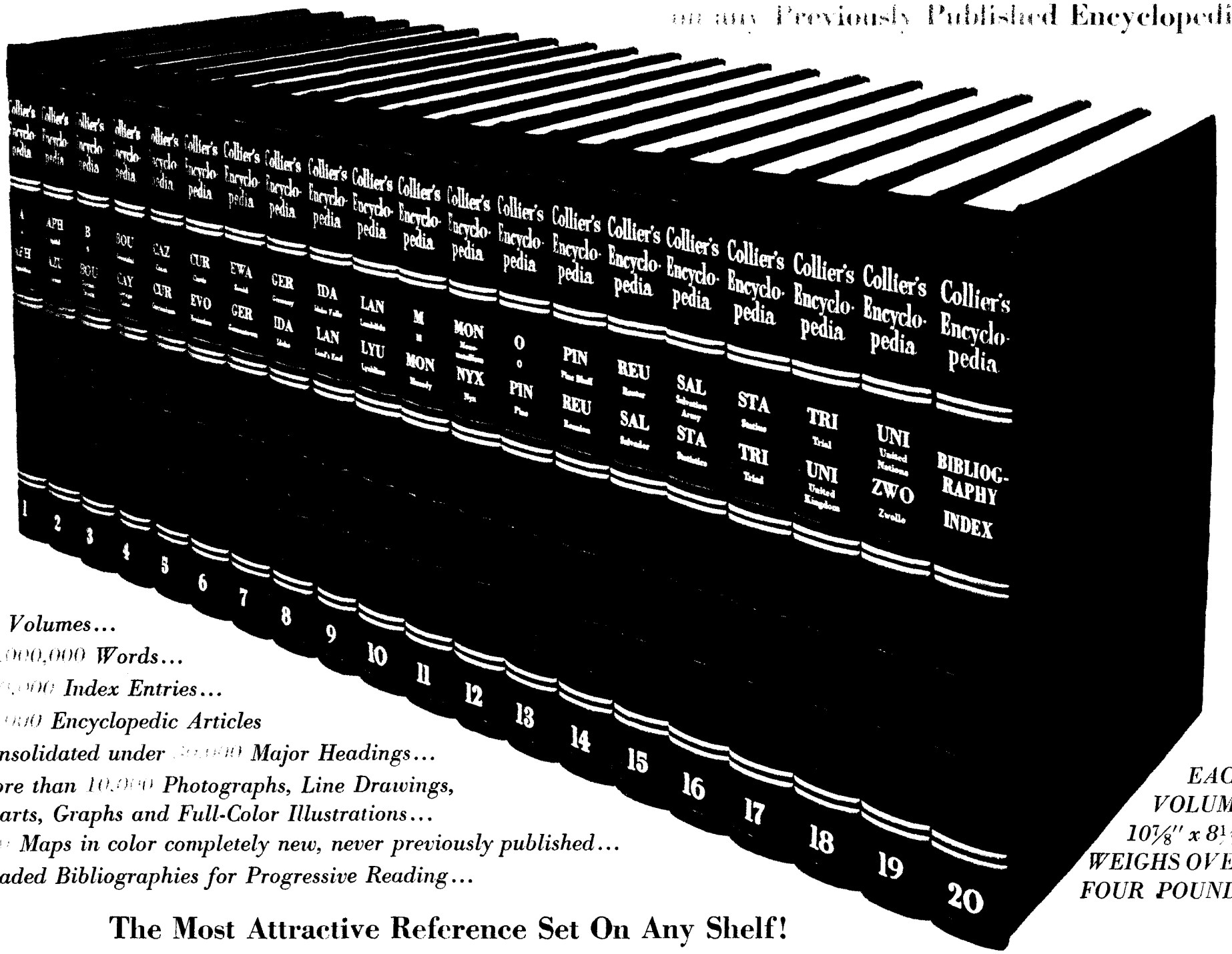

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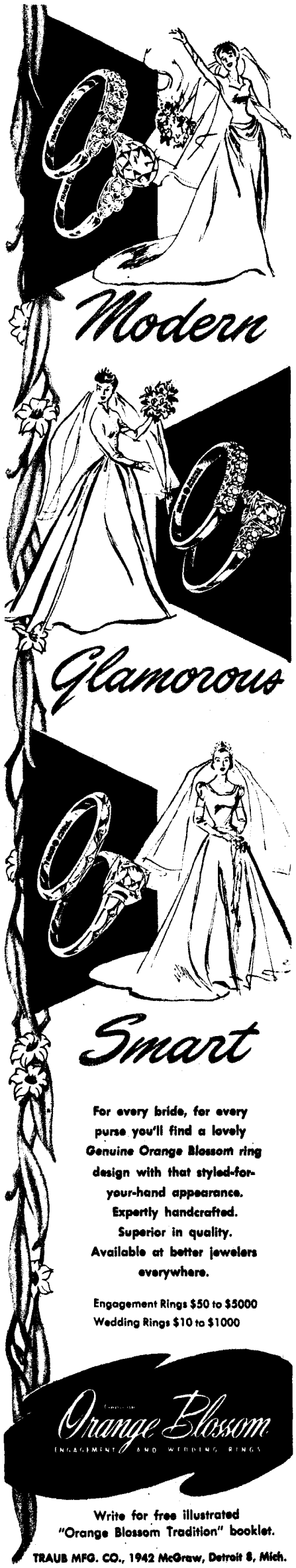

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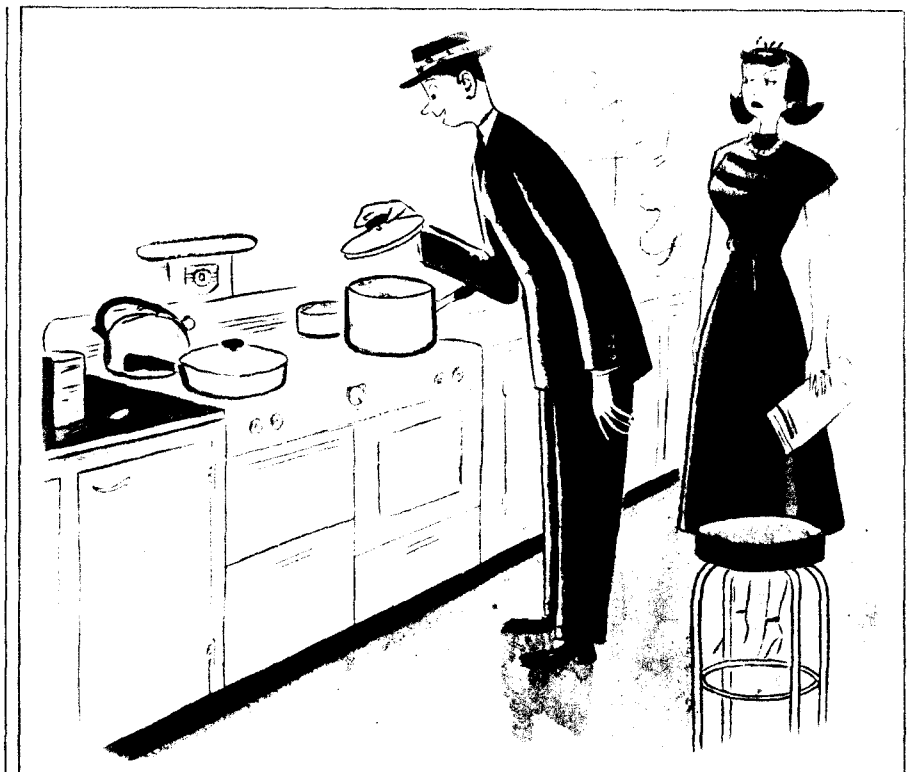


COLLIER'S "Well, well! Guess what I had for lunch" CHARLES PEARSON

learned was the strategic importance of a seemingly innocuous legislative functionary known as the "engrossing and enrolling clerk." Artie once had this job and learned its duties: to check the spelling, punctuation and wording of a measure after it passes both houses. If a comma is misplaced, if a word is misspelled, the measure can't move on to the governor for his signature. Thus, late in the session, a bill can be expedited, and live—or delayed, and die.

This Job Has Possibilities

"The engrossing and enrolling clerk is the key figure in the Assembly," says Artie. "How can the governor act on a measure if it doesn't get to him—or if the bill has to go back to the printer?" he asks with a ponderous air of innocence.

Many a measure has died because of a misspelled word. The timing of the bill's appearance on the clerk's desk has to be calculated carefully.

So slick was the strategy with which an anti-slot-machine rackets bill was maneuvered to death recently that frustrated law enforcement officers blamed it on the fine (but hidden) hand of the legislative master, Artie. The slot-machine racket is like sin: everybody is against it. So it was a brilliant political feat to have the anti-slots bill defeated without even forcing Senators or Assemblymen to go on record *for* the gambling rackets.

Samish vigorously denies any interest in slot-machine matters. But in any case, here is what happened: Passed by the Assembly and safely voted out of committee in the Senate, the anti-slot-machine bill nevertheless did not become law. Artie's closest friend in the Senate, onetime Lieutenant Governor George Hatfield, openly took over the fight against the anti-rackets bills. So close is Senator Hatfield to Samish that nothing is ever allowed to interfere with their Friday-night dinners together. There they often discuss items of mutual interest.

It was Senator Hatfield who miraculously produced an obscure rule to show the anti-rackets bills had been reported out improperly by the Senate committee.

P.S.: The slot machine "one-arm bandits"—which empty Californians' pockets of an estimated $200,000,000 yearly—still flourish.

In the legislature, Artie uses his power with reserve. He usually confines himself to matters that concern his clients. Here he exerts his greatest power. By sticking to these he doesn't risk getting into fights he might lose. In this way he shrewdly strengthens the legend of his juggernaut power. But occasionally he will stray into extracurricular matters through whimsy, or to do a favor, or to indulge a growing bent toward liberal causes.

Although Samish, at a client's behest, once helped kill a bill to set up a "Little Wagner Act" for California, he has at times helped labor lobbyists at Sacramento, and they swear by him. It was Artie who apparently cooled off State Senator Jack B. Tenney, chairman of California's famous Un-American Activities Committee—whose burning crusade against subversives was beginning to run wild.

"Meet Tenney on the street and say 'hello' to him. He calls you a Red," Artie mocked.

And so in mid-June, seemingly at the apex of his career, Tenney resigned as Un-American Activities Committee chairman, and his chief "loyalty" proposals landed in the legislative quick freeze.

"Who'd you like to see next as Un-American Activities Committee chairman?" Artie affably asked this writer on the eve of Tenney's eclipse.

Tenney's rise and fall illuminates the whimsical side of the Samish operation. Artie came upon young Tenney while he was looking for an Assembly candidate to run in a Los Angeles district.

"What's your background? What have you done?" asked Artie.

"I've written the song Mexicali Rose," said Tenney.

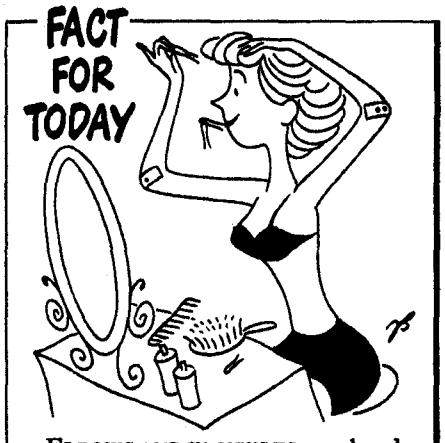
"Mexicali Rose?" said Artie, a lover of music. "That's good enough for me."

A Crusader in the Doghouse

Samish saw that Tenney got elected to the Assembly where the future crusader against un-American activities promptly got into hot water by co-authoring a bill backed by leftist elements. The measure would have repealed California's criminal syndicalism law which provides punishment for advocating violent overthrow of the government. Later Tenney changed his mind, and lived this down to become chairman of the Public Morals Committee. Then he was promoted to the Senate. Now in Artie's doghouse, his future is uncertain.

While his main interest is in the legislature, Samish will occasionally get in-

FACT FOR TODAY



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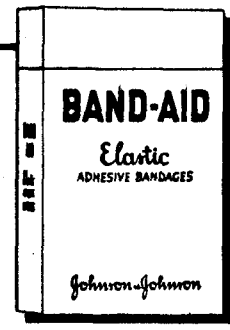

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volved in races for mayor, judgeships and lesser offices.

Artie helped elect Judge Elmer Robinson mayor of San Francisco to repay an old political debt. When George Reilly, a member of the license-dispensing and tax-controlling Board of Equalization, said he'd also like to run for mayor, Artie dissuaded him by letting him name two important officials in the Robinson administration. Artie has been powerful enough in his home town of San Francisco to elect a judge in the face of opposition by the bar and by newspapers. He has, as we have already seen, managed to have a man of his choosing elected attorney general.

What can California do about the secret boss who wields this power?

Paradoxically, no state in the Union has as many reforms aimed at overcoming political bossism as has California. State and city jobs are almost all civil service, so that there's little patronage for party machines and bosses to thrive on. Most local elections are nonpartisan. Candidates can thumb their noses at political parties and machines by running in both Republican and Democrat primaries at the same time. Cross filing—as it is known in California—has killed off party bosses. But it has also weakened the two-party system, and with it, party responsibility.

In a state like New York, where parties designate candidates, Samish would have to capture a whole party to control the state legislature. In California all he has to do is capture individuals. In a state like New York the voter can rebel against both party and party boss by occasionally "throwing the rascals out." In California, where legislators are elected either as Democrats or Republicans or both, which party are you going to hold responsible for a do-nothing legislative session? Whom will you throw out?

Another point: In other states, a candidate receives a party designation and party campaign funds. In California he is largely on his own. Any Californian with $30 in his pocket can get on the ballot and run, say for Assembly or State Senate. But it costs as much as $5,000 to win such a race. With no party to put up $5,000 to win a $1,200 Senator's or Assemblyman's job who will put up the money?

The answer: The new-type lobbyist-bosses who collect stables of legislators. Chief of these is Samish.

Bob Kenny, a former attorney general—who has a talent for picturesque phrases—summed it up:

"We have reformed ourselves right into the hands of our executioners."

So powerful is California's so-called Third House that at the recent session it spelled out the budget policy to the two legislative houses.

Scene in a Lobbyist's Hotel

When the legislature hacked Governor Earl Warren's budget bill, it was using a cleaver that had already been swung in Sacramento's Senator Hotel—in the rooms of Monroe Butler, lobbyist for independent oil companies in California.

"I had five or six Assemblymen up here at a time for lunch until about 50 had come," Butler told me. "I explained the budget to them, and we laid out the strategy for slashing it. Elmer Bromley (utility lobbyist) and Vincent Kennedy (retailers' lobbyist) helped. And Charlie Stevens (lobbyist for major oil firms) worked the Senate."

What has made the Third House so persuasive?

Obligingly, Mr. Butler (the independent oil company lobbyist) explains:

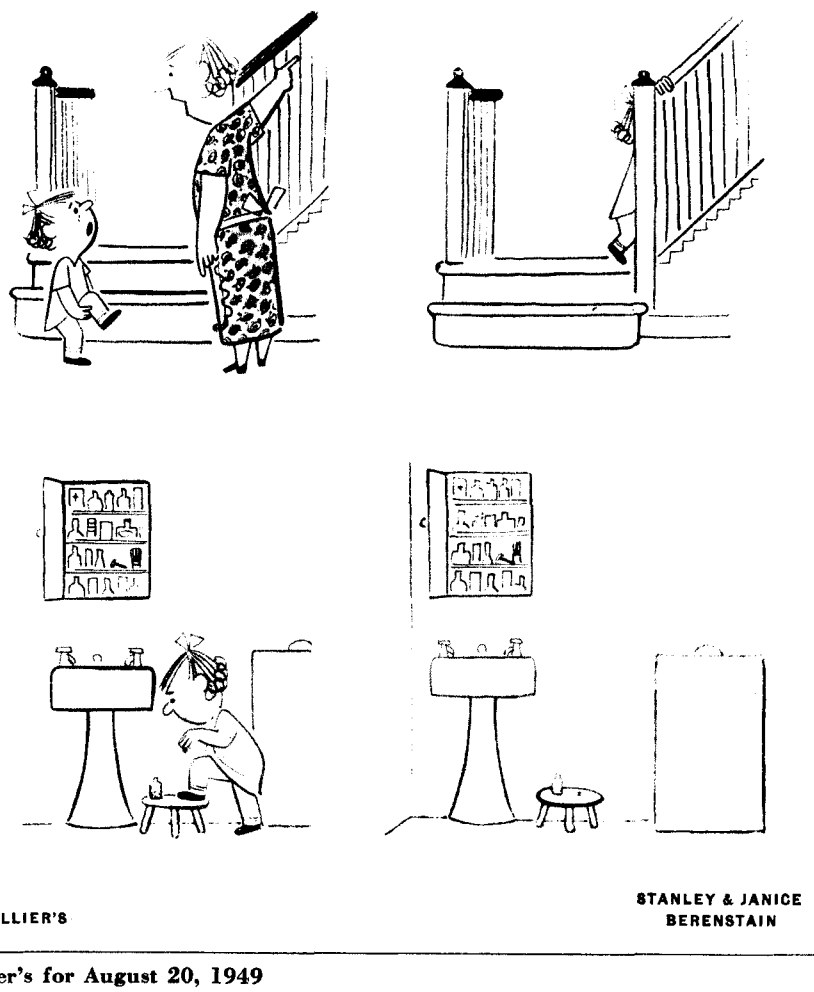
"These people (the legislators) don't get elected by accident simply on their own steam," he told this writer. "Hell, we give them contributions. We give them checks.

"The contributions," added Butler, "are made on the basis of a man's record."

When legislative investigators summed up their own and a grand jury's findings back in 1938, they said:

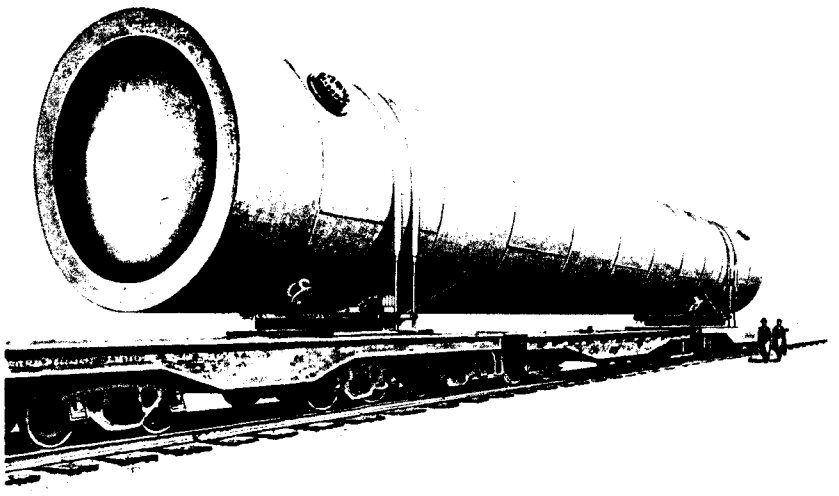
"Corruption is not necessarily bribery. The term is a general one suggesting loss

SISTER



COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN



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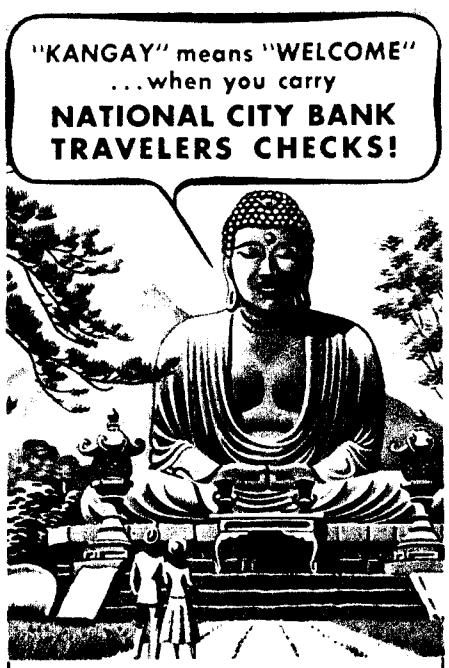
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of integrity—a taint. Instances of bribery encountered in the investigation were relatively few . . . The principal source of corruption has been 'money pressure.' The principal methods of applying such pressure: fees paid to lawyer legislators and expenditures of lobbyists. The principal offender has been Arthur H. Samish. . . .

"As long as lobbying of the type and on the scale practiced by Mr. Samish is countenanced there will be corruption in the legislature. For he seeks to establish . . . a secretive 'fourth branch' of government—in effect a supergovernment overriding the legislative, executive and judicial branches."

How can California's people get their government back? Here are some ways to do it, say the political experts:

First, restore the two-party system and re-establish party responsibility by abolishing cross filing. Running as a party designee, a candidate will get his campaign funds from the party and be responsible to a party caucus. Even if this brings back the party boss, an admitted evil, at least he's in the open where you can get at him and turn him out on occasion.

Make candidates disclose the source of all campaign funds. (In California, lobbyists can contribute to a candidate's campaign "without his knowledge" and so, under existing law, he doesn't have to report it.)

Increase the legislators' salaries. When $5,000 has to be spent to win a $1,200-a-year job, that money is usually put up by someone who wants something. Once elected, on $1,200 a year, it's hard for a legislator to resist offers of legal fees, insurance and other business patronage with which lobbyists wheedle favors.

There is another way of cracking California's supergovernment and returning the legislature to the people.

"If I were the governor," a close friend of Artie's once told him, "I'd drive you out of the state in 48 hours."

Governor Warren has been urged to take the lobbying issue to the people, to wage a vigorous, eye-opening campaign against the secret lobbyist-bosses. He has intimated that if he runs for office again this might well be his chief campaign issue. Meanwhile, Artie Samish, master of legislative procedure and of every trick in the book, knows how to clean out the legislature too.

"How can the people get rid of you and others like you in California, Artie?" this writer asked Samish.

"There is one way," Artie replied. "The people must take more interest in the men they elect." THE END

Voice With Muscles

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

sales are off 66 per cent throughout the nation, but not for the Voice with Muscles. Monroe outpeddles his competitors with 5,000,000 a year. In recent months he has come up with a recording of a cowboy dirge called Riders in the Sky which has shattered all previous speed marks by selling over 1,000,000 records in less than 10 weeks. In June Variety reported that the Vaughn Monroe version of Riders in the Sky was number one on the juke boxes, number one among selections played by disk jockeys and number one in store sales—a combination comparable to a baseball player's leading both major leagues in batting, home runs and runs-batted-in.

Trade Paper Was Skeptical

At the moment, one-night-stand orchestra tours are supposed to be dead, with promoters and band leaders losing their shirts and contemplating leaping from upper-story windows in every town. But not the Voice with Muscles. When he set out on a 61-stop tour through the East and the South early this year, a Billboard headline announced skeptically on January 29, 1949: "Band Biz In Doldrums, Eh? Monroe's One-Nighters To Pull 500 G In 2-month Tour." The story beneath this said, in effect, "Oh, yeah?"

When Monroe returned on April 2, 1949, with an average take of $6,550 per night jangling in his jeans, he was greeted with another, more respectful headline in Billboard: "Monroe Finds There's Gold In Them 1-Nighters." The story began, with a tone of awe: "The phenomenal two-month road trek of the Vaughn Monroe ork came to a close last week with the red-hot orkster grossing about $400,000 in 61 play dates between January 6th and March 15th."

There are other testimonials to Mr. Monroe's eminence. Last June, for example, he entered Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston for a minor operation. The date and place of the operation were given code names and protected like an atomic secret by the Monroe entourage. Yet on the day he showed up at the hospital 50 teen-age girls were sitting in various attitudes of prayer on a backyard fence just outside the Great Man's window. They returned there every afternoon after school until Monroe went home.

In contrast, there is the occasion of Monroe's appearance at New York's Paramount Theater a few years ago, when small girls of the same age group nearly sent him *to* the hospital. As the elevator-bandstand descended to the level of the theater floor, some 75 adolescent females hurled themselves on the six-foot two-inch Monroe. They knocked him down, smeared his white suit with lipstick, ripped off large samples of fabric, removed his shirt buttons and cuff links, and separated him from his shoes and socks.

"Two kids," an old stagehand said, "each had aholt of one end of the guy's tie, and they were pulling, and they were choking the guy to death. We had to lower the stage to the basement and throw the kids out through the stage door."

This continuing adoration from adolescents sometimes puzzles the experts. For, although Monroe is still an extremely handsome, well-put-together man with blond hair, blue eyes and a football end's physique, he is pushing forty, and the blond hair is thinning and showing speckles of gray at the temples. Furthermore, he leads a sedate home life with his wife and two children.

An answer to the enigma is supplied by his agent, Willard Alexander, who helped propel to fame such American phenomena as Benny Goodman and Count Basie. Neither of them, he says, ever came close to matching Monroe in earnings. "For one thing," explains Alexander, "Monroe is one of the few top male vocalists who does not wear a toupee and/or elevator shoes. But most important of all, he is the first band leader to attack this business with a completely scientific approach."

The scientific approach is visible in nearly everything Monroe does. He scientifically arranged the band, for instance, so that there would be no distractions behind him. Its 21 musicians and nine vocalists are competent, unspectacular people who form nothing more than a backdrop for his voice. He scientifically decided that people would not pay big money just to see a handsome orchestra leader stand up and simper at them so he scientifically looted the entertainment world of the best vaudeville routines he could find. Consequently, when you go to a junior prom graced by Mr. Vaughn Monroe and Orchestra, you not only dance, but you see "5 Acts 5."

There are tap dancers, comic harmonica acts, a Spike Jones routine, a gentleman called the Clown Prince of Good Humor, concert violin solos, re-enactments of scenes from light opera featuring Vaughn Monroe, Vaughn Monroe in a cowboy suit, Vaughn Monroe in Funny Hats, Vaughn Monroe and Choir in Selected Songs, and production numbers, featuring Vaughn Monroe, with costumes, lighting and special effects worthy of the Radio City Music Hall.

Monroe scientifically has kept his voice pitched to a he-man roaring baritone. He deduced that the craze for soft-voiced crooners would eventually bring on a reaction in favor of greater masculinity in male singers. He was right. By scientifically examining the failures of several big-name orksters he discovered that generally they hit the skids through lapses such as refusing to go out on punishing one-night-stand tours, refusing to sign autographs, fleeing elsewhere after a brief token appearance on the bandstand, and announcing to the audience (as one prominent band leader did) that all within range of his voice were morons and Mongolian idiots.

Accordingly, Monroe has made himself the hardest-working man in the business. He says, "You've got to go out to see the people, or the people will stop coming to see you." He goes out to play over 200 one-nighters a year (no other band except Spike Jones's gets to do even a quarter as much), and travels more than 52,000 miles in the process. He always signs autographs, even for the most pestiferous of fans, and never strays from the bandstand for more than a few minutes during the four-hour hitch, which is regulation for one-nighters.

Even Monroe's routine publicity stunts bear a scientific imprint. When he came out with a hit tune called Dreamy Old New England Moon, he and his publicist, Marvin Drager, held a beauty contest in Massachusetts to select the Girl Who Photographs Most Beautifully in the New England Moonlight. Ordinarily such a contest could have been guaranteed to rate no more than passing mention in the newspapers—except for one thing. Just as the contestants began their parade in the moonlight, the moonlight suddenly disappeared. It was an eclipse of the moon. The newspapers treated this at great length and with hilarity, pointing out Monroe's absent-mindedness. Monroe says, "We absent-mindedly thumbed through six almanacs before selecting the date."

Most scientific of all is what Monroe does with his surplus cash. A series of investments have made him a captain of industry in a class with Magnate Bob Hope and Tycoon Bing Crosby.

A Nice Lot of Properties

In addition to his band, whose services command the highest price of any orchestra in history, Monroe is the owner, or part owner of (a) a fleet of taxicabs, (b) a Boston office building, (c) a 1,000-seat restaurant, (d) a song publishing firm, (e) an outfit called Stories for Young America, which puts out children's records, books and toys, (f) a Hollywood movie-producing unit, (g) several songs of which he is coauthor, including the U.S. Army's new anthem, Men of the Army, and (h) a catchall directing corporation entitled Vaughn Monroe Productions, Inc.

Of these, (c) and (e) are the most in-

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teresting. Stories for Young America got under way a few years ago when Monroe was on the road almost constantly and scarcely ever got to see his two small daughters.

"I spoke to them by long-distance phone so often," he says, "that they got to think their father was a telephone."

To remedy this situation, Monroe made a series of private records in which he spoke to the children, directed them to be good girls, sang them nursery rhymes, told them stories and bade them a paternal good night. Mrs. Monroe played a record for the girls every night, in an attempt to make them feel that their father was closer to them than, say, San Antonio, Texas. One day a Victor Recording executive heard one of the records at the Monroe homestead and forthwith got Monroe to do a child's musical geography lesson called "Billy-on-a-Bike."

Thus enlightened as to the commercial possibilities in the children's field, Monroe organized Stories for Young America, which has put out a series of books and records (on which Monroe collaborated with an air-line captain named Louis J. Smith) about an adventurous airplane named Mr. Putt-Putt. It also has on the market a plastic figurine of Mr. Putt-Putt, a Mr. Putt-Putt lamp, etc. At the moment the Voice with Muscles is planning similar doings with the Story of the Chocolate Choo-choo, and the Story of the Rag Dolly.

Eatery Makes Big Money, Too

Even more successful is Monroe's restaurant, The Meadows, which he and two partners recently erected on the highway between Boston and Worcester, Massachusetts. The Meadows features pony rides for children, a skating pond, live turkeys, a pumpkin patch, an occasional Vaughn Monroe appearance, and a $1,000,000 annual gross income—in a period when most other swank eateries are losing money.

Like all Monroe enterprises, The Meadows is run along strictly scientific lines, and students from the University of Miami's hotel and restaurant management course are sent there in summer to observe its procedures.

All this should not lead to the belief that nothing more than a strong, loud voice is needed to rake in a million. Such was not the case for Monroe. He led a tough, brutal life until just a few years ago, and if it weren't for a couple of breaks, the Voice with Muscles would probably be indistinguishable today from thousands of young men who toot trumpets in small bands for $75 a week.

Monroe was born in Akron, Ohio, on October 7, 1911, the son of a rubber worker. His father moved around from job to job in various rubber factories, and young Vaughn went from school system to school system, in Akron; Kent, Ohio; Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio; Cudahy, Wisconsin; and finally, with some degree of permanence, in Jeannette, Pennsylvania, where the elder Monroe worked as a rubber factory foreman, and dreamed of making a fortune out of such inventions as a sponge-rubber heel, and a blowout-proof automobile tire equipped with internal metal springs.

Lucky with a Gift Trumpet

Legend has it that in Kent, young Vaughn was presented with a battered old trumpet by a small contemporary who could not play the instrument because of a set of buckteeth. Vaughn suffered no such impediment, and the record shows that he won the state-wide trumpet contest of Wisconsin, at the age of fourteen, by blowing out a trumpet solo entitled Pearl of the Ocean.

By the time he reached Jeannette High School, he was proficient enough to play trumpet after school in an aggregation known as Gibby Lockard's Jazz Orchestra—in which he wore white knickers, a blazer with the monogram "GL," and occasionally sang through a megaphone. These romantic doings—plus the pocket money which accrued—made the handsome adolescent the number one objective of every girl in the school, and especially of tall, pretty Marian Baughman, whom he later married. He was given the lead in the class play, elected president of the senior class, and voted the Boy Most Likely to Succeed in the Battle of Life.

For some 11 years after graduation this prophecy didn't seem too likely to pan out. The Battle of Life began in the depression year 1929, and Monroe was nearly kayoed in the first round. He had sung in the Methodist Church choir, and he wanted to be a concert singer, maybe a Met Opera star. Instead, he ended up wrestling packing cases in his father's rubber factory.

Later, Monroe got out his white knickers and blazer and returned to Mr. Gibby Lockard's employ. He tried going to school at Carnegie Tech in Pittsburgh in the daytime. This involved getting up at 5:00 A.M. to catch a train for school, attending classes all day, playing the trumpet with Mr. Lockard until 2:00 A.M., returning to Jeannette, doing his homework on the train, and going to bed at 3:30 A.M., to arise again at 5:00. After several months of this, during which his weight dropped from 180 pounds to 140, Monroe called off his college education and took to the road as a trumpet player. He played with a small band led by a gentleman named Austin Wiley, and later with a slightly larger band owned and operated by one Larry Funk.

These really were the tough days. Monroe was paid about $7 a week—and sometimes he wasn't paid at all. Both Wiley and Funk specialized in Chinese restaurant jobs, and often, when there were no paydays, Monroe ate Chinese food for breakfast, lunch and dinner, for weeks at a time.

Having no money for extravagances like hotels, he slept in $2-a-week furnished rooms, with any number of roommates. Laundries were out of the question. He says, "We cut off our shirt sleeves at the elbows so that there would be no dirty cuffs to show, and we wore paper collars and shirt fronts."

Monroe drove the band's truck, packed and unpacked the instruments and functioned as the band's treasurer. When Funk's vocalist was injured by falling off the bandstand, Monroe became the vocalist, too.

Once, the band finished playing in Memphis, and Monroe had to drive the truck 1,100 miles without pausing for sleep in order to open in Denver a day and a half later. It was midwinter, and the truck ran out of gas on the empty plains east of Pueblo, Colorado. Monroe burned instrument cases, Larry Funk photographs and dead tumbleweed to keep warm in the icy dark. Only the chance arrival of a passing motorist saved him and his mates from freezing to death.

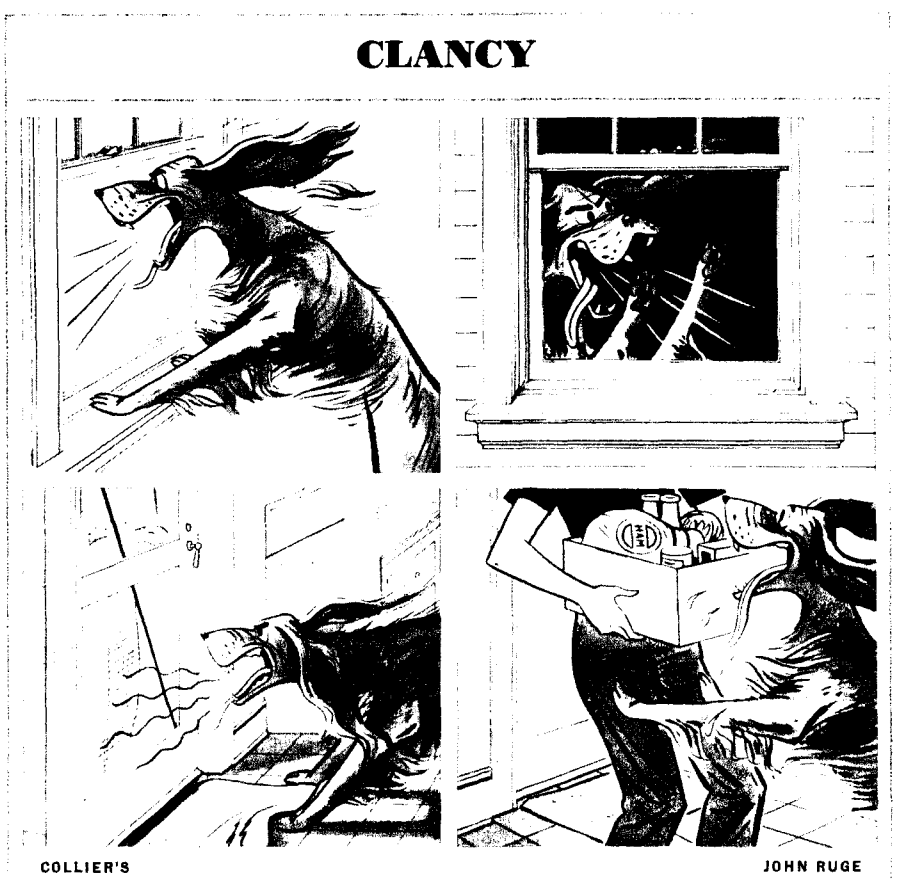
In 1937, when Funk's band disintegrated suddenly somewhere between Chicago and Pittsburgh, Monroe remembered a previous job offer and went to Boston to work for the late Jack Marshard—a remarkable showman whose requirements for musicians for his "society orchestras" were, in the order of their importance: (a) debutante-pleasing handsomeness, (b) ability to wear Brooks Brothers clothes, and (c) ability to play a musical instrument.

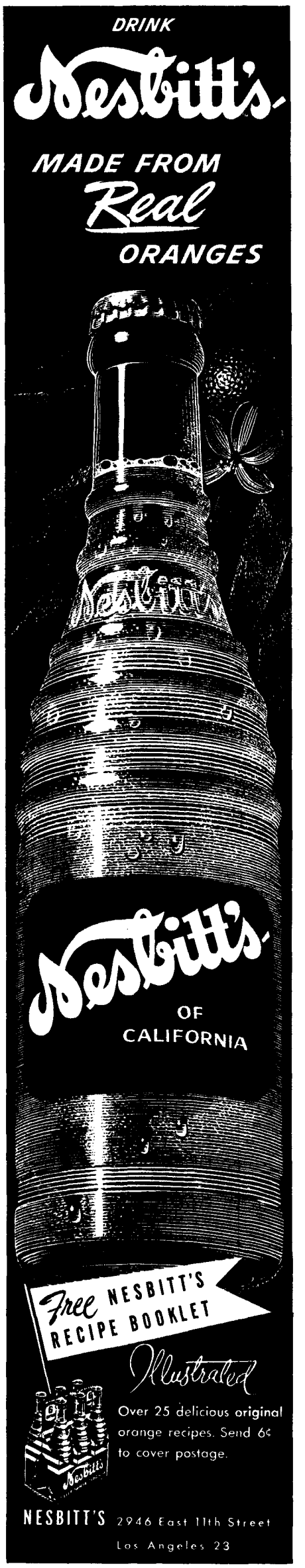
Monroe qualified on all three counts, and eventually was promoted to leader and vocalist of a five-piece Marshard unit, playing for teas and cocktail parties.

Agonies of Frustration

Still he was getting nowhere. "I was using Marshard's tailor and Marshard's barber," he says, "but I knew I was just another guy eking out a living. For a while, I kept dreaming of being a concert baritone and I took courses at the New England Conservatory of Music, but I gave that up when I realized that the depression had wrecked the concert stage. As a band leader, I was stuck on the bottom rung of the ladder. To attract attention, I sang long-hair stuff like Eli, Eli, and Ave Maria, but no one noticed."

Then in 1940 came one of those incredible breaks that ordinarily only happen in movie scenarios. Willard Alexander, vice-president in charge of bands for the Music Corporation of America, had just resigned. He was vacationing in Florida with his friend, Jack Marshard, Monroe's boss. After the vacation Alexander was scheduled to start at a new agency, with-





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out a band to his name—a disquieting thought that was lousing up his holiday.

One rainy day Marshard said to him, "I have a band down here that I ought to look in on. Since we can't go to the beach on account of the rain, I suppose this is as good a time as any."

"Whose band is it?" Alexander asked, uninterestedly.

"Fellow named Vaughn Monroe," said Marshard.

An electric light suddenly lighted up in Alexander's brain. "He sings, doesn't he?" he asked.

"Why, yes," said Marshard.

"That's just the idea I've been looking for," yelled Alexander. "There hasn't been a top-flight singing band leader since Rudy Vallee!"

A few hours later, Monroe, Marshard and Alexander signed a contract—and that's all there was to the birth of a multi-million-dollar big-name band.

Sweetie Weeps Over Phone

That night, Monroe got an unexpected phone call from Marian Baughman, his high-school sweetheart, to whom he had been semiengaged for 11 years. By this time Miss Baughman was beginning to despair of her future with the Boy Most Likely to Succeed in the Battle of Life. She was depressed, and she wept over the phone.

"Come down and get married," Monroe said, without telling her about the new job.

"You're drunk," said Miss Baughman.

"You know I never drink," said Monroe.

Miss Baughman was unconvinced. "If you mean it, put it in writing."

The next day the proposal arrived by special delivery, and the Monroes had a one-day honeymoon en route to Boston where Vaughn was to take over the new band.

In Boston, Marshard plucked the 12 best musicians from his other bands, and concentrated them all in the new Monroe unit. He hired Johnny Watson, Jan Savitt's famous arranger, to work out orchestrations to suit the style of the new singing band leader; and he hired Ticker Freeman, Dinah Shore's voice coach, to work on the new singing band leader himself.

For four months, Freeman and Monroe were immured in a pair of lakeside summer cottages, while the voice teacher attempted to tone down the boisterous concert baritone to a commercial semi-croon. Freeman had to teach Monroe to avoid high notes, on which his voice had a tendency to weaken, and at the same time to eliminate a nasal monotone quality on the low notes—a mission in which some critics believe Mr. Freeman was not entirely successful.

Marshard got the new band on the radio four nights a week over NBC. In the meantime Willard Alexander got them bookings at a succession of big city hotels. He also came up with a Victor Recording contract, and an expensive high-pressure publicity campaign.

For a while, it was touch and go, with the wily Alexander offering the new band at bargain prices, and the bewildered Monroe receiving a total salary of $25 a week.

However, with the constant hammering over the radio, the band began to catch on moderately with the public, and within two years was beginning to pay back its large investment.

Another big break came in 1945. One day Monroe was called in by the Victor Recording people to have his band do a song called Rum and Coca Cola, which then was a smash hit. Just to fill up space on the other side of the record, he did There, I've Said It Again, a new untried number. In the inexplicable manner of the entertainment world, the Monroe version of Rum and Coca Cola flopped and the fill-in, There, I've Said It Again, caught on like an epidemic. For months, the Vaughn Monroe rendition boomed forth from every bar and soda shop.

The record sold 1,000,000 copies and Monroe was made. His one-night-stand price jumped from $1,500 to over $3,500, and he was picked for a cigarette program, one of the most coveted commercial gems in radio. After that came a stream of hits, including the 1,800,000-record Ballerina, and the 1,000,000-plus Riders in the Sky. With these, too, came the building of the Monroe financial empire—which now requires a full-time co-ordinator, ex-orchestra leader Lew Bonick.

The experts associate two other factors with the sudden speed of the Voice with Muscles' ascent. In 1944, Monroe was comfortably established for one of his long runs at New York's Hotel Commodore, when Uncle Sam—as was his habit in those days—reached out and drafted him for the Army. Monroe dutifully disbanded the orchestra, and trundled off to the induction center. The next day, he was back—rejected because of a hernia sustained in his truck-loading days. He was able to reassemble the band, but his spot at the Commodore was gone.

Off on the One-Night Trail

There was nothing to do, therefore, but take the band out on the road for a long tour of one-night stands; and this—say the experts—started Monroe off on his basic thinking about keeping close to the people.

Factor number two, according to the experts, is his theme song, Racing with the Moon, which has become a trademark as recognizable as Groucho Marx's mustache and Kate Smith's moon coming over the mountain. An entire mythology has sprung up concerning the origin of this theme song, one of the most prevalent myths being that he wrote it while grieving for his wife after she had been killed in an automobile accident. This version amuses Mrs. Monroe, who is hale and hearty.

The true story is that when the band was being formed, arranger Johnny Watson simply happened to think of the phrase "racing with the moon." It was suggested by a daydream about reclining on the deck of a Caribbean cruise liner. By the end of that afternoon, he and his wife and Monroe had batted out the melody and the familiar words, which, for the uninitiated, go as follows:

"Racing with the moon
High up in the midnight blue.
And then all too soon
*It's lost from view."**

Monroe boomed out these deathless words at the beginning of every program, and the original recording of the song—which Victor, with a singular lack of prescience, put out only in a cheap, limited edition—soon became a collector's item.

Today, Monroe lives with his wife and his two daughters—Candace, seven, and Christina, four—in a beautiful colonial house on the edge of a country club in a Boston suburb. The actual location of this house is a closely guarded secret, because, Monroe says, "We don't want our girls to grow up as show business kids. We want them to lead normal childhoods."

To further this commendable purpose, Monroe owns a five-seat Lockheed airplane, in which he flies home to see the children whenever he gets an open day or two on the road. Monroe pilots this plane himself, and he also employs a full-time ex-air-line pilot named Bill Shaughnessy, who ferries the plane for Monroe when bad weather has forced the band leader to resort to some more primitive form of transportation.

A unique item of furniture in the Monroe home is an airplane radio, over which Mrs. Monroe can hear her husband's conversations with the control tower at the airport as he approaches Boston. Consequently she knows exactly when to have the cook put the dinner on. A

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The Viewing Public

CRITIC

• He is the frustrated John Mason Brown. Having *actually watched* a movie being shot on the M-G-M lot in Hollywood back in 1934 when he took the Grandview Sight-seeing Bus Tour of the Old West (Meals and Lodging Included), he is naturally very critical of the infant television.

His line generally runs:

"Look at that sloppy camera-work! Why, I could do better myself and I haven't had one bit of training! It just takes an inborn sense of the dramatic. It takes artistry! Now when I was out in Hollywood with M-G-M, the boys we had on the cameras really *knew* their business, believe me. Pan shots and dolly shots and stuff like that were duck soup for them. These TV guys don't have any sense of pacing and dramatic impact and stuff like that. Look at that shot now! You call that composition? Why, my kid could do better than that and he doesn't know the first thing about cameras. Out in Hollywood we used to . . ."

He generally leaves in disgust before the show is over.

He isn't missed.

—PAUL RITTS

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unique item of clothing in the Monroe wardrobe is a genuine air-line pilot's cap, which was given to him by a kindly DC-6 captain.

Monroe is apparently as fanatical about flying as his fans are about him, and, according to Mrs. Monroe, he spends hours soaking this cap in the bathroom shower in order to mold it to the correct degree of sloppiness.

Monroe has a few minor idiosyncrasies, such as driving home from work on a motorcycle at 3:00 A.M., and building model railroads in his dressing room between shows.

But aside from these he leads a normal traveling businessman's home life, without the normal traveling businessman's night-clubbing.

His planning for the future also has a scientific and businesslike flavor. Monroe has few of the conceits common to show people. He says, "I had it plenty tough once, and I know it can happen again. After a certain period of years, you can't take this road work any more. And one of these days someone new and young is going to come along and knock me off. That's why I have The Meadows and my other enterprises to fall back on. And I'm not proud. If my band ever hits the skids nationally, I'll play locally again, for as long as people want to hear me."

Such grim eventualities, however, appear far off, and the Monroe empire continues to grow apace. Coming up are more children's toys, possibly a Broadway show with Monroe playing an Ezio Pinza-type lead, and a Western movie named Singing Guns, in which Monroe plays a singing cowboy, and muscles in on the fabulously lucrative Gene Autry territory for the first time.

This invasion shapes up as a battle of titans, for Mr. Autry is fully as scientific as Monroe in his approach to show business, and in the extent of his extracurricular holdings. On the record, however, Monroe must be given a slight edge.

As another cowboy star recently put it, "How can you beat out a guy who has everything figured on such a calculated, mathematical basis? Twelve years ago, Monroe learned how to ride a horse to prepare himself for *this* picture. Six years ago, he began to sing cowboy songs. Now he even is smart enough not to waste time learning how to act. I heard him say, 'I got this racket cased. The only acting you have to do is kiss the girl and pat the horse. And for this kind of money, I'll even pat the girl and kiss the horse.'"

THE END

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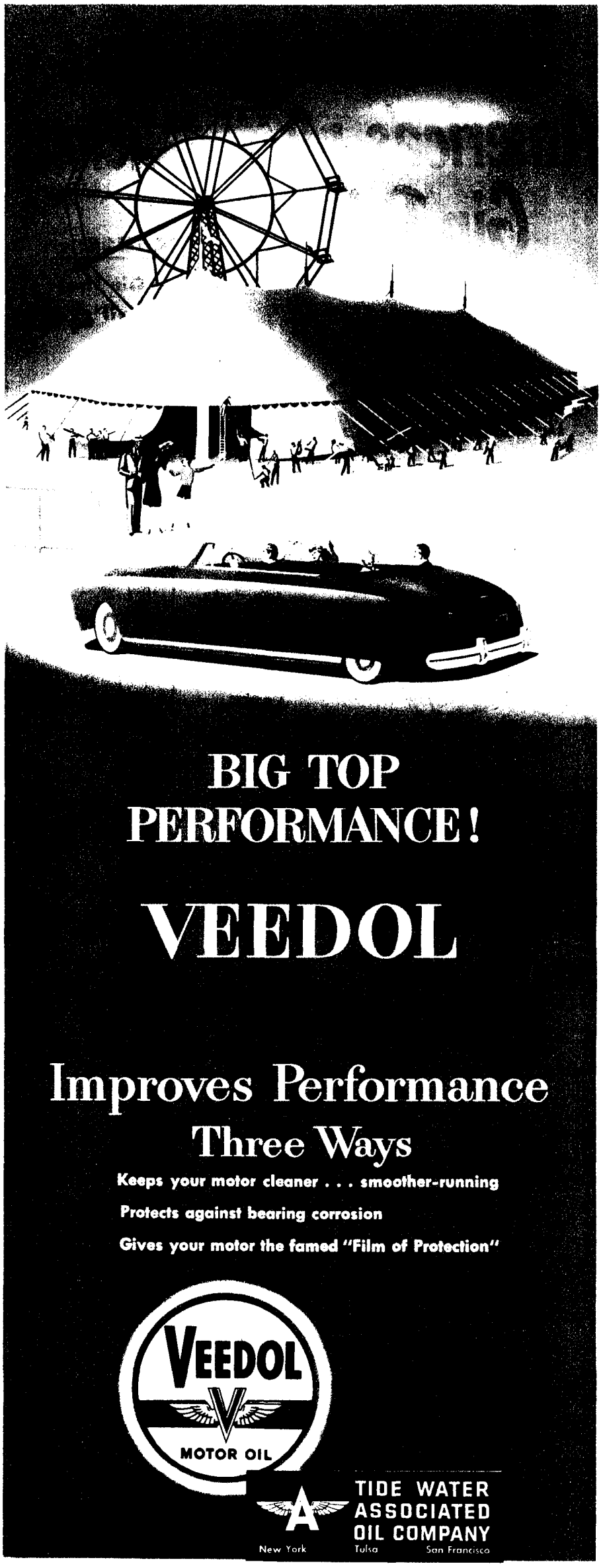

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Crusade in Mexico

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

many Mexicans on the Aftosa Commission. Their equipment includes 1,100 trucks, jeeps, autos and bulldozers, two DC-3 transport planes, and a fleet of boats ranging from outboards to LSTs. They have laboratories for producing vaccine, central supply depots and a radio communication network which includes the most powerful transmitter in the country and 80 field stations, which keep in constant touch with more than 100 field units engaged in inoculating 65,000 cattle every day.

Fifty thousand square miles of cattle country have been decontaminated. "That's progress, son!" said the U.S. head of the commission when I interviewed him at his offices in Mexico City. He is Major General Harry Hubbard Johnson (National Guard), codirector (with a young Mexican named Oscar Flores) of the Joint Commission.

Johnson is a fifty-five-year-old Texas cavalryman who stands a bit over six feet and weighs somewhat over 200 pounds. His wartime experience included a spell as military governor of Rome and as military governor in the Philippines, where he handled the surrender of 130,000 Japanese troops. He was the only National Guard officer to be promoted from lieutenant colonel to major general during the war. In private life he is an executive of the Gulf Oil Company, with headquarters in Houston—and he'll be glad to get back there as soon as his present job for the U.S. Department of Agriculture is completed.

Johnson is something of a hero to the American colony in Mexico City and to many Mexicans as well. These admirers consider him mainly responsible for the excellent organization and fine morale of the Aftosa Commission. The general, however, says flatly that that is nonsense. He and all the Americans in the enterprise are exceedingly careful to stress the joint co-operative nature of the undertaking.

Praise for "Fine Partners"

"If it weren't for the wholehearted support of the Mexicans we could not accomplish a thing," he states. "Without their 100 per cent co-operation, foot-and-mouth would have been across the border long ago, and today we'd be fighting it all through the South and West. Our program here is just as much to the advantage of the United States as it is to Mexico. We're thankful to have such fine partners."

Nevertheless, the fact remains that most of the commission's accomplishments have been chalked up in the 15 months since the general came to Mexico, and the situation when he took over was anything but reassuring.

Aftosa is caused by an unidentified filtrable virus and affects only cloven-hoofed animals—cows, pigs, goats, sheep, etc. Other animals are immune, although they may carry the virus from place to place.

Fourteen days after exposure, the infected animal develops spots and open sores in its mouth, which are followed by lesions on the feet and blisterlike growths on the hoofs. It is a wasting disease and causes the animal to lose about half its weight; it also produces abortion and sterility. Finally the animal may be so weakened that it can't stand up or eat, and it dies of starvation. Even if it recovers it is often economically worthless.

Back in May, 1948, when Johnson arrived, the slaughtering program was on its last legs and the decision had been made to test the new vaccine in a big way, in the hope that it would save the day. Johnson's job was to organize and co-ordinate the entire enterprise in its effort to inoculate 15,000,000 animals.

Agricultural experts in the United States were dubious of the whole vaccine program.

These European vaccines had not received attention over here because of an antiquated and misguided policy on the part of the American government, which prohibited importation of foot-and-mouth virus for experimental purposes. The reason for this was that it was feared that another of the rare and costly outbreaks of the disease in the United States might result, no matter what precautions were taken. Consequently American scientists had little accurate knowledge of the disease, and no experience whatever with the vaccines.

Starving Out the Disease

The vaccines do not cure foot-and-mouth, but they do make a healthy animal comparatively immune for about four months, and it is thought that successive inoculations might confer permanent immunity. The approved practice is to administer at least three inoculations at four-month intervals to every susceptible animal in the infected area. In this way, the disease will gradually be starved out by eliminating animals which can contract the infection.

Many people thought the inoculation and reinoculation of 15,000,000 animals under controlled conditions was an impossible assignment. Johnson didn't think so. He knew it would require an elaborate organization, but in the Army he had made quite a name for himself as an organizer. He knew it would demand a crack administrator, but that didn't faze the man who had planned and executed the occupation of Rome.

It also needed a diplomat who could insure the frictionless collaboration of American and Mexican personnel. And Johnson is definitely *persona grata* in Mexico, having participated in joint operations with the Mexican army in 1943, when he received the Mexican award for Military Merit, First Class, and made himself many friends.

I asked the general about his first weeks on the new job. "They were like a speeded-up movie film," he replied. "After a careful reconnaissance of the diseased area, I mapped the over-all strategy and launched a high-powered information and propaganda drive to educate the Mexicans about the procedures and objectives of the new vaccine program. This was to break down the resistance which had so hampered the slaughter program. It was an all-out effort, utilizing radio, newspapers, traveling speakers and leaflets and posters by the million which were translated into dozens of dialects."

Two million inoculations a month were set as the goal and General Johnson deployed his crews for a vast pincer movement. He stationed his armies at the quarantine lines and had them work inward, toward each other, so that when a peripheral district was cleaned up it could be freed from quarantine.

Early in July of 1948, the order to attack flashed out from the central radio station and the first needles plunged into the hides of a few thousand animals. Not many months later, with the campaign in high gear, the crews were regularly inoculating upward of 75,000 animals daily, and in one record-breaking day the figure topped 125,000.

This pace could be kept up only with good local co-operation, and to insure it the commission immediately undertook elaborate advance preparation, a system it still follows. Ten days before a crew

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is scheduled to inoculate a new village, it sends two *informadors,* or propaganda agents, to distribute posters and literature, hold public meetings and otherwise try to explain matters to the inhabitants. It is essential to have the blessing of the mayor, or some other leading citizen, and often the *informadors* take him to some place recently cleaned up and let him see that the operation is harmless.

A few days after this, a so-called "line-up" man arrives. His function is to look over the ground, estimate the number of animals to be inoculated and pick out the best site for the job. A field lined with trees to which the animals can be tethered is ideal, but if there are no trees, rows of stakes are driven into the ground as a substitute.

The inoculation crew consists of anywhere from five to 25 men, headed by two veterinarians—one from Mexico and one from the U.S. Six hundred inoculations per crew per ten-hour working day is considered about par, and to handle the animals at that rate—one per minute—the crews have worked out a neat assembly-line system. Assisted by the owner, the first man on the crew brings an animal into position and ties its head firmly to a tree or post. A second man shaves a patch on its neck, while a third fills a sterile hypodermic with vaccine and hands it to the inoculator. The actual inoculation takes but a few seconds and the last step is to clip a metal tag into the animal's ear. A crew at work suggests nothing so much as a nonstop relay race.

Except in infrequent places where inoculations must still be carried out in the intimidating presence of strong army detachments, *aftosa* day usually is a gala occasion. Not only the cattle owners and their families but everyone in the village turns out with picnic lunches for an all-day *fiesta.* In the midst of an unholy amount of dust, noise and milling around as the animals are brought to the inoculation posts, there is guitar strumming, dancing, ballplaying and general merrymaking.

A jolly time is had by all and *aftosa* day ends in a fine glow of international good fellowship. The Americans make speeches praising the Mexicans and the Mexicans make speeches praising the Americans. Then there is general handshaking and backslapping and everyone agrees that the Aftosa Commission is a noble institution.

In the few cases where the party spirit has backfired and the Aftosa crews have been attacked, Mexican justice is savage and swift. A few months ago, one American and two Mexican crew members were killed, in an isolated mountain town in the state of Guerrero, during a political riot which had little connection with the foot-and-mouth campaign. The district was put under martial law and more than 200 persons were jailed.

Cattlemen Resent Intrusion

The Aftosa crewman's job in Mexico is no riskier than it would be in many parts of the U.S. Only last year a Bureau of Animal Industry veterinarian was murdered in Florida, and ugly incidents have occurred in many sections of the cattle country. "Cattlemen seem to be the same everywhere," says General Johnson, who was born and raised on a Texas ranch. "They're as ornery as their steers and they'll be darned if they'll take advice from an outsider. They'd almost rather let their herds die."

Most of the anti-Aftosa feeling is confined to the backward districts where an innovation of any kind is both feared and hated. Mexican Communists tried to disrupt the program by preaching that the vaccine was a poison and that the whole campaign was a plot by the U.S. cattle interests to eliminate Mexican competition by killing the livestock.

Ironically, the Communists' talk played into the hands of sharpshooting cattle dealers. These gentlemen made a practice of moving into villages ahead of the inoculation crews and buying up healthy animals, for a fraction of their value, from farmers who were convinced that the commission people meant to kill the herds. Thanks to an effective public relations and information service, this racket soon became a thing of the past.

As an example of the progress made in educating the Mexicans about *aftosa,* General Johnson cited the case of a renegade who somehow managed to run a herd of cattle out of the infected zone and across the northern quarantine line.

"Next thing he knew, all his neighbors had got together and not only slaughtered these cattle but killed everything else on the place, including the chickens and horses," General Johnson relates. "A year ago, those same people probably would have helped him smuggle the cattle across the line and fight off the commission men. That's how much of a change there's been."

Progress to Date Reviewed

Any time General Johnson feels like adding up the score, he can find plenty of reasons for congratulating himself. So far as the immediate objective is concerned, he can point to a total of more than 13,000,000 inoculations in the first year—10,500,000 animals inoculated once, 2,700,000 twice and about 40,000 receiving the third and, presumably, final shot. Large areas have been cleaned up completely and no new outbreaks of foot-and-mouth have occurred in the territory already covered by the crews. The vaccine coming from the commission's laboratory is steadily improving and it seems possible that someday there will be a one-shot dose which will protect the animals permanently.

But fully as important as these immediate gains are the by-products of the campaign. For one thing, when *aftosa* has been conquered, it will be easier for Mexican veterinarians to work toward the eradication of other agricultural scourges, and to introduce modern methods of animal husbandry. This will have an incalculable effect not only on Mexican agriculture but on the country's whole standard of living.

One of the commission's immediate innovations has been the widespread introduction of 20,000 Missouri mules. During the early days of the slaughtering program it was found that in the mountainous areas small farmers were particularly reluctant to give up their oxen. On the steep slopes they were essential to farming operations and so the non-susceptible mules were offered as replacements.

But the peons and the mules didn't get along well. In contrast to the patient foraging oxen, the mules kicked, were hard to handle and had to be fed regularly. Indeed, the mules were so unpopular that in some places the peons quietly killed them. Today, however, the mules are held in somewhat higher esteem and perhaps eventually they will displace the long-popular oxen.

Finally, there has come from the Aftosa program a reservoir of good will which serves the U.S. not only in Mexico, but throughout Latin America. Mexico has always been a kind of showcase for our intentions so far as the rest of the Latin countries are concerned. And it is not too much to say that our prestige in Mexico never has been higher than at present. Mexicans who never saw an American before the Aftosa crews arrived have now learned that we are not all the domineering ogres that Communists and others have painted us. And Americans have discovered that the Mexicans are far from being just a bunch of guys named Pedro lying around in the shade waiting for *mañana.* THE END

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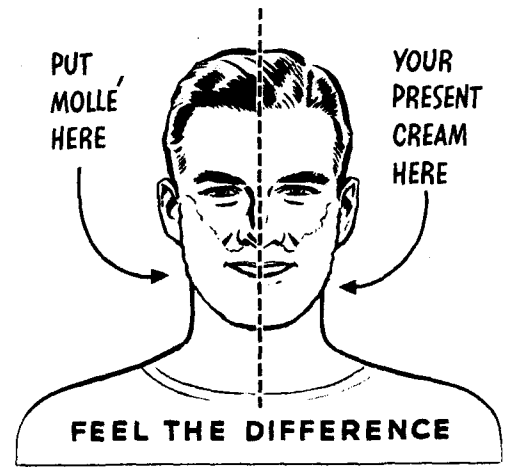

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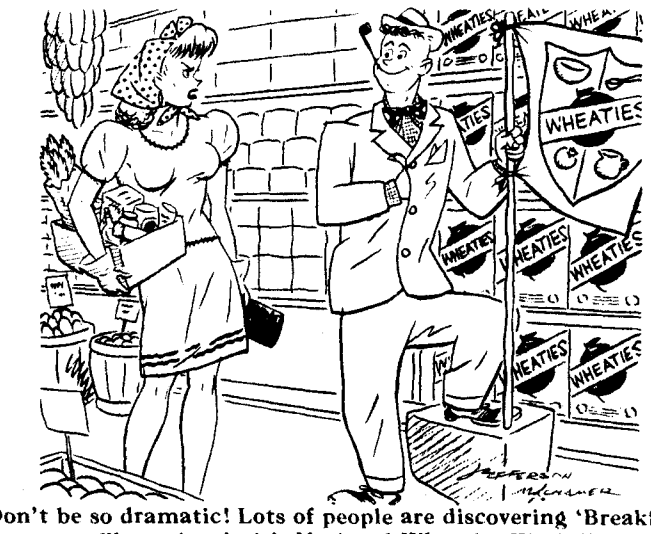

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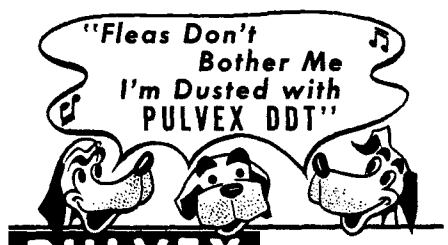

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Are We Going Broke?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

2) improvements in the credit system and credit practices; 3) vast extension of risk sharing.

We have also seen a great improvement in technology and know-how in the past 20 years, but frankly I don't know whether this is gain or loss for economic stability.

Certainly these gains in productivity make our lives longer and more complicated—perhaps for most of us more interesting than they otherwise would have been.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE MONEY SYSTEM: The money system has been greatly improved since 1929. That is one reason why as a nation we are not going broke. In the past money troubles have been responsible for a great many of our economic disorders.

What have we done about this? First of all, we have guaranteed to the banks complete liquidity of their assets. This means that if depositors want to withdraw their money from their bank, the bank can go to its Federal Reserve Bank and get the needed currency simply by pledging its assets.

The rediscount privilege has been so broadened that money can never again be "tight," the way it was in the early 1930s.

In the second place, we have made our money inconvertible into gold. Some people would like to put us back on the old gold standard, but such a development is extremely unlikely. Accordingly we cannot have an old-fashioned gold panic, a mad flight from currency.

One of the strongest elements of our new economic system is the nature of our money. The American dollar is now simply a medium of exchange, and not a claim on gold. It is legal tender for the payment of debts and taxes. And as long as there are debts and taxes, the dollar will be in demand. The country cannot go broke just because too many people want to turn too many dollars into gold at the same time.

In the third place, we have co-ordinated the money powers of the Federal Reserve System so that we can have only one policy, not 12. The old conflicts and confusions between the 12 regional banks of the Federal System can never occur again.

Although much remains to be done in co-ordinating fiscal and monetary policy, the money policy of the country is one and will be one, and this change too will help keep us as a nation from going broke.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE CREDIT SYSTEM AND CREDIT PRACTICES: We have also made great improvements in our credit system, in our ways of borrowing money.

One of the most important improvements has been in our methods of handling mortgages on homes. Twenty years ago a common form of home mortgage carried a three-year maturity without any amortization.

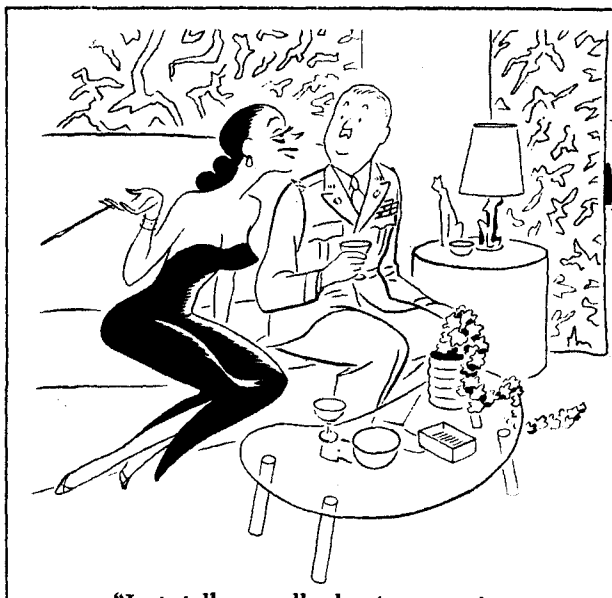
People expected that mortgages would be renewed for another three years whenever they became due. But in 1930, 1931 and 1932 these mortgages were not renewed. The lenders either had other uses for their money or they preferred to "wait and see."

The result was a national collapse in home values, and in the purchasing power of homeowners. This cannot happen again.

Today the home mortgage is placed to mature in 20 years or more, and there is commonly a small amortization payment made every month. As a consequence, we cannot go broke as a nation simply because all the nation's home mortgages are falling due at the same time and the lenders are not disposed to renew their accommodation.

Another improvement in our credit system is the insurance of bank deposits. The overwhelming number of bank deposits are now guaranteed, 100 cents on the dollar.

This means that we will never have a run on the banks on a national scale. It even makes it improbable that we shall have many runs on individual banks.



"Just tell me all about your atom bomb, Colonel. I'm sure it wouldn't mean a thing to stupid little old me"
COLLIER'S — NED HILTON

Business activities will not be choked off because banks have suddenly been required to meet their depositors' demands. The insurance of bank deposits plus the great extension of the rediscount privilege eliminates all danger of going broke as a nation, simply because of depositors' withdrawals.

Our credit system is stronger than before because of the fact that relatively little credit is being used for purely speculative purposes, whether in the stock market, in commodities, in real estate or in inventories. True, there are always some speculative commitments in every market, and it's a good thing that there are—it helps even out supply and demand.

But as a nation we are not overextended, we have not used our credit to hold things we do not need in the hope of reselling them at higher prices. As a nation, we will not be forced to sell simply because our credit is exhausted. This means no wholesale forced liquidation of securities, commodities, real estate or inventories.

Our credit system is not being abused, and there will be no future trouble on this account.

Another improvement in the credit system is the assurance of unlimited long-term money at reasonable rates for prime borrowers.

Never again will we see financially sound companies being forced to pay 6 per cent, 7 per cent or even 8 per cent on their senior securities or preferred stocks.

To be sure, some borrowers who are not well known or who present more than a prime risk will pay more for their credit accommodation than will an established going concern of whatever size. The Federal Reserve System has convinced the market that government bonds will not sell below par. The System decided to "remove the peg" and let interest rates fall.

We are now assured of an orderly long-term government market, which will not be pegged and which will range in yield somewhere from 2.10 per cent to 2.45 per cent.

This means that from now on, a sound business will have access to long-term credit at rates varying from 2.75 per cent to 4 per cent, depending on the size of the loan and the length of the maturity. Good companies need never again worry about refinancing their bond maturities.

As a nation we will never go broke because of our good companies not being able to refinance their maturing bonds at reasonable rates.

EXTENSION OF RISK SHARING: We have had a vast extension of risk sharing in the last 20 years. Today millions of our fellow citizens are protected in some measure against economic disaster not of their own making.

The two biggest developments in the extension of risk sharing are the adoption of unemployment insurance and the instituting of agricultural price supports. Even though neither of these measures is as satisfactory as one might wish, nevertheless each provides an underpinning to the economy that did not exist as recently as 1929.

Today, for most urban workers, loss of job does not mean loss of income.

Today, most farmers can plant and harvest their crops with the assurance that their efforts will not be wasted as a result of a collapse of prices.

Imperfect as these measures are, they are guarantees against two forms of economic pestilence which this country has experienced.

They are, in fact, two additional reasons for believing that collectively we are not going broke.

Our old-age and survivors insurance program stands on a somewhat different base. This is not a program to protect against or to offset the downsweep of an economic movement. It is a means not of sharing a risk, but of sharing a certainty.

Old-age pensions mean peace of mind for the individual, and increased happiness in the American home. But they probably are not much more than a minor factor in keeping the economy as a whole on an even keel.

NOT ALL IS WELL: In spite of all these big changes in our economic system, there are still some weaknesses that will give us a few headaches from time to time. We have done the basic things that had to be done to keep us, as a nation, from going broke. But we have neglected a few spots that will require attention before conditions are as healthy as they might be. Here are four of these spots:

SPOT ONE: Fiscal disorganization in the federal government. The federal government is not well organized to adopt or to administer a consistent overall fiscal and monetary policy. We have not yet brought taxes, expenditures, interest rates and reserve requirements into a common program.

There will always be a balance of powers between the executive and the legislative on money matters just as

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there is on every other public question. And some division of function is desirable to prevent too high a concentration of power. But more clarity and directness are needed. In order to study this problem, the often proposed and widely advocated National Fiscal and Monetary Commission is long overdue.

SPOT TWO: Savings aren't moving into real investment the way they should. A sign of this is the very low yield on public and private bonds of first-class quality, and the very high yield on common stocks where there is some element of risk. Some people blame this situation on high taxes and a bad tax system. Taxes undoubtedly have something to do with the sluggish movement of savings into investment, but the difficulty is much more serious than taxes, and it will be much harder to correct.

Today the bulk of savings in the United States comes from moderate incomes. The savings in the aggregate are very large, but the amount saved by the average citizen is small—too small for direct investment in new enterprise. In the main, these savings go to the savings banks and to the insurance companies. More recently the rapidly growing investment company industry is taking its place as a repository of savings, but it is still a negligible factor in the general situation.

Beardsley Ruml, author of this article, ranks with the most respected economists in the nation today. He is perhaps best known as the originator of the U.S. "Pay As You Go" income tax plan

The savings banks and insurance companies invest the savings that are entrusted to them in riskless or near-riskless public and private securities. They must invest in this way by law, by custom, and by preference. People who place their savings with these institutions would probably object to a departure from the present practice.

New Enterprise Gets Little

The investment companies will purchase common stocks, but, even here, the stocks are likely to be those of the better-known companies, actively traded in on a regulated exchange. The savings that are invested by the investment companies certainly improve the general market for equities, but very little of this money gets to a new enterprise.

There is still some margin for savings in the higher incomes, but here the inducement to invest in tax-exempt government bonds is almost irresistible. Very little high-bracket income money is placed in new investments, except for personal, noneconomic reasons, or on the expectation of exceedingly high returns.

No, savings are not flowing to direct investment the way they should. I suppose it's up to the savings banks, the insurance companies and the investment companies to figure out what ought to be done about it.

SPOT THREE: The general standard of living in the United States is too low for long-time, high-level economic stability. It may seem strange that a country with the highest per capita standard of living that the world has ever seen should still be below the level necessary for economic safety. The reason is that we are producing far more than we are consuming. Our output is far in excess of what goes into living standards.

There always should be some excess, to build up capital goods, inventories and the like. But today we are producing prodigiously for defense, as we should, and for an excess of exports over imports, which is probably a little foolish.

Problems of a Saner World

In a sane, civilized world, where defense expenditures would be limited to police protection against unorganized riots and disturbances, and where we would import on balance as much as we export, the standard of living would have to be much higher than it is today if we were going to have a high level of employment.

We are walking on stilts; we have not grown up to our productive capacity. If it were not for the wastes, the massive wastes of irrational international politics and trade, we would be forced on our present standard of living to suffer large-scale unemployment, or enforced leisure, which amounts to the same thing.

We should begin thinking about our future standard of living. It will not be a simple matter over the years for us to absorb wholesomely the output of a full employment economy in a world at peace.

SPOT FOUR: The enterprisers are not as enterprising as we might wish. The reason is that the inducements to enterprise have been sadly weakened. And you can't get enterprise out of an enterpriser by shouting at him—or even by sticking a bayonet in his back.

In the United States we have depended on profit and private property to bring out the enterprise of the enterpriser. These have long been the rewards for acceptable economic service to the community. The evidence is overwhelming that the system worked, because it made the enterpriser work.

In recent years there have been two changes seriously damaging to the private enterprise profit system. The first is excessive income tax rates at the level of top managerial earnings; the second is the increasing separation of the ownership of business from its management.

Excessive taxation, that is, taxes over 50 per cent, weakens the impulse to work for income and puts the greater premium on hoarding and loafing.

We must reverse these trends that have crept into our system. We want to keep the enterpriser an enterpriser, and not make him into a trust officer or a private bureaucrat. Trust officers and private bureaucrats we need, but in their proper places—not as the leaders of American industry and commerce.

The nation's financial structure needs some improvement, but it is strong and sound. As individuals, we may improve that structure and our own position, confident in the knowledge that we are building upon a firm foundation. THE END

Next Week

What Happened to the Fair Deal

THE COURT RULES AGAIN IN FAVOR OF OLD CROW

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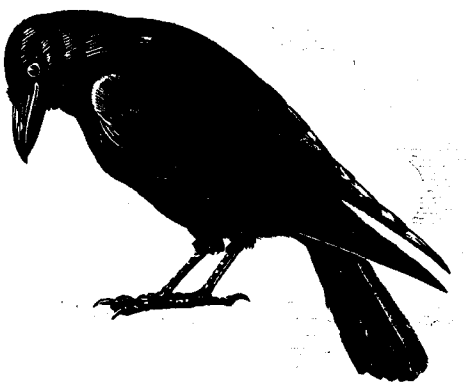

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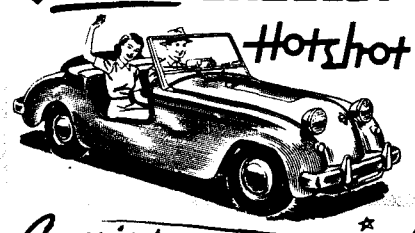

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Hits in the Tall Corn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

Bernhardt got into a row with the owners of a string of theaters in Texas, she rented a big tent and completed her tour under it. She played Camille in French at a top of $2. The Sport North Company, a tent repertory company which toured Kansas and Texas every summer until 1920 (then Ted North, son of one of the brothers, took over for the next 19 years), followed Bernhardt with Camille in English at a 50-cent top—and did turnaway business.

When the old favorites were worn thin, many of the companies lifted successful New York plays outright. It is said that one Chicago "play bureau" cleaned up by sending stenographers to the theater to take down the dialogue of new plays, doing a slight rewrite and selling the scripts to tent show managers. But, as audiences became more exacting and the dangers of copyright infringement became greater, most of the companies turned exclusively to royalty plays.

Because many of the traveling troupes were small, gave cheap plays on tiny stages under bare white lights and before single, "diamond dye" sets (scenery which could be folded for easy transport), Broadway considered tent repertory an uncouth and insignificant part of the American theater. But in their heyday—from about 1917 to 1930—many of the better tent shows went to great expense to give their audiences settings, stage effects and acting which would have been a credit to any theater anywhere in the country.

Managers of the large tent troupes, which had companies ranging from 40 to 75 people, made annual pilgrimages to New York and Chicago to keep up to date on settings, lighting and other technical aspects of the theater. Many of the new techniques they saw were promptly put to use under canvas. A few years ago, Pearle Wilson, who acted in tent repertory for more than 30 years (with Murphy's Comedians, Sadler and other first-rate companies), went to New York for the first time in several seasons. Naturally she "caught" most of the hit plays. What she saw amazed her.

"I went to Harvey and Oklahoma!, among others," she said. "The way some of the minor roles were played was a disgrace to the profession, and a good tent show never would have permitted lighting like they had in Oklahoma!—where the actors threw shadows on the backdrop, which was a field of grain. I felt so let down!"

Road Life Wasn't Too Bad

Because a good number of the shows were on the road 40 to 50 weeks a year and because working conditions were good, pay regular and living costs in the small towns low, managers found little difficulty in obtaining competent performers in the early years of repertory. Many of them, particularly married couples, preferred a long season at $40 or $50 a week to the gamble of frequent separations and long periods of unemployment in New York. And as the movies replaced vaudeville, the better tent shows attracted many a headline act.

During the twenties, several of the tent shows gave creditable performances of such New York successes as Rain, The Old Soak, Lightnin', The Goose Hangs High, The Cat and the Canary, Applesauce. The Gorilla, and Up in Mabel's Room. But the standard fare, then and now, was a light, popular comedy built around the antics of a redheaded, freckle-faced country bumpkin invariably known as Toby.

The Toby character is quite as old as the English-speaking stage. William in Shakespeare's As You Like It and Abel Drugger in Ben Jonson's The Alchemist were Tobies. But tent showmen generally agree that it was Frederick R. Wilson of Oklahoma who made Toby a hero.

As the story goes, one night in Louisiana Wilson appeared as Toby Haxton in Clouds and Sunshine. The next night he was Toby Green in Out of the Fold—and boys on the street began calling him Toby. When the time came for Won by Waiting, in which Wilson played Bud, he renamed the character Toby. Before long he was known far and wide as "Toby" Wilson, and most other repertory comedians followed his example of making the character a standard feature in every comedy. "Rep" playwrights could not turn out "Toby plays" fast enough to meet the demand.

Because of their tremendous popularity with rural and small-town audiences, "Toby comedians" became indispensable members of every tent repertory company, so much so that more than one company was thrown on the rocks when its comedian quit in a huff. Many of the Tobies, including Sadler, Schaffner and Wilson, started their own shows and many a manager became a Toby in self-defense.

Although almost all Tobies still wear a red wig, affect freckles, peaked eyebrows and a raspberry mouth, and indulge in the most grotesque costumes, Toby necessarily is a different kind of bumpkin in every part of the country. L. Verne "Toby" Slout goes in for slapstick. "Boob" Brasfield, Bisbee's veteran comedian, and Neil Schaffner rely on comic situations, pantomime and surprise for their laughs. Both ad-lib freely and like nothing better than to "break up" another member of the cast, getting everybody on stage and off laughing together.

Other Tobies rely heavily on gag lines and still others—like Otto Imig, the quiet, unassuming comic who has been a mainstay of the Madge Kinsey Players for 15 years—play what might be described as a "sympathetic Toby." Situations and bits of business which Schaffner and "Denny" Dennis wow them with in Iowa would fall flat if Brasfield used them in Tennessee, and vice versa. Words and actions have to be suited to the locale.

Over the years this has necessitated a great deal of rewriting of the standard Toby plays, and many others as well, to make them more suitable vehicles for cast and territory. Corn belt colloquialisms are not at all funny in Tennessee, and the dry, cow-country witticisms which send the customers rolling in Texas are almost uncomprehensible to Ohio farmers or factory workers.

Time Has Matured Toby

Moreover, because the Toby comedians have grown older every year—most of them are now past fifty—the Toby character has had to grow up from the impertinent, precocious boy of two decades ago to the bumbling, homely hired hand of today.

Many repertory managers have written, produced, directed and acted in a high percentage of their plays. Often it is difficult to recognize a play after a half-dozen managers have reworked it to get in local color and comedy situations, and to make the characters fit the cast at hand.

Because of this, the tent show probably is the nearest thing we have to a genuine American folk theater.

Some actor-manager-writers have sought to do serious work. But light entertainment always has been, and still is, the main objective of the tent show.

"Our mission," says Neil Schaffner, "is to bring laughter and forgetfulness to thousands of people whose lives are drab and unexciting, made up mostly of tragedy and care."

The tent shows dish out corn by the stageful. The wrongdoer always must be foiled and virtue must triumph. J. B. Rotnour, veteran Illinois tent showman,

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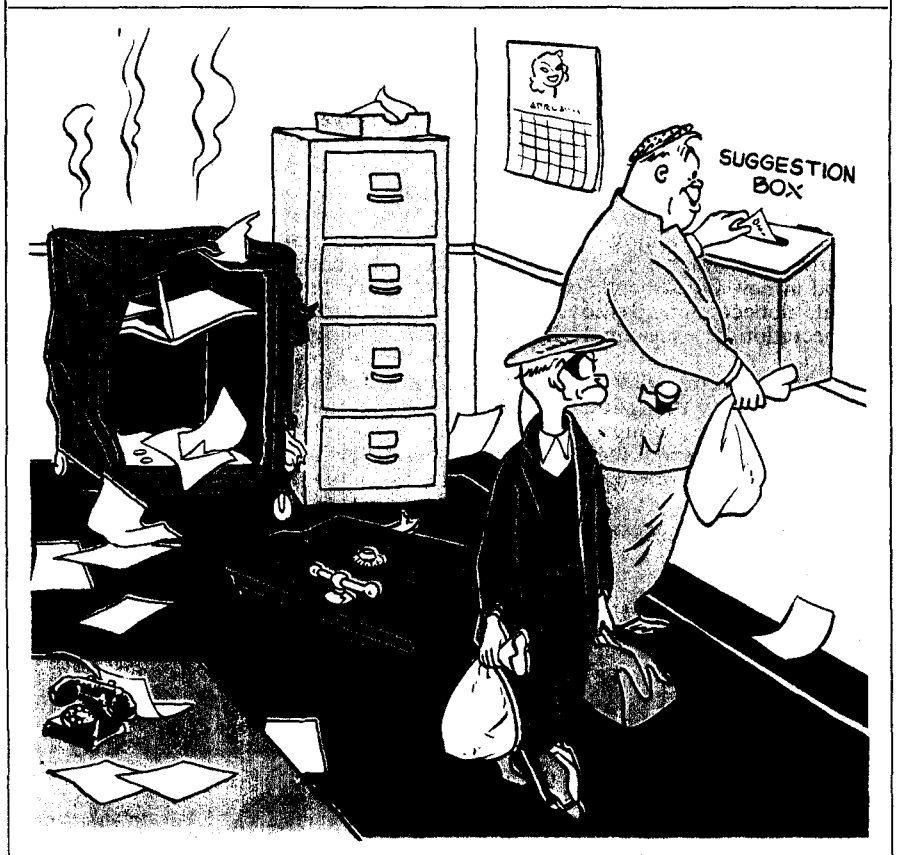

COLLIER'S "I'm just suggestin' they get a new safe" LARRY REYNOLDS

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says, "The more hokum we give them, the better."

But a great concentration of corn, the tent showmen argue, does not necessarily mean an absence of good theater. Some of the most beloved figures of the entertainment world have been successful purveyors of corn—Ed Wynn and the late W. C. Fields, to mention a couple.

"People don't come to tent shows for an uplift or to hear a penetrating commentary on some of the foibles of our society," says Schaffner. "They come to have a good time."

A former president of the University of Texas, who was an inveterate Sadler fan, once put it in more homely terms, "I don't come here to think—I come here for a belly laugh."

"You must remember," says Schaffner, "that a tent show audience is made up of children and adults, farmers and factory workers, doctors and professors. You have to please them all—and in doing it you must work against all kinds of distractions, from crying babies to the rustling of popcorn sacks. Consequently, tent show plays have got to have a lot of plot. Speeches have to be short, and their points obvious. Action has to be fast and it must never hesitate."

The truth of this observation was proved painfully a couple of years ago by a group which started out from Tennessee for a tour of the South and Southwest with an "all-Broadway" repertoire: Arsenic and Old Lace, Kiss and Tell and Over 21. It was one of the most sensational flops in recent theatrical history.

"Not one day have we come anywhere near cracking the nut (making expenses)," Joe McKinnon wrote to the trade paper Billboard. "In eight weeks we have showed to less than 4,000 paid admissions and our (nightly) seating capacity is more than 1,600."

The fact that these plays, successes on Broadway and in the large cities of the Middle West and East, failed in the South and Southwest when presented under canvas was undoubtedly due to the basically different tastes of the respective audiences, but one of the major problems facing the tent show managers is maintaining the quality of their productions.

The Troupe That Failed

I know of one rather ill-assorted troupe with an indifferent kind of repertoire, which failed miserably when it tried recently to take over the "established territory" vacated by a first-rate tent repertory company whose manager had retired. The show drew big crowds on opening nights but attendance fell steadily thereafter. There could have been only one answer—the poor quality of its offering.

The play is the big rub. By the end of the war most of the writers who had produced "standard rep" plays had turned to writing for other mediums, or to selling shoes.

Broadway plays on the whole have become less and less suited for tent repertory's family audience. But even those which are suitable cannot be had any more for anything like the royalties tent showmen can afford.

Tent repertory always has been a "popular price" field, with a top of not more than 60 cents for reserved seats. While some of the larger shows may gross more than $125,000 a season, the box-office take for the average show's season is probably something less than $60,000.

Last year Schaffner offered Brock Pemberton $1,000 for the right to play Harvey one night a week for 20 weeks—a figure probably double anything any tent show ever paid for a Broadway hit—and Pemberton did not even reply.

This summer all of the tent shows are featuring old "standard rep" bills rewritten to "make them fit present-day audiences," or new plays "put together from old, sure-fire ingredients" by members of their companies.

Slout has redone a play, Whittlin', which he wrote 25 years ago when he was doing Lyceum and Chautauqua work. He now calls it A Doctor Falls in Love. Bisbee has revived a popular tent repertory play of the 1929 season, Tildy Ann.

Next to getting a play, the biggest problem confronting the shows is a steady shrinkage of willing and available talent. Many shows dropped by the wayside in the dreary 1930s and during the war. Consequently, a lot of people who had looked on repertory as a career had to find other means of livelihood.

Stars Began in Tent Shows

In earlier days it was not unusual for a performer to move from tent repertory to more cosmopolitan glory. The late Jeanne Eagles, who originated the role of Sadie Thompson in Rain, was a graduate of the Dubinsky tents in Missouri and Oklahoma; Warner Baxter got his start with the North brothers; Jennifer Jones and Jimmy Wakely, the horse-opera hero, got their first professional jobs in Sadler's show, and Michael North, who has been giving the bobbysoxers heart throbs, grew up in father Ted's tent show.

But today, though the tent shows each year do attract a few talented amateurs and an occasional dramatic school graduate, few of the youngsters who might profit from a few summers under canvas are interested. Today only two shows—Bisbee's and Brunk's Comedians—are out as long as 35 weeks and although pay is good (up to $175 a week for a team) the short season is unattractive to many who otherwise might be willing to troupe.

Tent repertory still exists, it seems, because a few hardy professionals are willing to skimp through the winter clerking in stores, picking up occasional "school dates" or night-club turns and because vaudeville performers, who sign on for between-the-acts specialties, are willing to take a whirl at parts.

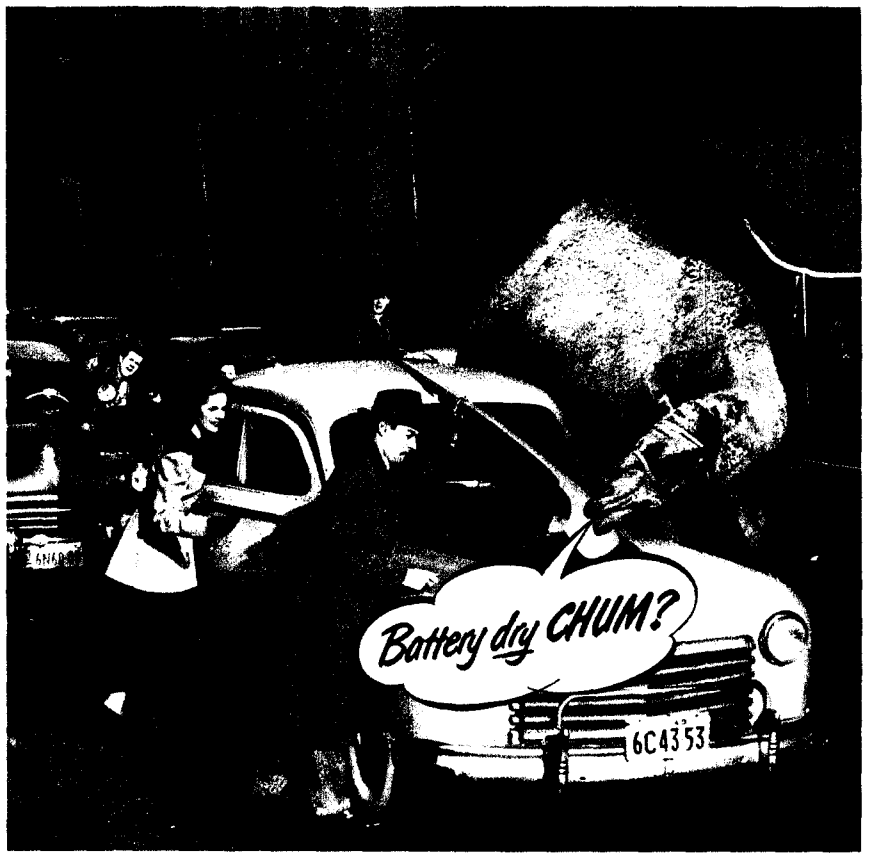
Back in the twenties, a tent show could be put on the road for three or four thousand dollars. Now a truck to haul the tent costs nearly that much (Bisbee values his equipment at $48,000) and few young men are willing to take the financial risk, much less endure the great amount of hard, physical work involved in running a tent show. Only three or four new shows have entered the field since the end of the war.

Nevertheless, "tent repsters," as Billboard calls them, are far from pessimistic. They laugh at talk that the movies put them on the skids and that television will finish the job.

"Pictures gave me an awful run for the first few years and gradually shut me out of some good time," says Rotnour, "but in the last two years they have taken an awful flop over my territory while I have gone right on, playing in towns of 700 to 10,000 population with audiences of 300 to 800 per evening."

Some tent show managers report that, while they have "packed 'em in" this summer, movie houses running in competition to them have had only "fair" business. Last summer in Missouri, when at least 1,200 people were watching Schaffner's peripatetic Toby, I checked the movie house across the square which was playing a first-run picture featuring a well-known star. All but three seats were empty.

It has been estimated that upwards of five million people, perhaps more, will witness tent show plays during the 1949 season. As long as that many paying customers are in sight it is hard to convince tent show people that repertory is making its last stand. THE END



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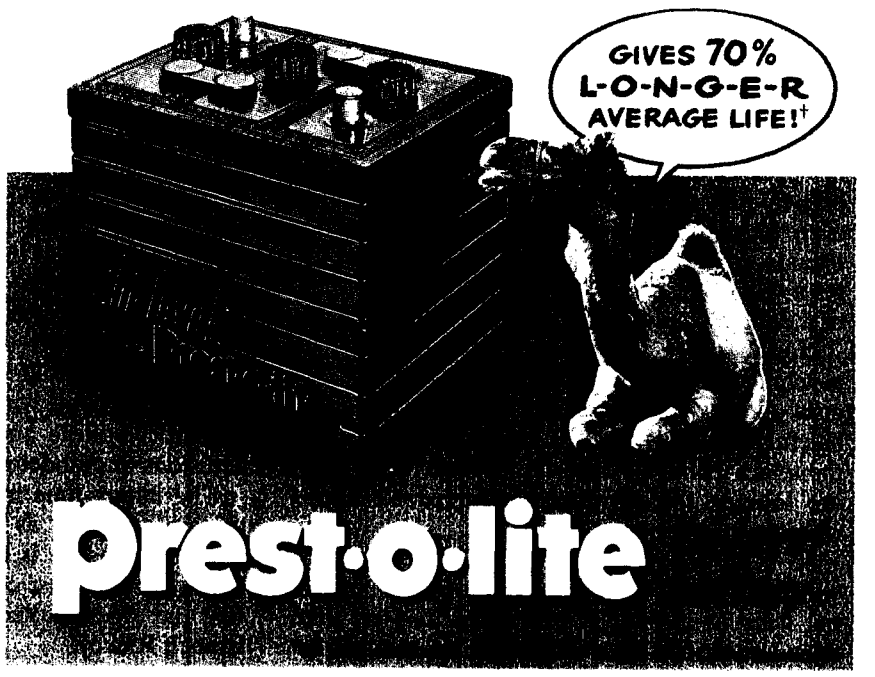

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GETTING BACK TO NORMAL

WE WERE GLAD TO LEARN that the Rockefeller Foundation has granted funds for an investigation of normal, happy people. For things have got to a point where a person with no quirks in his behavior is likely to be regarded as a dullard and a misfit.

Abnormality has come to be something of a social asset as well as a social problem. Neuroses have already passed allergies in the field of fashionable ailments and are now battling head and head with sinus trouble for the lead.

The dinner-party bore who used to describe his operation in great detail now gives you a play-by-play account of his psychoanalysis. It's even hard to find escape from these amateur Freuds at the movies. For likely as not you'll get a villain with a split personality on both ends of a double feature.

Normality and happiness may be the goal of psychiatric treatment. But too many psychologists and laymen seem so intent on finding baleful subconscious meanings in the most commonplace behavior that they forget what they are looking for. Or maybe they don't know what they are looking for.

So a big job for the Rockefeller researchers will be to try to define not only *who* is normal but *what* is normal. If and when they get that done, we hope they will give some thought to divesting the abnormal of its morbid glamor. There is enough abnormality at best in these worrisome times without having uninformed laymen wondering whether the way they grind out a cigarette indicates a repressed wish to plant a heel in their mother-in-law's neck. It's time that we put a premium on well-adjusted behavior.

A lot of people need psychiatric help, and they should get it—from competent professionals. But we hope to see the day when such help is neither more smart nor more shameful than a tonsil operation. And we should like to see the whole business of treating abnormal behavior put on a businesslike and even a prosaic basis.

Maybe the researchers into normality will be able to accomplish this. They might even come up with some sort of abnormality-detecting machine, like the present lie detector, which would give us a new sort of vocational aptitude test. This could make life a lot pleasanter and safer by keeping people with homicidal tendencies out of barber college and people with Napoleonic delusions of grandeur out of public office.

The happy time may yet come when a congressman can be as proud of passing his normality test as he is of passing his loyalty test, and a dinner guest can admit without blushing that he doesn't know Sigmund Freud from Branch Rickey.

Tolerance Works Both Ways

DURING A WEEK when the knights of the white nightshirt were making their brutal forays in the South, the New York Post Home News, a professedly liberal newspaper, filled half its tabloid front page one day with this headline: BIG BUSINESS ORDERED KLAN TERROR.

The dispatch to which the headline was keyed told a considerably more qualified story. It stated that the attorney general of Alabama had told some Justice Department investigators that "orders for the floggings came from behind the mahogany desks of the big office buildings in Birmingham."

Granting the difficulty of compressing a story's meaning into a few words, that is a grossly misleading headline. Even if the story had offered names and proof to support the attorney general's statement, which it did not, it would be grossly misleading.

Even if the occupants of the chairs behind every mahogany desk in every Birmingham office building had commanded a platoon of masked thugs, there would still be no call for this general indictment.

The Post Home News knows the influence of a headline on the many who never read any farther. We wonder if the editor who approved the headline in question really believed that Birmingham's business leaders are the people that the hurried headline readers think of when they see the words Big Business.

The headline did more than distort the story. It was the kind of broadside that can promote class division and class hatred and encourage an unwarranted distrust of the American economic system.

In short, it was an example of the same smear tactics that the Post Home News crusades against vigorously when they happen to be used by its political opposites.

We can't see that it is any more admirable to assign evil character or intent to a whole economic group than to assign them to a whole racial or religious group. It is just as possible to be bigoted about a man's occupation as about his color.

Fair dealing and civil justice are not advanced when certain so-called liberal publications, in campaigning for those causes, forget that tolerance is a two-way street.

Housewife-Anguish?

A WOMAN NEWSPAPER COLUMNIST has made the morale-building suggestion that housewives be referred to henceforth as just plain wives.

"It isn't likely any woman feels a sense of inferiority in admitting she is a wife," the columnist reasoned. "So the part of the word that causes mental anguish must be the 'house.' "

This is the sort of feminine thinking that keeps men in a state of chronic bewilderment. The male innocently assumes that a woman's heart is gladdened if she can possess something that a lot of other women don't have. Then, at a time when houses are infinitely harder to get than husbands, he finds it isn't so. He is told that the implication that a woman can keep both house and spouse causes mental anguish.

Next he will probably learn that the mere mention of mink in connection with coat is enough to bring on a howling neurosis.

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